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DEDICATION.

TO THE BAPTIST YOUNG PEOPLE'S
UNIONS, INTO WHOSE HANDS WE GIVE
THE TORCH OF THE GLORIOUS GOSPEL
OF OUR BLESSED LORD TO BE CARRIED
FARTHER INTO THE DARKNESS OF
HEATHENDOM, THIS BOOK IS IN-
SCRIBED.



THE LATE REV. JOHN EDWIN DAVIS, M.A.
Missionary to the Te'ugus, 1837-1904.



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THE LIFE STORY
OF
A LEPER

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JOHN E. DAVIS

Missionary Among the Telugus.

P R E F A C E .

On the suggestion of my brother George and fellow-missionaries, I have written this brief sketch of my life. I cannot see to write a word myself. I cannot speak out loud. A large part of my body is paralyzed, so this has been a slow and difficult task and has taken a long time. I wish the reward of a rich blessing upon the lady who so kindly gave me her spare moments to write down my thoughts. I could not sit and write and re-write as I might if I were well. Nor could I wait until I was in the mood for writing. I had to work whenever I could get some one to write for me, and so the pictures are not so graphic nor the sentences so smooth nor the thought so cohesive as I would like.

J. E. DAVIS.

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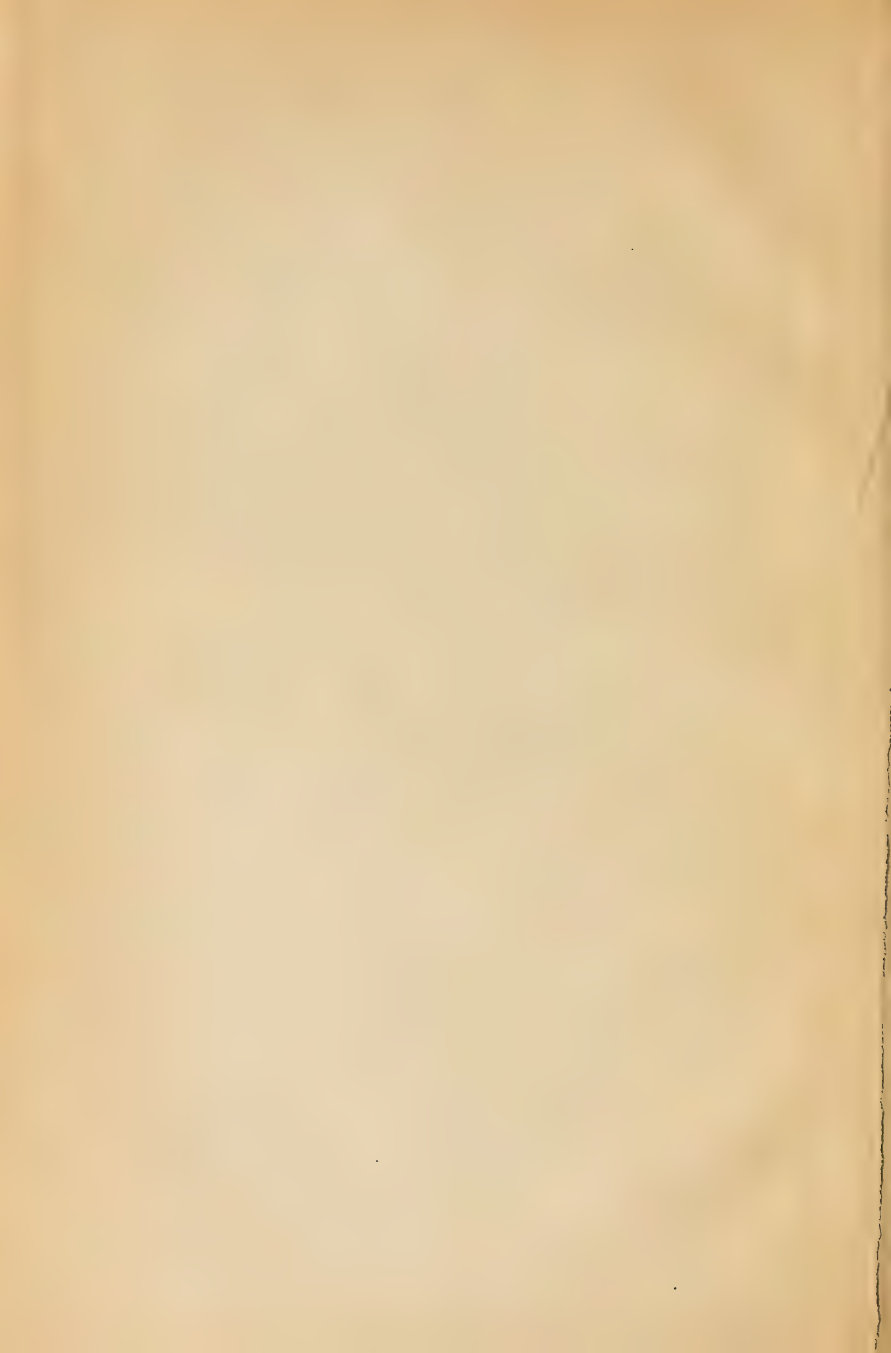
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INTRODUCTION.

Here is the life story of a remarkable character. In an age when heroism is being displayed in world dimensions on a trench line driving twice across one continent and through a sector of a second, and when the saying is current that there are no ordinary men, but that the men of entire nations are heroes, we find a man who stands the severest test of high courage, and emerges amongst his fellows a super-hero.

Judge Hughes, the author of "Tom Brown's School Days," in his "Manliness of Christ," speaks of three types of courage. One is that of the man who in the excitement of battle, with cannon roaring and bugles blowing and men shouting, rushes up the fire-swept slope and captures the battery at the summit. A higher form is that shown by the man taken unawares while standing on a dock, when the cry of a drowning person, friend or stranger, suddenly tests him, and he responds by risking his life to save a perishing fellow. The highest is that of the person who stands and waits, and who through long years of testing struggle and trying temptation, of calumny it may be, of misrepresentation and persecution, refuses to lower his ideals, or to surrender the unselfish purpose to which he has devoted his life.

This is the supreme type of courage. This is the courage of the Christ. The first is the courage of the mass, the second that of the individual man, the third is divine. The real test of the courage of those splendid fellows now fighting in the trenches will come when, maimed and broken, they return to their ordinary pursuits and take up again the common tasks of life. If with poor health and the limitation of lost limbs and shattered powers, they shoulder those tasks and carry them through without complaining and without vindic-

tiveness; if they still maintain inviolate their high ideals and remain true to the unselfish purpose which impelled them to offer their lives on the altar of King and country—then they will go down in history as heroes of the highest type.

Such was the courage of John E. Davis, the very finest type of heroic Christian manhood. Tested to the limit, he proved true. I knew him in college, where we roomed together. I travelled with him to India, and through sixteen years fought side by side with him on the thin and far-flung battle line in the great world-struggle. In the last fifteen years of his life I visited him as often as it was possible, and kept up correspondence with him to the end. He never once failed. I never even feared that he would. At one time, at Norwich, in the early days of his affliction, it seemed as if he had reached the limit, and that he must capitulate; but he did not. From that time forward, his courage took on the higher form of a noble heroism that increased in brilliance to the glorious end.

He remained true when all life's fondest hopes, all the fruitage of years of laborious seed-sowing and preparation were suddenly and tragically blasted. In the full maturity of manhood, when all life's currents ran richly, the blight of a separating malady fell upon him and doomed him to a lingering death. The years thus spent in slowly dying were all he needed to crown his unselfish efforts with the reward of a great achievement. The denial of that achievement was his chief affliction. To trust the hand that bars the way to well-deserved success, is the severest test of faith. From that test John E. Davis emerged a victor.

Wearing the white lily of a stainless life, a most guileless and pure soul, he was at first suspected of having contracted a disease as loathesome and dangerous as that from which he suffered, and as foul

morally, as his real malady was physically; and yet his temper did not sour. However, he suffered such torture under the lash of that absolutely baseless suspicion, that he once exclaimed, "Hell is not a place; it is a mental condition, and distrust and suspicion are its malignant elements."

He loved his family with a demonstrative tenderness, but owing to the dangerous character of his sickness, he repelled their affectionate advances, without being able to explain. He lived daily seeing them lavish their endearments and embraces on others, and though he yearned for them with intense longing, he rigidly repressed his impulses. One less strong could not have resisted so alluring a temptation. When the hopeless nature of his affliction became evident, he urged his wife and pleaded with her, to let him quietly retire to the Lazaretto in Tracadie, and there pursue the easier path of suffering patiently, until death should release him. But she argued that she could not live without him; to leave her would be to kill her; nor could she then leave the children to go with him into exile so for her sake, and not his own, he remained with them.

He was the most irrepressibly hopeful of men; even hilariously optimistic. On those hopes fell the crushing and deadening weight of a loathesome disease. There was no possibility of a cure short of a miracle, and very little possibility of any alleviation, and yet his hope was indomitable to the end. He trampled despair under foot, and laughed at despondency.

He was one of the most sociable of men. His capacity for Christian fellowship was boundless. His fondness for congenial company amounted to an insatiable craving. Yet the last six years of his life he spent amongst people of a strange tongue and an alien faith. He was blind, and, toward the last, utterly helpless, but his hope held firm. His courage never failed. His faith was undimmed, his joy unabated. These were amongst

his last words to me: "Don't think me unhappy. My little room shines with the glory of an invisible presence, and my heart thrills with the abiding fullness of the joy of God." Men who came to commiserate, went away themselves comforted. Many whose faith staggered at a visitation so relentless as that which his marred and broken body presented, returned from his company with a new sense of the mysterious power that alone can sustain and satisfy. He demonstrated this one great outstanding truth, that "not possession or position, not health or friends or human fellowship, but the presence of the Spirit of God in the human heart alone can satisfy."

H. F. LAFLAMME.

New York City,
July 1, 1917.

CHAPTER I.

Childhood and Early Recollections.

I WAS born in the village of Wicklow, County of Northumberland, Ontario, Canada, on the 17th of February, 1858. My father's name was Mordecai Low Davis and my mother's Mary Wilson. My father's father was Welsh and his mother German. My mother's parents came from Ipswich, England, had a coat-of-arms, and had been educated in London. At their wedding they were given £500 each, and came to Canada and settled in the forest near Woodstock, Ontario.

We were a large family, consisting of seven boys and two girls. My mother used to cut and make all our clothes by hand, for sewing machines were not yet invented. My father was not a good business man. He lost heavily by signing notes for others, who ran away to the States and left him to pay them. He also went to Pennsylvania with his family, and spent two years in litigation over the estate of his father, who died intestate. He was offered ten thousand dollars for his claim, but came back to Canada poorer than when he went. His father was a U. E. Loyalist.

Just after this he met with several bad accidents. Upon one occasion, he fell off a load, the waggon ran over him and he had five ribs broken; he also had his jawbone broken by the kick of a horse, and one leg broken three times. He became a cripple and lost his farm while the family were all small; hence we children had to struggle to make a living. My brother George left school at twelve years of age and carried about a peddling box, selling small articles from house to house to help support the family. I remember keeping the cattle out of a field for a neighbor, when I was four years old. I got a penny a day and my dinner. When I had worked three days, and the hay

was all drawn in, he paid me three pennies and said, "Now, my little man, what are you going to do with so much money?" I said, "Please, Sir, I'll give it to my mother to buy tea with." It was the first money I had earned, and I held it in my hand and ran all the way home and gave it to my mother. We all worked during the holidays at anything we could get to do. Although we were poor, our mother kept our clothes clean and well mended, and we looked about as well dressed as the children of well-to-do families. My father was not a Christian at that time, but mother used to take down the family Bible every morning, and calling us all together, would read a few verses and explain them and then bow with us in prayer and ask God to keep us from sin and temptation during the day. No matter how great a hurry we were in, she would never let us begin the day without prayer. Sorrow and suffering had brought her close to Jesus, and she determined to bring her family up to serve Him. She taught us to hate liquor and to shun those who were accustomed to drink. Later on my father was converted and joined the church and never touched liquor again; but he was never fully able to support us. My eldest brother rented a farm when he was sixteen years old, and was really the manager of the household. We were all brought up to hard work, both at home and for our neighbors; but we were strong and healthy and never seemed to be tired. We attended the Baptist Sunday School and church every Sunday, and generally went to the prayer meeting on Wednesday night. My mother was intensely religious, and her words and prayers have been ringing in my ears all my life; and if I have been of any use in the world to God or my fellow-men, I owe it to my mother and the teachers in the Sunday School where I spent my childhood days.

I was just five years old, and probably did not know what sin was till the following took place. As it had

an important bearing on my after life, I desire to record it. My mother had gone to the village, and my eldest sister was in charge of us younger children. I was very fond of cucumbers, but my mother had forbidden me to eat them, except when they were put on the table. We had a nice lot in the garden and I determined to get one. I asked my sister for a knife to cut a notch in my arrow. I had previously put some pepper and salt in my pocket, and when I had made the arrow ready, slipped the knife into my pocket also; and going out with my bow and arrow, I began to shoot here and there about the garden. Each time I shot the arrow a little nearer the cucumber patch. At last I was down under a hill, where my sister could not see me. I then threw down my bow and arrow and crept on my hands and knees up to the cucumber patch. I cut off two large ones and went as quickly as I could around to the back of the house and into the woodshed. There was a little loft in the woodshed, where the older boys used to lie down and take their noon rest. I climbed up the ladder as quickly as possible, and lying down on the buffalo robe, peeled one of the cucumbers, got out my pepper and salt and ate it. I had just begun to peel the other when my sister appeared at the top of the ladder. She had missed me, and remembering that I had kept the knife, suspected that I was in mischief. She took the cucumber and knife from me and made me come into the house. She told me over and over again what an awful sin I had committed. I had disobeyed my mother and told a lie, and God was very angry with me. When mother came home and the family gathered for supper, she told them all what I had done, and I was sent to bed without any supper. My little face flushed scarlet, and I was so ashamed that I wished I could die. As I lay on my bed sobbing, my mother came up with the Bible and read me the story of Ananias and Sapphira. She told me how they were

struck dead for telling a lie, how angry God was with them, and how all the Christians of that time were frightened at this terrible judgment. By the time she had finished the story I thought my judgment day had come too, and that God was about to strike me dead. I didn't wish to die then, as I had done before, for I was terribly afraid. My mother assured me that God would forgive me if I repented, and kissing away my tears, made me say the child's prayer and then bade me good-night. But for months afterwards, whenever a thunderstorm came up, I thought God was after me to strike me dead, and I would run to the house and crawl under my mother's bed. I thought she was so good that God wouldn't touch me while I was there. This impression of God's anger against sin, made on me so early in my life, has lived with me until this day. Had my mother passed over it lightly, or spoken of it as a smart prank I had played on my sister, my life might have been altogether different. It is these early impressions that shape our lives and mould our characters. Parents ought to be exceedingly careful about such matters.

I left school in April, when I was nine years of age, to harrow in the grain, and from that time on never attended school in the summer. But after the roots had been gathered in in the Fall, I went back and attended during the four winter months. This I continued to do till I was about fourteen; then I took a team and drew cordwood to market during the greater part of the winter season. I remember taking a load of hay twelve miles to a hay market when I was fourteen. I got it weighed and sold it. I had to pitch it off myself through a window hole in a driving-barn, hitch my horses to the back of the sleighs and draw them out backwards to the street again through a little narrow lane. This required considerable skill, for I had to hold the tongue of the

sleighs and guide the horses by my words. No one offered to help me, but I succeeded in getting out safely. I then got my money, fed my horses, ate a cold dinner, and drove back home in the afternoon.

I was very fond of horses and learned to ride and drive them in my early childhood. One of our neighbors was an expert, and used to break in all the wildest horses in the country. He often called me to help him; hence I learned how to use all the ropes and appliances for throwing kicking and ugly horses. This practical training was useful to me in after life, and I never was afraid of any horse, however ugly he might be. At this time we rented a large farm of three hundred acres and kept thirty cows. I used to milk eight every night and morning, and often in the harvest time, when my older brothers were busy, fifteen or twenty. We sent the milk to the cheese factory during the week, but on Sundays we had to store it in the cellar. My oldest brother and sister, who had attended Colborne High School for two years, were away from home teaching school by this time, and my brother Charles had become manager of the home. We all worked hard during the day, but in the evening played games or gathered around the organ with my youngest sister and sang songs and hymns till mother would come and order us off to bed. My brother James and I went to Barnum's Circus to see the wild animals, but we were more interested in the clowns and the gymnastic performances. From that time on we used to practise walking on our hands and turning hand-springs during the noon hour, while the others were taking their rest. We soon succeeded and were able to turn seven hand-springs in succession. A hard day's work in the harvest field did not seem to tire us, for we would walk miles and spend half the night in hunting coons. The rough out-door life developed our

constitutions and made us strong and able to fight our own way in life.

My Conversion.

In the year 1873, when I was fifteen years old, Elder Lacey, our aged pastor, conducted prayer services every evening during the first week of the New Year; and as one or two young men were converted, he was led to continue the meetings. Before the month was over the people began to come from all directions; every night the church was so full that they could not seat them. At this time, the Rev. J. B. Moore, an evangelist, came to assist the pastor. He was a young man full of life and energy and had a wonderful influence over the young people. Almost every night someone professed faith in Christ as his Saviour. Old men wept over their sins and backsliders were restored to fellowship in the church. I attended all these meetings and was deeply wrought upon by the Spirit, but pride and the fear of my companions kept me back. One night a boy that I used to go to school with stood up in the meeting and said that God, for Christ's sake, had forgiven all his sins, and he was very happy. This confession was the sword of the Spirit that pierced my heart. I got up, went down out of the gallery and walked two miles and a half home. I thought if this boy could find forgiveness in Christ, I could too. From that time on I began to confess my sins, with repentance and tears, and ask God to give me a new heart. I used to walk by myself at night and pray by the hour; but the more I prayed the more my sins came up before me, and by the end of February I was just as far away as ever. I had fasted, prayed and wept over my sins till I was worn out, and still I was in darkness. I made up my mind that I was lost. I had read in the Bible that God's Spirit would not always strive with man, and another verse, "Quench

not the Spirit," and I began to think that God had taken His Spirit from me. Mr. Moore came to supply our church as student pastor for the summer. His sermons and prayer meeting talks were so earnest that a number of young men and women were converted, and I also was deeply moved by the Holy Spirit. I used to go behind the barn every night to pray, and I promised God that I would give Him my heart and serve Him all my life. But when Mr. Moore returned to college I gradually became cold and indifferent to spiritual things, until the death of my little brother, the youngest of the family, brought me near to the Lord once more. I used to go out into the fields, in the starlight, and there pour out my heart to God in prayer and plead with Him to forgive my sins. Over and over again I promised to be faithful and serve Him; but association with wild companions soon caused me to forget all my promises, and I felt that God was greatly displeased with me and that there was no forgiveness for me. I made up my mind that I was lost, that my mother and the other members of the family would go to Heaven, but I would be sent to Hell. I thought it was just and right that it should be so, but did not tell my mother for fear it would cause her pain. I stopped praying and just made up my mind there was no hope for me. After I had been in this frame of mind for about a week, I went to feed the young cattle that were kept in a barn about half a mile away. As I rode up to the straw-stack, a verse of Scripture came into my mind: "All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." It was like a light from Heaven. I understood it now—Jesus had borne my sins upon the cross and I was free. He cried out: "It is finished," and gave up the ghost. I knew that my pardon was purchased by His blood and that I was saved. It all came to me in a moment,

like a flash of lightning from the heavens; and I was so happy that I burst into tears and knelt by the straw-stack and offered thanksgiving and praises to God for His great mercy and loving kindness to me. I then hastened and cut open the ice in the creek for the cattle to drink, fed them all, and jumping on my horse, rode home again. When I was going down the lane, I was singing that old familiar hymn—

“Oh, happy day that fixed my choice

On Thee, my Saviour and my God.

Well may this glowing heart rejoice

And tell its raptures all abroad.

Happy day, happy day, when Jesus washed my sins
away.”

My mother heard me singing, and when I put my horse in the stable and returned to the house, she ran out to meet me, and putting her arms around me, said: “My boy, have you found Jesus?” I said, “Yes, mother, I have.” She replied, “I thought so when I heard you singing. I knew you were in trouble about your soul and I have been praying for you ever since those meetings began.” On Saturday mother and I went to the covenant meeting that was held in the church. There I told the pastor and members of the church that I had found peace through faith in the blood of Christ, and I wanted to be baptized. I was received by a hearty and unanimous vote and baptized on the following Sunday evening with twenty-four others. About sixty persons in all were baptized during the great revival in the old Haldimand Church. This was the happiest time in all my life. For weeks afterwards it seemed as I were walking on air and God was very near me. I was no longer afraid of the opinions of my worldly companions. The wildest young man in the neighborhood told me he was glad that I had taken a stand for Christ, and that he wished he had done so too.

My Fall and Restoration.

After the crops were in, I went to Colborne to be a clerk in a store. I took care of a horse for my board and got three dollars a month for my work. This seemed very small pay, but some clerks did not receive anything during the first three months in those days. I had the promise of promotion if I did my work well. I was determined to succeed; hence I was always at the store early in the morning, had it opened, sprinkled and swept clean, and the sidewalk swept before any of the others arrived.

They told me I wasn't to sell anything during the first month, but just to sweep and dust, practise doing up packages, watch the others and see how the business was run.

I began work in the grocery department and the second morning I was there two teamsters called for tobacco. I took the money, and before the week was over began to sell things just as the other clerks did. I was the youngest and latest arrival in the store; hence the others wanted me to do all the disagreeable work and leave them to wait on the customers. This I refused to do. I took my share of the sweeping, dusting, cleaning lamps and carrying eggs and butter in and out of the cellar; but when I began to wait on a customer, I would not let any of them take my place. This caused considerable friction, but I was firm and would not yield to them. They frequently reported me to the manager, but at the end of the month he increased my wages one dollar; so I knew I had won his good opinion.

I had to stay till nine and sometimes ten o'clock three nights during the week; but the other three nights I got off at six. I had never lived in a town before

and did not know anything about the temptations of town life. The other clerks all smoked and swore and did not object to taking a glass of whiskey, when they were treated or had enough money to buy it. Tom was my companion, and in the evenings often took me to the bowling alleys or the billiard rooms. If he had any money, he would try a shot at the target. If he hit the bullseye, he was allowed three shots free; but if he missed it, had to pay ten cents more before he could shoot again. If he played billiards, it cost him so much an hour for the use of the table. Besides this the boys generally played for the drinks; hence there was a good deal of treating and drinking. I had no money to spare and did not take part in the games. I told Tom those fellows keeping the bowling alley and billiard saloon were too lazy to work and were getting rich out of the money we worked so hard for; that the boys were a lot of fools to toil all the month and give their money to those lazy loafers, and that I did not intend to do it. Tom perfectly agreed with me that they were making an easy living, but he could not resist the temptation, when he met with other young fellows in the evening, so I had to keep pretty much to myself. There was no Baptist church in Colborne at that time, so I attended the Methodist church on Sundays. I did not know anyone and nobody took any interest in me. I soon found that the town was a place where everyone looked out for himself. The boys were sharper than the country boys, but not so honest.

Before the summer was over, I was receiving six dollars a month; but I did not like the work and determined to go back to the farm. The manager then offered me an advance of two dollars a month if I would stay, but as they kept liquor in the cellar and always treated their customers, I refused.

That summer spent in town gave me an insight into

another side of life about which I had before known nothing. I did not go very far astray, but I learned to smoke cigars, and certainly lost a good deal of my spiritual life.

I teamed cord-wood and logs nearly all the following winter. Sometimes I was invited out to parties where there was dancing. At first, I took part only in the games, but as I was very fond of music, I soon joined those who were dancing. There was no particular harm in this, but I was associated with pretty wild companions, and often the young men had liquor hidden in their sleighs or in the barn. During the next two years, little by little I was led away from the church and my first love for Christ. Once or twice I played dominoes for the drinks in a hotel. I generally took cigars, and did not drink much; but the other three young men all tried to see who could drink the most, and consequently got pretty drunk before we went home. One night I went to a dance where there was liquor and some rough company. Two of the young men got drunk, quarrelled and fought, and on the whole it was a disgraceful proceeding. Another young man and I took our young ladies and quietly left for home. When I had bidden them good-night, I started back to my own home again; but I felt so ashamed of having taken a lady to such a place and so afraid my mother would find it out, that I did not know what to do. At last I thought, if my mother will feel so badly, what about my Saviour, whom I have promised to love and serve all my life? I was so overcome with grief that I could not go any further, so I threw myself down in the fence corner and there wept and prayed and confessed my sins to God. I said, "O Lord, if you will only forgive me this once and take me back into your love, I will never wander away again, nor even trust myself any more." As I groaned in

agony over my sins I remembered a verse of a hymn I heard them sing in church :

“What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.”

A young man had said to me shortly before this: “You would make a first-class athlete if you were not so d— religious; that has spoiled you for this world.” What he said was quite true. I had partaken of heavenly things and this world would never satisfy my heart again. I remained in that fence corner until after four o’clock in the morning and then walked quietly home, tossed the bed clothes about, laid aside my evening suit, put on my working clothes and began a new day’s work with a tired body, but a glad heart. I had been unhappy during all this time, but now it was over. On the following Wednesday night I attended the prayer meeting; and when there was an opportunity, I told the brethren and sisters how I had been wandering away from God and asked them to pray for me. After the meeting was over they gathered around me, shook my hand so heartily and were so glad to see me back that I was quite happy. I felt God had forgiven me and my brethren in the church almost wept when they welcomed me back. This was my first and only fall. From that time onward I set my face heavenward; and though I have not been all I ought to be, still I have loved God and have tried to serve Him.

Light on My Future Career.

I had a conviction that I was not going to work on the farms always; hence my prayer was, “Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?” I had been praying in this way for two years, when one night, on my way

home from church, I knelt down in a fence corner and began to pray. Suddenly, I heard a voice saying to me, "Go on just as you are for the present. I will show you the way and make you very useful." This may have been an inner voice, probably it was; but I heard it just as distinctly as I ever heard any person speaking in my life. I looked about me, but there was no one there. I was so happy and so lifted up that I just sat there and laughed and cried with joy. Then I thanked God, arose and went slowly to the house. I told no one of this experience till many years afterwards. During this time I saved all my money and put it in the bank or loaned it at interest. Each Fall I went to see my parents and gave them twenty-five or thirty dollars; also collected some from my other brothers and brought it to them. Then I saw that they were supplied with wood, made things comfortable for the winter, bade them good-bye and returned to my work. By this time I made up my mind that smoking was an expensive and useless habit and that my money was not my own. So I threw my cigars into the fire and never touched tobacco again, but gave the money that I would have spent for cigars to the church and to missions. Another year passed by and I made up my mind that I would start to school again. I bought a set of books and attended a common school nearly all winter, with a view to entering High School and fitting myself to be a teacher. I did pretty well in the school and took up some work privately, getting the teacher to help me evenings. I had been out of school so long that I found studying hard work; and as many of the young men in the neighborhood were going to Manitoba, I decided to go, too, and take up a homestead for myself. While I was talking over my plans with my sister, I received a letter from my brother George, saying that he had joined Doctor Crawford and was going West to

build a Baptist College. He asked me if I would not like to come along. I replied in the affirmative. The following Saturday I went to town, bought some clothes, bade my parents and friends good-bye and on Monday morning took the train for the West.

CHAPTER II.

Pioneer Life in the West (1880-86).

I was always fond of adventure, and this going out into the unknown just suited me. I travelled via Chicago and up through the Western States, as this was the only rail route leading to our Canadian West at that time. When we got into Minnesota a blizzard came on and our train was snowbound for two days. We had to form parties and go out to the farm houses round about to buy bread and meat, as our lunch baskets were about exhausted. Toward the close of the second day, three engines came with snow-plows, cleared the road and took our train to Crookston. There we had our supper at a restaurant, bought the daily papers and got aboard our train once more. There was a story in the paper of a man who had left his farm and gone south to Chicago. He warned everyone against going so far north to take a farm. He said the cold there was so severe that he found his oxen frozen stiff, standing up against the stall in January; his hens had all been frozen; and during a blizzard he had to fasten a clothes-line between the house and woodshed for fear he would lose his way while carrying his wood. The thermometer dropped to sixty-five below zero, and he could scarcely keep enough fire on to boil the kettle. In March he resolved to get out and leave the land to the Government, so he had started south on the train. He said he saw four men standing beside the track, leaning on their shovels; and as they did not move, he asked the conductor about them and found they had frozen to death in December and had been standing there all winter. This was all he wanted to see of the North-West, so anyone was welcome to his land and buildings. The absurdity of this story caused a roar of laughter in the train, for we were going hundreds of miles farther North.

It was a slow, tiresome journey, and we were often stuck in the snow. The last sixty miles of roadbed had been newly laid and was not at all safe; so we were allowed to run only five miles an hour. We reached Winnipeg on Sunday and entered the frame Baptist church as my brother was preaching. I had been just a week on the journey.



THE LATE MRS. J. E. DAVIS,

Winnipeg was all new to me. The dog trains were coming in from different directions, bringing the mail; and men clad in buffalo coats were teaming goods with oxen around the streets. My brother and five students were there, and we spent a few days buying three yoke

of oxen and sleighs. Winnipeg was full of men going out West for land. The Rev. Alexander McDonald, his sunny wife and a few Baptist brethren received us into their homes, and entertained us while we were making preparations for our journey farther West. They gave us a farewell in the church on March 15th. We departed next morning with the thermometer at zero, feeling we had met with warm friends, who were praying for the prosperity of our enterprise.

We had heavy loads and the snow was deep, so we were able to make only about sixteen miles a day with the oxen. One set of sleighs was covered with canvas. We had a little camp stove inside, where we cooked our food and slept during the night. We shot a few prairie chickens along the road and cut what wood we needed from little bluffs of timber we passed. We reached Rapid City in eight days. My brother soon secured eleven hundred acres of land for the new College, partly by homesteading. Dr. Crawford's plan was to have the students work the land in the summer and study mostly in the winter months. He believed in manual training in education.

We got out about fifty loads of wood and posts, up the river five miles, before the snow went off. I found a homestead for myself nine miles south-west of the town.

We began plowing on the College land on April 28th, put in about sixty acres of oats on sod, and broke one hundred acres more before August. My brother and I burned lime in a kiln at night and led the students hauling boulders off the prairie for our building during the day. I was strong, had never been sick and did not think I ever would be. I remember, on one occasion, I had been up half the night and worked till noon the next day, when Hugh Crawford, the Doctor's son, who had a homestead near

mine, came to me in trouble. He could not strike out the lands with his oxen on the new prairie. He took my place at the lime-kiln, I walked ten miles to his farm, struck out four lands, each eighty rods long, got my supper in his shack and walked back to the College farm by eleven o'clock that night, almost eaten up by the mosquitoes; but I was up at five the next morning as fresh as ever.

That summer in June my brother Charles and my father and mother all died of typhoid fever. My brother had been dead two weeks before we received the news. The mail was carried by stage one hundred and fifty miles west from Winnipeg. On this occasion it arrived on Sunday; and as the people surrounded the Postoffice, anxiously awaiting news from their friends in the East, the postmaster kindly delivered our letter. I was watching cattle out on the prairie when my brother handed it to me. I was greatly surprised to hear of my brother's death, for he was a strong young man. As I sat there on the prairie thinking over the matter, I was fairly rebellious and in my heart was murmuring against God for taking him away. I had my Bible with me and was preparing my Sunday School lesson, when suddenly the wind blew over the leaves and my eyes rested on the forty-sixth Psalm, tenth verse: "Be still and know that I am God." When I read these words I felt that God was rebuking me. I hid my face in my hands as I lay upon the ground and murmured no more. I understood then that friends and relatives must all stand aside when God's call comes. Human love may soothe our dying bed, but it cannot keep us back from death. For a few days I went about my work with a heavy heart, but there is nothing like work to help us forget our trouble.

On July 9th, the second party of students arrived; one coming by the river bringing eleven tons of freight,

and the other four driving from Winnipeg with three horse teams and nine head of cattle. We had the freight to haul thirty miles, the hay to cut and our harvesting to do, as well as the erection of the building. But we got to work; and as two of the students had been masons and another was a first-class carpenter, under their instructions twelve of us built the walls and put up a three-storey building 28 by 34 feet.

On October the first the stone work was completed and the building closed in. My brother then went east to Ingersoll, Ont., and was married to Miss Lydia Harris. By that time the railway had reached Portage la Prairie, and he was back again in two weeks. Driving from the Portage his ponies got stuck in a slough about five miles from Rapid City. The word came to me after dark that night. I harnessed the horses, took a lantern and rode out through the rain to meet them. We exchanged teams and made our way back to the town.

Next morning, at five o'clock, I started for Portage la Prairie to meet Dr. Crawford, his daughter Emily, a lady student and our cook. When I had gone about ten miles I met one of the students, who was bringing a load of furniture. His wagon was down in a mud-hole and his oxen could not extricate it. I hitched my horses ahead of his and drew them out; then proceeded on my way. Toward evening, when I had gone about thirty miles, I came to a farm house and resolved to stay there all night. I took supper early and retired. It was a small log house with one room, and my bed was not curtained off. The lady of the house went behind a curtain when I prepared for bed. I was soon fast asleep, for I was very tired. About ten o'clock I was awakened by a loud knocking at the door. The door opened and three ladies and an old man came in. As they were taking supper, I learned that Dr. and Miss Crawford were in the party. Then came the ques-

tion, how am I to get up and dress myself and leave the bed for the ladies? I waited until they were all gathered around the table, and were busy taking supper and asking questions about the road and the distance they had to travel, when I managed to dress myself and leave the bed without being seen. Then I introduced myself and they were very glad to meet me. Dr. Crawford and I took our buffalo robes and slept in a new house, partly built. It was a cold night, and as we lay on the floor, I felt very sorry for the poor old man, for I knew he had always had every comfort and knew nothing of the rough life in the West. The other women went to bed, but Miss Crawford sat in the rocking-chair and cried most of the night.

The College building was ready for occupation, with its bare walls, eighteen inches thick. They were often nicely festooned with frost during the winter, but none of our party of eighteen had a sick day. The students all studied as hard as they had worked. We had a Literary Society and a College paper, and we spent a profitable winter with my brother, his wife and Miss Crawford as teachers. We had four big wood-stoves to keep going, and for lack of money to hire help, my brother often went out five miles for a load of wood and taught his classes until ten o'clock at night. Many of us had been out of school for a long time, and hence we found studying hard work.

My First Sermon.

Besides their studies many of the students went out among the settlers and preached on Sundays. Early in the winter, Mr. Vansickle had arranged to preach to some settlers about five miles from the College. I accompanied him, as he went to preach his first sermon. It was a cold day, thirty-five below zero, but the people turned out well and the house was full when we arrived.

We had a good meeting, and Mr. Vansickle won the confidence of all who were there.

On our way home, he said to me, "I want you to preach the sermon next Sunday." I had never done such a thing and told him that it was impossible. But he would not let me off. So during the week I spent my spare moments preparing my sermon. The next Sunday, when we arrived at the house where the meeting was to be held, I was introduced to a gentleman and his wife and sister-in-law. They were all college graduates, and this made my task the more difficult. I was naturally very bashful, and trembled at the thought of standing up before people. My knees almost knocked together when first I rose to my feet: but by the time the singing and reading of the Scripture were finished, I had gathered a little more courage and lifted up my heart to God in prayer for His blessing on my message and on those assembled. Although I had made good preparation, I forgot almost everything; but I struggled through. I was so earnest in presenting the claims of Christ that one man was in tears.

We continued these meetings until the snow went off in the Spring. Other students did the same in other neighborhoods. Shortly after our arrival in Rapid City, my brother gathered the Baptist people together and organized a church. He also started a subscription list to build a chapel. While the building was going up, they rented a hall and he preached to them. He was fresh from college, and his strong, vigorous sermons, full of tenderness and passion, made the Bible a new book to me and quickened the desire in me to preach the Gospel. My brother Albert, who had joined the College party, also became a preacher.

Farming and Preaching.

The Spring came and I went to my farm, built a shack and settled down for the summer. There were a

few young men in tents and shacks, scattered here and there over the prairie, who spent their Sundays in fishing and shooting, or in playing cards and telling stories. There were also a few Christian families in the neighborhood, but no one seemed willing to conduct a service on Sunday. I could not keep still and let this state of affairs continue, so I got the use of a house for a service. Then I went around and notified all the young men in the vicinity. There was a lady in the neighborhood who had been leader of a choir, and a number of the young men had good voices, so we began our meeting by singing a number of hymns. When they had all become interested in the hymns, I stood up and led in prayer; and after the reading of God's word, I did my best to point them to "the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." I had made a beginning and could not go back, so I kept up the service all summer. I had no books to help me, and my sermons, at best, could not have been more than exhortations but I had heard, "The crow does sing as sweetly as the lark when unattended." They had no one else to listen to, and had been without a service so long that they seemed hungry for the word of life. I toiled hard all the week and walked six miles and preached every Sunday.

The Boom.

When the next winter came on, I studied privately with Prof. S. J. McKee and Prof. J. E. Wells. The latter had come West to edit the Rapid City Standard, which was owned by my brother. Besides reviewing my English studies, I got a good start in Latin. That was the year of the boom in the West. American capitalists came into Winnipeg, and began to buy town lots at extravagant prices and sell them to one another, always raising the price. Soon they were buying lots in every town in Manitoba and the West. People got

excited and I never saw anything like it in all my life. Lots were drawn out on paper and sold where towns did not exist. People in Ontario sent money to purchase Rapid City lots lying in the marshy grounds of the river. The excitement ran high all winter, and the man who owned most of the town-plot suddenly became wealthy. He lost his head, was often the worse of liquor, lit his cigar with a five-dollar bill, invested heavily in syndicates dealing in town property, and died a few years later in abject poverty. Rapid City had thousands of surveyed lots, but only about fifty buildings. The railway had been surveyed to go through at this point; but a change of government carried it next year twenty miles to the south. Brandon sprang up there and Rapid City collapsed.

The Americans did their sharp work, sold out at the right time, took their money and returned home. The whole country was bankrupt. Many were left in extreme poverty. Few men thought of paying their debts. The boom killed all interest in the country and left all business in a state of stagnation for the next ten years.

I did not have any money to invest nor any faith in such wild speculation, so I kept plodding away at my studies in the Academy that had been opened by Prof McKee and my brother for literary students only; as Prairie College on the hill accepted only students for theology on the manual-labor basis.

A Close Call.

I spent a second summer on my farm and preached in two neighborhoods every Sunday. By that time I had concluded that preaching the gospel was to be my life-work. In the Fall I returned to the Academy and had Professors McKee and Wells as my principal teachers. At Christmas I visited my sister at Portage la Prairie; and on my way back rode in the

same car with Miss Irvine, the lady teacher in the Academy. When we reached Brandon it was forty-two below zero. There was a strong wind blowing from the north-west, and the stage driver to Rapid City refused to face it. I told Miss Irvine we must remain in Brandon all night, but she was determined to hire a livery with two horses and go on. In a short time the driver came with one large, fine-looking horse and said he would take us the twenty miles in two hours; so we started out. The wind was so strong, and blew the fine snow in the horse's face so badly that the animal would turn right around in spite of the driver. I had to get out and run ahead of the horse, and every now and then rub the icicles off his eyes and nose. At the half-way house the thermometer stood at sixty below zero. After getting warmed we took the trail again, but lost it ten times. Once we stopped our horse near a bluff of dry timber and resolved to build a fire and stay there all night. But I found the trail again and called to the driver to come on. By this time Miss Irvine had become so cold that she did not reply when I spoke to her. When we reached the Academy I carried her in and it took some time bringing her to consciousness. The driver and I had our faces frozen. Next day we heard of the death of several farmers lost in the storm. That was the hardest experience I ever passed through in the North-West. It was only by the mercy of God that we escaped with our lives.

In May, that year, I went to Winnipeg, wrote on the matriculation examination and was one of the successful candidates. Then I returned to my farm and broke fifty acres of prairie on an adjoining section for a gentleman, as I had done the year before, thus earning two hundred dollars each year and completing my homestead duties. That summer I also kept up my preaching appointments. One Sunday I remember a

Scottish family came eight miles, bringing the aged mother on a stone-boat with the oxen. They had no wagon and often came to hear the gospel and join in the worship. I shed tears of joy when I saw such faith and devotion, and this was reward enough for me. In the Fall I bade all the settlers good-bye and started for Winnipeg to attend college. The Church of England, the Catholics and the Presbyterians, all had colleges affiliated with the Provincial University. Naturally I chose the Presbyterian.

Prairie College and the Academy kept open for another year, with an enrollment of about forty students. But Dr. Crawford was receiving very little help from Ontario Baptists. Manitoba was passing through hard times. Markets had not yet been established. Oats could not be sold, even at fifteen cents a bushel, nor wheat at fifty. Six Baptist churches had been organized by the College party, and ten in all had been united in the Manitoba Baptist Convention. During the same period another Baptist College had been started in Toronto, with a million dollars of endowment. Dr. MacVicar was sent to Manitoba and advised that Prairie College be closed, and that all Baptist ministers be educated at McMaster Hall. Very little progress was made by Baptists in Manitoba for the next eight years. The American Baptist Home Mission Board gave employment to Dr. Crawford and Rev. Alexander McDonald in Dakota for ten years, and paid the salary of my brother, who went to Moose Jaw and organized a church there. My brother Albert and some students of Prairie College removed to the American side, and are still there, while others went to Toronto. Prof. McKee moved his Academy to Brandon and soon had over sixty students. Mr. and Mrs. William Davies, Sen., of Toronto, saw the great need of a college for Baptists in Brandon, as well as the great opportunity, and made substantial gifts, both for a new

building and for endowment. Mr. McKee's Academy was merged in Brandon College, and he was made the leading professor, with Dr. A. P. McDiarmid as principal. The College has grown into a great institution. Pioneers endure hardship, lay foundations, "set the ball a-rolling" and are often quite forgotten.

CHAPTER III.

Working My Way Through College.

During my last summer on the farm, Rev. Geo. Sale, who was pastor of the church in Rapid City, came down to preach for me one Sunday in harvest time. It was a fine day, and so many came to the meeting that half the people could not get into the house. Many sat outside on benches around the door. He made me read the Scriptures and open the meeting with prayer. After the meeting was over I took him back to my farm, gave him a cup of tea and then drove him to Rapid City. He told me he felt sure that God had called me to preach the gospel, and in fact the conviction had been steadily growing upon me that that was the work God would have me do. I could make money and be successful as a farmer, but this seemed to have no attraction for me. I knew, however, that in this day of light and progress, the minister of the Gospel must have an education that will qualify him to meet and deal with all classes of people. I resolved that, however difficult it might be, I would take the Arts course and pass the B.A. examination.

I had never lived in a city before. I was a stranger at the College and a stranger in the church, and during the first two weeks I was more lonely than I had ever been when camping on the prairie. I had never been among Presbyterians before, and was the only Baptist in the College. The students were mostly Scotch-Canadians. We had the Campbells and Camerons, the Gordons and McPhersons, the MacBeths and McLeans, the McIvers and McDougalls. They were great men at sports of all kinds, and some of them greatly excelled in throwing the sledge-hammer and in putting the heavy weight and shoulder stone. They were also good football players. I did not know much about these

kinds of sports, but I joined the football club, and was soon chosen to play on the first eleven, where I continued to hold my place for three years. I had not been there long when one of their strong men picked my room-mate up and carried him out of the room. I laughed at the lad for allowing anyone to carry him out so easily. The big fellow then proceeded to carry me out also. I had been easily first among the students in Prairie College in wrestling, and so did not feel much alarmed. By the time he got hold of me and started to pull me toward the door, I put him down on the floor. After I had repeated it three times, he made up his mind that it was a greater undertaking than he had imagined. This gave me a reputation among the men, and I was allowed to go free from that time onwards.

The second Sunday I was in the city, I attended the Baptist Sunday School, and when it was over, Henry Sharpe, one of the deacons, shook hands with me at the door and asked me if I were a stranger in the city. When he learned who I was, he introduced me to his sister and they took me home with them to tea. From that time on, we became great friends; and when I felt the need of a change, I used to run over to their house and have a chat with them in the evening. He was a hard-working business man, but was constantly getting hold of young men who were strangers in the city. He would invite them to his own home to tea, and then take them to church. His wife and sister co-operated with him. They sought to throw a good influence around young men and keep them from the hotels and billiard saloons. It is wonderful what a good Christian business man can do in his spare hours, if he only realizes that he is a co-laborer with God. I soon became acquainted with the pastor, the Rev. A. A. Cameron, and his capable wife. They also took a kindly interest in me, and often invited me to their home; and, while taking tea together, he frequently told me of his boy-

hood days and his struggle for an education, and gave me a word of encouragement.

There was a good Literary Society in the College, and the students put as much life and energy into that as they did into a game of football. Here we learned to declaim and debate and get accustomed to speaking on the public platform. Dr. Bryce, one of the professors, generally acted as literary critic. He was a scholarly man, and his criticisms were always wise and just. I remember one Friday evening after taking part in a debate, that I awaited his criticism with a good deal of anxiety. In summing up his remarks, he said: "I congratulate Mr. Davis on his maiden speech. He is a little nervous and bashful, but will doubtless get over that in time. He is a strong, vigorous debater and made his points clear and illustrated them well; but I would remind him that his metaphors and similies smack rather much of the farmyard for one who intends to lead a public life. I would advise him to read the poets and cultivate a taste for good literature." I felt he had let me off easy, but I made a mental note of his criticism, and from that time on I began to get acquainted with Tennyson, Longfellow and Shakespeare. I enjoyed the evenings in the Literary Society very much, for my life had been spent mostly on the farm, and I had not had an opportunity of meeting and associating with a body of educated young men. I had begun late in life and was behind in almost everything. This, at least, kept me humble and made me resolve to work hard and attain to something higher and nobler than I had yet attained. When Spring came, we had a pretty severe examination, and I failed in Algebra.

On a Summer Field.

I had taken some part in the prayer meetings at the Baptist Church, preached at the jail occasionally

of a Sunday morning, visited the hospitals and taught a class in Sunday School; so the church licensed me to preach, and I went out to Southern Manitoba and began work there. I taught school through the week and preached three times on Sunday. The preaching places were six miles apart; and after preaching in the schoolhouse where I taught, I had to walk six miles west and take another service at two o'clock. From there I rode six miles to a village called Clearwater, on horseback, and preached at seven in the evening. Then I rode back to the central place of service, gave the horse over to Mr. MacIntyre, who had so kindly loaned him to me, and walked six miles home after night. I also conducted prayer meetings in two of these places, at which a few young people professed conversion, and some of the older ones who had wandered away returned to the Shepherd and Bishop of their souls.

One Saturday, while on horseback riding over the prairie, I lost my way, but came across a wagon track which I followed for two or three miles; then, suddenly, I saw in the distance some kind of a building. As I rode up to it, I found there was a horse stable; and, while looking about for a shack or tent, I discovered a dug-out. It was built on the side of a hill; the walls and the roof were made of long strips of sod dug from the prairie; a stovepipe appeared out of the top; and as a little smoke was curling up in the air, I concluded somebody must be living there, and accordingly, went to the door and knocked. A lady appeared, and after a little hesitation invited me to come in. There was no floor in the building and very little furniture, but in one corner I discovered a piano. A few boards had been laid down for a platform and it was resting on them. The ladies slipped behind a curtain and soon appeared quite well dressed. I soon learned their story. Their husbands had been merchants in Montreal, had

failed in business and had gone away to the West with the hope of bettering their condition in life. I found they were well educated and good musicians. One of them played the piano and we sang several hymns together. I prayed with them, invited them to attend the service on Sunday, and bade them good-bye. I never saw them again, but I heard they thought their clothes were not good enough to go out anywhere in society. They had seen better days and it was hard for them to accept their surroundings. It is easy for any one to ascend, but much more difficult to lose all and start over again. But they remarked that they never knew who their real friends were till after they became poor.

I enjoyed my summer's work very much. During my spare hours I reviewed all my work in Algebra, and in October bade farewell to the settlers and once more set out for College. On arriving in Winnipeg, I passed my supplemental examination and entered upon new work. I had arrived at the stage in which a student is called upon to decide what honor course he will pursue. After talking the matter over with the professors, I chose mental and moral science, political economy and logic. Thus I entered upon a new world of thought.

We were new and green and took the subjects pretty seriously. We read Locke's Essay on the Human Understanding and found the mind was a tabula rasa on which the external world writes, and that all our knowledge comes to us through experience. But we learned also from Leibnitz that the mind itself formed the larger factor in our knowledge. According to the empirical philosophy, we cannot know things in themselves, but only their qualities. Then Bishop Berkeley taught us that we could not know the mind either, except through its attributes, such as thought and

volition. Hume carried us still farther away from the real world by declaring that we could know neither matter nor mind, but only a succession of sensations. As we listened to the lectures of the professors and read the various authors, we became more and more confused, and at the end of the year were not very sure whether we knew anything or not.

We had a great many other things, however, that kept us in contact with the real world. I practised football playing every night and played in the College tournament, and we were again successful in winning first place. We learned to recite and debate in the Literary Society and occasionally conducted a session of mock parliament. We organized a Y.M.C.A. in the College, and I took my turn with the others in leading the meetings. I also visited the jail occasionally and preached to the prisoners; and, as the Presbyterians had many preaching stations that were supplied by the students during the winter, I was occasionally asked to go out fifty or a hundred miles by train and conduct the Sunday services. When I was in the city on Sunday, I attended the Baptist church and taught in the Sunday School.

The Riel Rebellion.

This was in the year 1885. Toward Spring, the second Riel Rebellion broke out in the North-West. Some policemen were shot down at Duck Lake, and the news spread like wildfire all over the country. The half-breeds had been collecting arms and ammunition, and it was feared that the various Indian tribes would join them. The Ninetieth Battalion of Volunteers was ordered to the front, and a number of our students were compelled to leave college, don their regimentals and go with their battalion. A special train took the four hundred troops to the West and we students went up

to see them off. We had played football with many of them and hence were specially interested in them.

There was one young man that I wished to see very much. He was an Irish Catholic, and I had known him for some years. He was clever and gifted in almost every way; he was the champion skater, a great football player and an expert in the game of lacrosse. He was also a good student. His very gifts often brought him into bad company and he learned to take part in drinking, gambling and other vices common to the average sportsman. About eighteen months previous to this time, while coming home one night from the station, I found him in a side street the worse of liquor, and hanging on to a lamp post. After much coaxing and persuading, I got him to come with me and took him to his home. I rang the bell and his mother came to the door. He went into the hall past her and she and I had a pretty plain talk, for I had gathered from his remarks that his father had turned him outdoors, and that he had not been home for three days. I asked her if his own mother turned against him, who would receive him or care for him? After a few days he came back to the college and began to do well in his studies again. All that winter I watched over him, went for walks with him, kept him away from hotels and from evil companions, and in the Spring he won a scholarship in the examination. Now he was going to the front and might be shot down and I would never see him again. Would he be lost or would he be saved? This was the question that was in my mind, as I walked up and down the railway platform, looking in the car windows to see if I could catch a glimpse of him. It was getting late, and I had just given up all hope of seeing him and was turning to go back to the college, when someone laid a hand on my shoulder, and turning, I saw it was Harry. We went down into an alleyway between two buildings and had a little talk together. "If

I die in battle," he said, "I expect to meet you in Heaven. The night you took me in from that lamp post I had planned to commit suicide. I was waiting for the police to get off the street. Then I intended to cross over, make my way to the river and jump in. I thought everybody in the world was against me, and that no one cared whether I lived or died, and I didn't care myself; but when you came and took me home and stood by me all Winter, I began to respect myself again and determined to mend my ways." We just knelt and had a word of prayer together; then I bade him farewell and he took his place on the train. As it moved out from the station, we waved handkerchiefs at each other till the train got in motion; then I wended my way back to the college, feeling that at least I had done my duty.

Our Ninetieth had only been gone a few days when a French battalion arrived from Quebec and camped north of the railway, and before the week was out, a battalion of Highlanders came up from Nova Scotia and camped right in front of our College. So we had band-music, bugle calls and bagpipes, and the drilling of troops at all hours of the day; and it required a good deal of will-power to keep down to our studies. There was constant excitement kept up by the news that was coming from the front. Seven of the young men in the Ninetieth were killed in battle, and the bodies of two of our old college boys were sent back to Winnipeg for interment. One of them had been studying in the medical college; so three of the medical students and I were bearers at his funeral. He was a dashing, wild young fellow, and was shot dead without a moment's warning. The funeral sermon was preached in the Congregational church. According to the preacher's view, all soldiers were heroes, and no one could be better prepared to meet his God than he who fell fighting for his country. When we had laid the body to rest

and were returning, one of the medical students remarked to me that the preacher had a happy way of getting men into the kingdom of God. "Speak well of the dead," I said. "Yes," he replied, "I know all that, but I knew F—— better than anyone else, and if he is in heaven, then there must be some other way than the straight and narrow one that leads to those golden gates." "People do not need to go to war in order to die," I replied. "Accidents are happening here on the streets every day. Supposing you were killed on the road home this evening, would you be any better off than F——?" "No," he said, "I don't pretend that I am ready for heaven; but I hope when I finish my studies to lead a better life." "In the day and the hour ye think not, the Son of Man cometh," I replied. "Be ye also ready." "Now is the accepted time." "You will never have a better one. Your heart is moved over the death of your fellow-students. Why not settle the matter now?" "Well, Davis," he said, "I wish I were in your place and felt as sure of heaven as you do; but I can't do it yet." As he said this we came to the parting of the ways, and I bade him good-night.

Shoal Lake and Strathclair.

Towards the end of May the examinations came on and we had ten days' pretty hard work; but when it was over I felt fairly well satisfied. I knew I had made a better record than I ever had done before. That evening I went to meet the Home Mission Board and they sent me out to Strathclair to preach for the Summer. I went as far as Brandon by train, then took the stage to Rapid City, and my old friend, Professor McKee, met me there and took me about twenty miles on my journey. I then left my trunk and valise at a farm house and walked twenty miles on to Strathclair. When I arrived I found they had been without any services for eight months. There had been

a quarrel among some of the members of the church; and, as they had no pastor, they had ceased to hold prayer meetings. I got Deacon McLaurin to drive me around to see the Baptist people. The crop had been a failure the year before, and they thought they could not pay me anything for my services. I told them I was there to preach the gospel, whether I received anything for it or not, and repeated the Twenty-third Psalm: "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want." After talking the matter over for some time, Peter McLaurin, a good man and full of faith, said he was willing to give me a room and my board, whether the others gave me anything or not. I called the older people together on Thursday night, and we had a good prayer meeting; then I talked to them about their children and the young people of the neighborhood and told them they were responsible for giving the gospel to the settlers round about them. At the close of the meeting those who had been unfriendly came together, shook hands and forgave one another, and promised to tell their neighbors that there would be a service in the log church at eleven o'clock the following Sunday.

On Sunday the settlers turned out pretty well and almost filled the little church. We had a good service and I was introduced to all who came to the meeting. After dinner I mounted my horse and rode fourteen miles west to Oakburn, where I preached at two o'clock. Here there was only one Baptist family—Mr. Morgan, his wife, his mother and sister; but there were some Presbyterians in the neighborhood and some who did not belong to any church at all. On Monday and Tuesday I went about the neighborhood, visited the people from house to house, had prayer with them and invited them to the Sunday service; on Wednesday I returned to my boarding place to conduct the evening prayer meeting. In June I conducted special meetings

ten nights in succession. A number of the young people professed faith in Christ, and some of the older ones, who had been careless and indifferent about spiritual things, returned to the Shepherd and Bishop of their souls. The church was strengthened and encouraged and my heart was full of joy and gladness. I kept up the preaching services and prayer meetings all Summer.

Away to the South-West of us, there was a place called Shoal Lake. The Mounted Police had been stationed there in former days and a few of them still remained to keep order in the country. There were two hotels, two general stores, a Postoffice and a few private dwellings. The place had a hard name. An English Church minister had visited it occasionally some years before, but as no one would attend the service he had abandoned it. A Methodist minister also had made an attempt and they treated him rudely; and as he was far away and had more work than he could do, he left them to themselves. That Summer they had a boat race on Sunday and a man was drowned and buried without any funeral service. Another Sunday they had a horse race and a man who was drinking was thrown from his horse and instantly killed. He, too, was buried by his companions without even a prayer.

On Sunday I preached at Strathelair in the morning, at Oakburn in the afternoon and then rode my pony around the north end of the lake down to the south end, where the village was at that time. I went straight to the schoolhouse and tied my pony in the shed. When I came into the school building it was cold and chilly; there had been a dance there on Friday night, and the whole place was upside down and the floor very dirty. There were a few young men about the door, but no one offered to do anything. So I took off my coat, went to the woodshed, split some kindling, brought wood and put on a good fire; then

lit one of the lamps, found a broom and began to sweep out the building. The young men sat on the benches giggling, each afraid to do anything lest the others should say, "He is getting religious." Soon one of the hotelkeepers and his wife came in. She began to clean the lamps and sent him to take the broom from me and to finish sweeping out the schoolroom. After the lamps were lit, I waited some little time, hoping that others might come; but as they did not and the time for opening the meeting had arrived, I gave out a familiar hymn. I thought I would get the young men to join in the singing and thus get them interested. But in this I was mistaken, for when I began to sing no one joined with me, and I had to sing the hymn through alone. Two young men sat upon the window, cracked their feet together and kept pulling and hauling each other and giggling. I was not a very good singer and didn't enjoy singing alone; but I put all my energy into the hymn and sang it through to the end. I then read the Scriptures and prayed. During which time quite a number of others came into the room and took their seats. Just as I gave out the second hymn, the Mode family arrived from the south and some others with them. As soon as I had read the first verse of the hymn, Miss Mode raised the tune and led the singing. The hotelkeeper and his wife and a number of others joined in, and I found they had good voices and could sing well when they wished to. I preached a short practical sermon, and at the conclusion told them I was willing to preach for them every Sunday night without any reward, but I thought they ought to take up a collection to pay the school trustees for the oil and wood we used. One man jumped up and said, "All right, boss. We'll see about that", and taking his hat, he passed it around and got a good collection. We then sang a hymn and I dismissed them with the benediction. I was at the door before any of them could get out,

shook hands with them and invited them to come again. The hotelkeeper asked me to come and stay with them all night. I was glad he did so, for both the pony and myself were tired out. After supper he and his wife came into the parlor with me and I had prayer with them. He then went back to the bar-room, but she remained with me and told me how ashamed she was that they should be keeping a hotel. She said they had a good farm a few miles away and were doing well on it; but that the love of money had led her husband to go into this business; and stated that both his parents and hers would be very much grieved if they knew what they were doing. She was also in great trouble about her own soul. I read her all the precious promises of Christ and we knelt and prayed together. I told her the Lord would forgive her, even though they were engaged in keeping hotel, if she would only turn to Him with her whole heart. When we arose from prayer the tears were running down her cheeks, and she said, "By God's help I am going to lead a new life, and I am sure He sent you here to help us all." I bade her good-night and returned to my room.

The next morning I rode out about five miles south-east of there to visit a Baptist family, of which I had heard. I found the wife was a Christian, but the husband was not; so I had prayer with her and the children. She sent me about three miles farther on to visit a Scotchman, who had injured his spine and had been unable to do any work all Summer. When I arrived at his place, I found him in a very bad frame of mind. He was cursing his bad luck and murmuring against God for laying him aside in the busy season of the year. I tried to talk with him, but he would not listen; he would not let me read or pray with him. He said that the God who would send him such trouble was not a just God, and blasphemed so horribly that I went out

of the room and left him. His wife was a good woman, and the tears were in her eyes as she told me something of their troubles and misfortunes. I had prayer with her and the children, and my own heart was so moved in pity for them, that I could not keep back the tears, as I poured out my soul to God in their behalf. When I had finished and was about to go away, he called his wife and she stepped behind the curtain to see what he wanted. In a moment she returned and said he was sorry for the way he had treated me, when I had come such a distance to see him, and wanted me to come to his bedside again. This time it was all different. He asked me to forgive him for what he had said, and to read and pray with him. I found he knew many of the Psalms by heart and had been well brought up in Scotland. I read him the story of the Prodigal Son, and quoted many other precious passages, and then I knelt and prayed for him. When I rose up, I saw the big tears running down on his dark beard. He thanked me for coming, and told me if he got well he would bring the whole family to hear me preach. I bade them good-bye and visited a few other homes, stayed with a Baptist family all night, and the next day got back to my boarding place.

I kept up this service till the first week in October, when I had to leave again for college. The wife of the hotel-keeper found her Saviour and was very happy. Several others were also seriously considering the question. The last Sunday I was with them I bade them all good-bye, and promised to try to send someone in my place. When I reached Winnipeg I induced the Home Mission Board to send a pastor out to Strathclair, and he had the joy of baptizing the hotelkeeper and his wife and a number of others.

Last Year in College.

I reached Winnipeg in time for the College opening. It was a great event, for the students and many of the friends of the College were present. The large chapel room was filled to overflowing, and the scholarships and prizes, taken by the students in the May examinations, were awarded. While they were calling the names of successful candidates in the various departments and presenting them with their prizes, I was listening for my own name to be called. There were just two of us in the philosophy class who had taken scholarships. I came second, and when my name was called, I walked down to the Principal's desk and received a check for \$60.00. I thanked him and returned to my seat with a heart full of gratitude and thanksgiving to my Heavenly Father, who had granted me the strength to persevere in my studies. Just after the scholarships were awarded, it was announced that prizes would be given in the Literary Society, and I was greatly surprised to hear that I had won the first prize for public speaking. I had taken part in all the debates during the previous winter, but I was not at all a polished speaker, like many of the other students. The prize was two large volumes of the History of Ancient Egypt, by Professor Rawlinson. I was the only Baptist in the College, and I felt that my Presbyterian friends had more than done me justice in presenting me with this prize. At the close of my course I was also awarded me the Silver Medal in Metaphysics. It was a great evening for many of us, especially for those who had received scholarships, and we went to our rooms with happy hearts and with a resolve to do our best in the future. It took a week or two for us to get our football association, Literary Society, and Y.M.C.A. organized, and to get back into the way of studying again; but it was not very long before we were down to work as usual.

This was my last year in the College, and I resolved to do my best to help my fellow-students heavenward. I used to play football with them, in order to get them to the Young Men's Christian Association prayer meeting; and one night, when we were practising, an incident occurred which caused me a good deal of anxiety. A number of the old players had graduated and gone away, and a number of new ones had come in from the Collegiate and joined our team. Among them was a tall, strong young man, who played a very rough game. He was continually kicking and tripping some of the smaller ones, and there were many complaints against him. I always played on the defence, so never came in contact with him; but this night he left his place and came down and played with the forwards near our goal. Presently the ball dropped between us. We both ran forward, but I was quicker than he, and as I passed him, he put out his foot and tripped me. I fell on my hands and knees on the ball, and stuck to it till I had kicked it away. Then I told him that it was a foul. I resumed my place, but just as I did so, the ball came near once more; and as I ran after it, he again tripped me. This time I warned him not to repeat it, but before the hour was up the ball dropped off to one side near us two, and we both ran for it. I got ahead of him, but just as I kicked the ball, he charged and tripped me, and gave me a push with his hands. I fell on the sidewalk, cut the knee of my pants and bruised myself somewhat. I was pretty good-natured, but this was a little more than I could endure; and turning quickly around, I seized him, and giving him a roll on my hip, brought him violently to the ground. Some of the boys said that I struck him with the flat of my hand, but I did not remember doing this. He was kicking violently and trying to get up. I seized him by the legs, stood him on his head, and then giving him a push over, went up the

field after the ball. My blood was up and I cleared a road for myself, carried the ball down to the other goal and drove it between the flags.

Then I began to think of what I had done. I was playing football in order to have an influence over the students, and now I had lost my temper and probably forfeited my influence. So, as soon as the game was finished, I went to him and apologized. I told him I was sorry I had lost my temper and asked him to forgive me. He put out his hand and we shook hands and walked off the field together.

The next evening I had to lead the students' prayer meeting. I was very much ashamed of what I had done, and all that evening I humbled myself before the Lord and asked Him to forgive me and not let me lose my influence over the men, because of this incident. The next day at four o'clock, when the College closed, the bell rang for the Y.M.C.A. prayer meeting; we assembled in one of the large classrooms, and with a good deal of fear and trembling, I took my place at the teacher's desk and announced a hymn. We sang several hymns while the students were assembling. Then I read the Scriptures and lifted up my voice in prayer. Nearly every student in the College was present. The classroom was packed full; and while the meeting was going on, Dr. King, our good old Principal, came in and sat down. I addressed the students with an humble spirit, but with as much energy and positive conviction as ever I had done. When the meeting was over, one of the students, who belonged to the rougher class, came up and shook hands with me. I told him I was glad to see him at the meeting. "Well," he said, "I don't care much about religion, but I like to hear a man talk who can knock a fellow down on the football field when he deserves it." I tried to tell him that I did wrong, but he would

not listen to it at all. He said, "If you hadn't done that, you wouldn't have been a man at all; and these are my sentiments." The affair turned out better than I expected. I went to my room, thanked God for it, and asked Him for grace to control myself in the future. I heard afterwards that Dr. King often mentioned my name to the next generation of students as one who had exerted a great influence in the College for good. I think he got this impression from that packed classroom. He altogether overestimated the little work I did. I was conscious of failure all the time I was there; and as I look back over the years now, I know I could have done a thousand-fold more, if I had only been more in earnest.

I worked hard during the Christmas holidays preaching, but it was a change for me. Besides I earned eighteen dollars, which I needed very much; for living was expensive in the West, and books and college fees, together with our board and other expenses, left many of us in the Spring with empty purses.

I plodded on as usual through the winter and went up to the examinations in May feeling pretty confident that I could make a pass on any paper that was set before me. I had put a good deal of time on Psychology, and was well acquainted with the subtleties of subjective philosophy. The examinations lasted about two weeks and I wrote on my last paper on a Friday morning.

CHAPTER IV.

McMaster and the Missionary Call.

When I returned to the College, Dr. King asked me what I was going to do in the Summer. I told him I didn't know yet. He said that if I wished they would give me a church for six months, until the congregation could secure a pastor from the East. I thanked him very heartily; and told him I would think the matter over and let him know later on. I could have gone out under the Baptist Home Mission Board, but the remuneration would not have been large. I could have taken Normal Training and taught school in the West and received a good salary for that. But I had left all secular things to preach the gospel, so I went up to my room, locked the door and knelt in prayer to ask for special guidance. Just then a rap came on my door and I rose and opened it. The resident tutor handed me a letter from my brother, Rev. G. B. Davis B.D., who was pastor at Poplar Hill and East Williams, Ont., asking me to come East and take charge of his churches for the Summer, and saying that I would find a money order in the Office to defray expenses. I felt this was the answer to my prayer. "Before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear." I put on my hat, ran most of the way to the Postoffice, got the money I needed, jumped on the street car, and went a mile and a half to the C.P.R. station and secured my ticket for Toronto. I then returned to the College, packed my trunk, said good-bye to the professors and students and a few Baptist friends, and at seven o'clock took the train and bade farewell to Manitoba and the Western prairies.

I reached Port Arthur about ten o'clock Saturday morning and took the steamboat over the lakes to Owen Sound. It was the last of May and the weather was beautiful. The lakes were as calm as a

pond, and we had a good rest and enjoyed the passage very much. On Sunday morning the Captain came to me and asked if I would conduct a service, and I consented to do so; but in a few minutes he returned, bringing with him an old friend, who was then a Presbyterian missionary to the Indians. As he was a man of age and experience, I at once asked him to take the service; but he insisted on my taking part with him; so I distributed the hymn books and some of the ladies gathered about the piano.

When they had selected a number of familiar pieces, I took a hymn book and announced the first hymn; but just as I did so, two men walked into the saloon. One of them was a large, broad-shouldered man, six feet four inches tall. He stepped up to me and said: "This is a public saloon and I forbid you to hold any service here; we have paid for our tickets and have a right to enjoy this saloon without being compelled to listen to any d—— nonsense." I told him that we were conducting the service by request of the Captain, and if he did not wish to hear, he could kindly go up on the deck; but this he refused to do. Just then a short, stout, red-headed man threw off his coat, and rolling up his sleeves, took his stand in front of this great giant. He said: "I want you to understand you are in a Christian country, and I am not going to let any d—— infidel stop this meeting." I was afraid there was going to be trouble; so I stepped between the men and tried to quiet them. Just then the first officer came in, accompanied by three of the sailors. He told the man that a service was conducted on the steamer every Sunday, by order of the Company, and that if he didn't wish to hear, he could go to his stateroom. He still protested and began to speak rudely, when the officer laid a hand upon his arm and said, "Not another word, or I will have you put in irons for the rest of the journey." The big man wheeled

around, walked up the companion ladder to the deck and joined his companion and two well-dressed ladies. I heard afterwards that they were a party making a tour around the world.

I then gave out the hymn, the lady at the piano began to play, and all present joined in the singing. I had them sing two or three hymns in order to divert their minds from the excitement that had just taken place. I then read selected portions of Scripture, and lifted my heart and voice in prayer. After the singing of another hymn, Mr. McKay, the missionary, preached a very vigorous sermon.

On the deck I met a gentleman from the American side who said he gathered from my prayer that I believed in future punishment. He went on to aver that he didn't suppose there were many educated men that believed in that doctrine in this age of light and progress. He said he could prove to me that such a thing could not be. I told him I would be very glad to accept his doctrine, if he was able to prove it. "Well," he said, "every truth must be square with itself. We read in St. John's Epistle that God is Love, and there is no other statement just like that in the Bible. Here are two nouns, God and Love, with only the copula between them, which signifies God is equal to Love and Love is equal to God. Now, if we know what Love can do, we also know what God can do. Love can only love; it cannot punish. A thing cannot go contrary to its own nature, and the nature of Love is to love; and since Love cannot punish, God cannot punish; therefore there cannot be any hell." I had just finished studying John Stuart Mill's six books of Inductive and Deductive Logic; so I took a pencil out of my pocket and drew a big circle on the deck with the blue end of the pencil and over that circle I wrote, God. Then in the centre of the circle I drew a small circle with the red end

of the pencil, and over it I wrote, Love. Then I said to him: "The big circle, God, contains the little circle, Love; and so we can truthfully say that God is all of Love. But let us reverse the proposition, as you have done and say the little circle, Love, contains the big circle, God; that is Love is all of God. We can plainly see that this is not true, for the little circle is just a small portion of the larger one; therefore, Love is only a small part of God." I then made another circle within the larger circle and wrote over it, Light; and I said, "God is Light"; but Light is not God, it is only a small portion of Him." I then drew another small circle within the larger one and wrote, Consuming Fire, over it and said, "The Lord our God is a Consuming Fire," but Fire is not God. God is Omnipotent, Omniscient and Omnipresent, and yet none of these is God, and even the sum total of them is not God; for God is a person, and a person can love and can punish and yet be just. All parents punish their children at times, and yet they love. All the laws of nature lead us to believe in punishment. You cannot transgress a law of nature without suffering. If you put your hand in the fire, the law of retaliation sets in and you are burned; if you jump overboard here in the lake, you are drowned; if you transgress the laws of health, you break down your constitution and sickness, pain and death follow. Therefore I believe in a real hell for all those who wilfully transgress the laws of God." He said he had never looked at the matter in that way before, and would take time to think it over.

We reached Owen Sound Monday morning and took the train for Toronto. As we moved on, I noticed how beautiful the foliage was: the maple trees were just budding out their beautiful leaves and all nature was throbbing with life and putting on her beautiful Summer garments. For over six years I had

seen nothing but the boundless prairie and its dreary wastes, and here in Ontario were woods and brooks and gardens, and the front yards of farmhouses were decorated with spruce and cedar trees and beautiful hedges. There were also rows of maples along the road and fences. The old school song I had learned in my childhood came back to my memory, and I found myself humming the tune of "The Maple Leaf Forever." I thought it was the prettiest piece of country I had ever seen. I had heard that when Canada was first discovered by the French, a priest made a journey along the shores of Lake Erie; and in writing back to Montreal, he described the country as the Garden of Eden. As I looked at this lovely stretch of country, I could not help admiring his taste.

We arrived at Toronto in the afternoon and remained there overnight. The next morning I took the train for Ingersoll, and after a couple of days at Salford, went on to my brother at Poplar Hill. On Sunday I preached in both of his churches. After introducing me to the deacons and a few of the leading members, he left me in charge for the Summer and went to the West to survey fields for the Dominion Home Mission Board.

I had done considerable preaching to the settlers in the West, but I had never been responsible for looking after a large church before. My brother had erected a new building at Poplar Hill the year before. That Winter he conducted special services, in which about sixty young men and women found their Saviour and were received into the church by baptism. At East Williams, also, a similar work of grace was going on, and about fifteen had been baptized there. To take care of all these young converts and to make them feel that they were responsible for the propagation of the Gospel, both at home and abroad, was a great undertaking for one who had had so little experience. The Poplar Hill congregation was the largest country congregation I

had ever seen. Every Sunday night the seats were drawn out in the aisles, and the building was packed to its utmost capacity. The young people for miles around came to that church, and the attention was all that could be desired.

My brother had a good library and I did considerable reading. Among other books I read Hervey's History of Baptist Missions. While reading the lives of Carey and Judson my own heart was deeply stirred, and I felt that I must be a missionary to the Hindus some day; but I wished to take a course in Theology, and so tried to put the thought out of my mind. Towards the last of September my brother returned, and I handed the work over to him, packed my trunk and set out for Toronto. There was no McMaster University then, only the Theological Department. I arrived early in October and was present at the opening of the College.

After securing my room and purchasing the books I required, I left for a short visit to my sister in Port Hope. On my way down I called to see Miss Laura Lockhart, the young lady I had left nearly seven years previous, when I went to the West. We had kept up an irregular correspondence, and there was an understanding between us that when we met again, if we cared for each other as we had done in past years, we would become engaged. I stayed at her mother's place that Friday night and we drove to my sister's on Saturday. On Sunday we attended the Port Hope church and drove back home in the evening. By this time we had come to understand each other, and found that we had not changed very much during the seven years of separation. As she remarked: "Hearts don't change much after all; men are only boys grown tall."

On Monday morning I returned to College. Every-

thing was new to me. In the Presbyterian College a large proportion of the Theological students were graduates in Arts, but as we had no University at that time, the number of graduates in the Theological classes was small, and I thought that our men intellectually were not as well equipped. But in regard to things spiritual, I realized that I was breathing a different atmosphere, both among the students and the professors. There was a real desire for fellowship with God, and often a little band of the students met together to pray and to encourage one another to strive more earnestly after spiritual attainment. One day in every month was spent in reading papers on home and foreign mission work. These papers were carefully prepared by the students or the professors, and they generally provoked a good deal of discussion.

Appointment as a Missionary.

In these monthly meetings we heard of the work that was going on in all parts of the world. My heart was greatly stirred, and I knew that if I lived I would have to go to the foreign field. Two of our missionaries in India had died, and Dr. McLaurin, the founder of our Mission, was broken in health and was returning home. All Winter the Foreign Mission Board kept appealing to the students to volunteer, but the terrible heat of India, and the cholera, fever and other dreadful diseases seemed to prevent them from doing so. At the close of one of the meetings in March, I was so wrought upon that I felt I must offer myself to my Heavenly Father and to the Board for service. That night I wrote a letter to the Secretary, Rev. James Grant, and told him that I was willing to go, if the Board thought I was fit to undertake such a work. In a few days I received a reply asking me to meet the Committee on a certain date. At this time, Forman and Wilder, two students from the United States, were visiting the col-

leges and addressing students on Foreign Missions. Forman spoke in our College on Sunday morning. Mr.



H. F. LAFLAMME and J. E. DAVIS, 1887.

Laflamme was greatly moved by his address, and signed a card pledging himself, God willing and health permitting, to become a foreign missionary. He and I were

rooming together at the time, and the next week when I went down to meet the Board, he came with me. After the Board had examined me in regard to my conversion and call to the ministry and to the foreign field, I was asked to slip into another room for a few minutes, while my application was being discussed. I had not long to wait, for soon the Secretary came to the door, and taking me by the hand said, "You have been unanimously appointed by the Board, and I want to congratulate you on so grand a prospect." The members of the Board gathered around me and shook my hand very heartily. I then told them that Mr. Laflamme was waiting in the room below and wished to meet them. The Secretary asked me to send him up, and I did so. He was only twenty-two, and some of them thought he was too young to enter upon so responsible a work; but after questioning him for over an hour, they appointed him also.

We continued our studies until the end of March, when we again met the Executive Committee. They wished us to go out and do some speaking among the churches, that they might get acquainted with us and become interested in us and in the work we were going to do; and so their sympathy and prayers would be behind us in the coming years. At this meeting we learned that our first and only single lady missionary, Miss M. J. Frith, had suffered a sunstroke, and had been ordered home by the doctors; and that she and the McLaurins were already on their way to Canada.

The Board was in debt, funds were not coming in as rapidly as they should, and the Committee seemed very much discouraged. We wished to visit the churches together, thinking that we would make a better impression than by being separated; but a majority of the Committee wished us to go out singly, saying that in this way we could visit twice as many

churches. We told them we believed it was not a matter of how many churches we could touch, but of the interest God would use us to awaken in the hearts of His people. After considerable discussion, Mr. William Craig, Sen., rose to his feet and said: "Brethren, I believe in God, and He is not going to let this work fail. Let the young brethren go out together." Some of the Board members had said we would not raise enough money to pay our traveling expenses, as they had sent out others before to collect for them and they had not succeeded in getting anything. Mr. Craig then wrote a cheque for one hundred dollars and gave it to me, saying, "If you need this money to pay your expenses, you can cash it at the bank; and if not, you can return it to me." That settled the matter, and we were permitted to go out together.

On the following Sunday, we supplied vacant pulpits and received twelve dollars each. We took the money and bought some charts and foreign missionary literature. Mr. Laflamme made out a list of the churches he thought we could visit. He had been collecting money for Woodstock College for two summers, and was thoroughly acquainted with the pastors and churches. He had been in college since he was fifteen. He was tall, handsome and graceful; carried himself erect and combed his dark red or auburn hair in pompadour style; had studied elocution and had a splendid, well-trained voice; was magnetic, fascinating, and, like his name, a veritable flame of fire. From the very day that he decided to be a missionary, he threw himself into it with all his heart and soul. Confident of his own ability, he was in no way abashed to stand before the largest audiences in our city churches. I was quite bashful and retiring; so we formed a great contrast; and perhaps this made our work all the better. As he was acquainted with the churches, I let him do the corresponding with the pastors and manage the

book fund, while I was made treasurer of all the funds we should receive.

Having made our preparations as rapidly as possible, and having gotten our list of churches printed in *The Canadian Baptist*, we went forth on our first tour. We spoke every night in the week—five nights in Baptist churches and on Saturday nights to an audience of young men in the Y.M.C.A. building of whatever place we happened to be in. We spent our Sundays in town and city churches and generally spoke four times each. When we had been out about two weeks, I sent our beloved Treasurer, T. S. Shenstone, two hundred dollars. We continued our journey for a little over three weeks. We had worked so hard that both of us were feeling the need of rest; and indeed Mr. Laflamme had so spent himself that he was nearly exhausted.

In the books we had bought, Mr. Laflamme wrote on the fly leaf: "This book is a gift to you on condition that you read it through, pray over it, talk about it and lend it to others." One of the books was Dr. Pierson's "Crisis of Missions," and we gave a copy of it to every pastor and to the women's Circles. When our books were all distributed, we received fifteen dollars from one of the Circles to purchase a fresh supply. Besides the collections that were given us, I sometimes received ten dollars enclosed in an envelope; so that when we arrived in Toronto, after a little over three weeks spent among the churches, I had not only nearly two hundred dollars more to forward to the Treasurer, but also sufficient to meet all our travelling expenses. We stayed in the College a few days and rested, and spoke in the Toronto churches on Sunday. While speaking in the Dovercourt Road church, we met Mr. S. J. Moore, Superintendent of the Sunday School, who gave Mr. Laflamme fifty dollars toward his book fund. This enabled us to buy more books and

foreign missionary literature and was just what we had been praying for.

After the College closed, we went East on another tour among the churches. On this tour we visited Trenton, Belleville, Brockville and some of the churches in the Ottawa Valley. I then had the privilege of spending two days with Mr. Laflamme in his own home, at Winchester; after which we went to Ottawa for a Sunday. From there we worked our way down to Montreal and spent the next Sunday in the churches of that city. While speaking in the Olivet church on the Sunday morning, I exhibited a chart showing how much money was expended annually by the people of America for liquor, for pleasure-seeking and for tobacco, and how little on missions. At the close of the meeting, Mr. Laflamme went down to one door and I to the other, to shake hands with the people. To our surprise, a great many left from one to five dollars each in our hands. Among other gifts I received a paper on which was written the letters "I.O.U. \$25.00. Call at my office to-morrow morning and you will receive the money." Signed, A Smoker. Before we started on this trip to the East, some of the members of the Board told us that if we could raise fifteen hundred dollars, they would send out a third man to India along with us in the Fall. Hence we had been speaking about this in all the churches, and had received gifts toward it wherever we went. In the evening we spoke in the First church, and there, too, we had a good reception and were handed additional amounts for the third-man fund.

We also spent a memorable day with the churches in London. When we appealed for gifts for the third-man fund, we received over two hundred dollars. Many servant girls and girls working in factories came and gave us a dollar each at the close of the service. We toured on west as far as Windsor and had splendid

meetings in Sarnia, Owen Sound and many other places. By the time we returned to Toronto about one thousand dollars in gifts and pledges had been secured. In the month of June we attended every Association we could possibly reach.

While on this trip, we were constantly speaking on the same platform with Dr. T. H. Rand, who represented our educational work, and with the Rev. Alexander Grant, the Superintendent of Home Missions. Mr. Grant was a wonderful character and usually held the audience spellbound for a whole hour. It was hard to begin an address on Foreign Missions after ten o'clock at night, following so great a speaker. There was something about Foreign Missions, however, that appealed to the hearts of the people, and they gave us a splendid hearing wherever we went. Often the meetings did not close till eleven o'clock. After spending two weeks in this work, we again returned to Toronto.

Ordination.

After a few days' rest, an Ordination Council was called in Bloor Street church, when Messrs. J. B. Kennedy, H. F. Laflamme and myself were examined and ordained. Among those who laid their hands on us were the Reverends Joshua Denovan, John Dempsev, W. K. Anderson, Alexander Grant, James Grant, Dr. J. H. Castle, Dr. B. D. Thomas, Dr. Malcolm McVicar, Dr. John McLaurin, and others whose names I cannot recall now. Dr. McLaurin had reached home by this time and gave a stirring address on Foreign Missions that evening; and Mr. Denovan preached one of his characteristic sermons on the text, "Preach the Word; be instant in season, out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort with all longsuffering and doctrine." He emphasized the point of being "instant in season and

out of season" and especially urged that we should preach the Word "continually out of season." This caused a smile in the audience, but it always lingered in my memory.

Marriage and Farewell.

During the Winter, when I became so interested in Foreign Missions, I had communicated the fact to the lady who was to be my partner in life. She was in full sympathy with me and ready to accompany me to the ends of the earth on so grand a mission. Our marriage took place on the 26th of July, 1887, at her mother's residence. We went to Niagara Falls on our wedding tour, and from there to Poplar Hill, to say farewell to my brother and his wife. Returning home, I preached in the Port Hope church for three Sundays, during the absence of their pastor. I also visited the Peterborough churches and spoke on Foreign Missions.

We then began to make preparations and to pack our boxes for India, and on the 3rd of September we left my wife's home for Toronto, where I spoke in Jarvis Street church on Sunday. On Monday Mr. Laflamme, Mrs. Davis and I went to Brantford to attend a farewell meeting in the Park Church. There was a large number present and the seating capacity of the building was taxed to the utmost. We had a splendid meeting and did not get to bed till after twelve o'clock. On Tuesday evening we were back again in Toronto, and were present at a final farewell meeting held in Jarvis St. church. Here, too, we had a grand meeting and the money we still needed to make up the fifteen hundred dollars for the third-man fund was given to Mr. Laflamme that night. Attending these meetings and going without sleep half the nights was very trying, but we set our faces toward India feeling that we had many warm friends, who were remembering us in their prayers. Senator McMaster

and a large party came to see us off. While bidding us good-bye, old Mr. Shenstone, our beloved Treasurer, kissed his hand and put it on my wife's cheek. She never forgot that act of gallantry. We took the train for New York about two o'clock in the afternoon; the members of the Board and many other friends were on the platform and waved their handkerchiefs till we passed out of sight.

CHAPTER V.

The Passage to India (1887).

In New York, Messrs. John N. Forman, Robert P. Wilder, Mr. Laflamme and myself addressed an audience of six hundred young men in the 23rd Street Young Men's Christian Association building. On the following morning, the 10th of September, we went aboard our ship, and to our surprise, met Dr. and Mrs. Malcolm McVicar and Rev. Malcolm McGregor, who had seen our names in the paper and came to the ship to bid us farewell. So we had Canadian friends with us to the last. At ten o'clock a little tug took our ship, the "Arabic" of the White Star Line, out of the harbor; and with flags flying and bands of music playing, we steamed out past the Statue of Liberty and bade farewell to America.

The weather was pretty rough during the first two days, and not many of the passengers appeared on deck; but we had a pleasant journey most of the way. We were just ten days on the trip, and landed at Liverpool early in the evening, and after getting our goods through the Customs, took train for London.

We spent the next ten days purchasing our outfit and waiting for our ship to sail. The steamers were so crowded that we were unable to get a passage on any line from London, and were obliged to go back to Liverpool and take passage on the S.S. "McKenzie" of the Clan Line for Madras.

At the breakfast table we met three young lady missionaries, and found that one of them, Miss Johnson, was going right to Cocanada with us. They belonged to the Brethren. For the past fifty years two movements have been going on in the Church of England. Several thousands of the High Church party have become Catholics, while probably from fifty to a hundred thousand Low Churchmen have left the Church

and formed themselves into a body called the Brethren. Some of their leaders are sons and daughters of clergymen. The father of one of these young ladies was a rector. In many respects they hold the same views as the Baptists. They accept the Bible and the Bible only as their Creed. They believe in regenerate church membership, and baptize adult believers only, and by immersion; but, unlike Baptists, they do not believe in an ordained ministry. They are very spiritually minded and are among the best gospel preachers I heard in India. They have a small Mission not far from our own, and I learned to love and esteem them for their works' sake.

About ten o'clock we weighed anchor and were towed out of the harbor. The "McKenzie" carried a great deal of freight and only a few passengers. It was small, and the least rough weather made it pitch and roll terribly. We had a pretty rough passage through the Bay of Biscay. Mr. Laflamme and Mrs. Davis were both sick, and although I kept on my feet, I did not feel any too comfortable.

By the time we reached the Straits of Gibraltar the weather was fine and the sea calm. We had a look at the great fortress as we passed by. The British have tunnelled out the rock and placed hundred-ton guns that can throw shells right across to Africa. Thus it is said that in time of war they hold the key to the Mediterranean. As we steamed slowly down the sea, we couldn't help but admire the beautiful sunsets. On Sunday Mr. Russell, a missionary who was going to teach in the Madras Christian College, conducted the service and preached a very able sermon on the text, "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?"

After another day or two we arrived at Malta, and our ship anchored right near the spot where St. Paul and his fellow-prisoners landed so many years ago. The Captain came over and showed us the place where two

seas meet. There was a large creek coming from the Island into the sea, and the waves meeting with this stream of water kept up a continual splash of foam. As we looked at the spot and realized that this was the Island of Melita, of which we had so often read in the Acts of the Apostles, the place seemed almost sacred to us. Mr. Laflamme and I went down to our cabins, knelt in prayer, and thanked God for bringing us thus far on our journey in safety. We were on the same business that St. Paul had been on over eighteen centuries previous, and we prayed that as God had spared his life and had used him to bring the gospel to the West, so in His love and mercy He would spare us and permit us to carry it back again to the farther East.

After leaving off some of the goods and taking on coal, we again proceeded on our journey. The next day the sea was so calm that the passengers had a day of sports, and we missionaries took part with the others in the games. A large rope was tied to a spar high up on the mast, and quite a number competed in climbing the rope hand over hand. In this competition Mr. Laflamme came first. He went to the very top and took hold of the spar with his hands. No one else was able to climb so high, not even the officers of the ship. He also came first in the potato race and Mr. Russell second. I succeeded in getting first place in pitching ropes on pegs, and in pitching bags of sand into a hole in a box; and when all the games and the races were over, we ended up by having a tug-of-war. A list of the names of the gentlemen passengers was prepared and a young man and I were asked to choose sides. There were some coffee planters on board in the second class compartment, but I had not met any of them. They were big strong fellows, and my opponent having secured first choice, and being acquainted with them, chose all the large heavy men. When we went out to pull, there was only one other

man as heavy as myself on our side, and three of us were missionaries. We had, besides, the first engineer, who was a very small man. When the Captain saw how apparently unequal to our opponents we were in weight and strength, he wanted the men to make some changes, but they were unwilling to do so. Mr. Laflamme and I had been accustomed to pulling on tugs-of-war, and placed our men about a yard apart, so that they would not step on one another; and I cautioned all of them to keep their feet tight on the floor. When the word was given, our opponents seemed to pull us quite easily, and we slid along about a yard on the deck. They then began to jump in the air and shout. In a moment we had the advantage of them. They were crowded so closely that they trampled on one another and fell in a heap on the deck. We then changed sides and succeeded in drawing them up the deck, as easily as we had drawn them down. The Captain and the ladies clapped their hands and cheered us vigorously. They couldn't understand the secret of our success, but it was easily explained. We were sober, while some of our opponents were rather the worse of liquor and very unsteady. After this day of sports, the officers and passengers showed us missionaries much more respect than they had done at first. This gave us an opportunity of speaking with many of them personally about their spiritual welfare.

A week later we arrived at Port Said. The weather had been gradually growing warmer and the double canvas awning had been put on over the decks to protect us from the sun. While our ship was anchoring, about a dozen small boats came out from the port containing hawkers who were selling all kinds of goods and curios. They had pieces of wood from Jerusalem and many things from Egypt. There were a lot of young boys swimming about in the water like fish and calling out: "Have a dive, Mister, have a dive," and

the passengers were throwing small silver coins into the sea and watching them dive and catch the coin and bring it up again. They were almost naked and a wild-looking lot of lads, but they did a good business, for many of the passengers threw them in six-penny bits. While waiting here a missionary belonging to the Brethren came on board and invited us to go ashore. We were glad of the opportunity, and had a pleasant visit with him and his family. He told us that sixteen different languages were spoken there, and that he had engaged colporteurs to sell Bible portions and distribute tracts among the various nationalities. It was a very wicked place and needed half a dozen missionaries to reach the people. After dinner we had prayer together, and Mr. Laflamme and I left him a little gift to assist him in his work.

When our ship had taken on sufficient coal, we entered the Suez Canal, got stuck in the mud in one of the Bitter Lakes and spent a good part of the night in trying to get out again. Finally we succeeded, entered the Canal proper and steamed slowly on till noon next day. While passing along the Canal we noticed that they were digging it wider, and saw hundreds of men and camels busy at work. The camels had a large box fastened to a saddle on their backs, and the drivers made them lie down while the men filled the box with earth. Then they would goad the camel and it would groan and make a terrible noise, struggle to its feet and go slowly up the Canal bank with its load to the place where they dumped it and then return again. Many men and women were carrying baskets of earth on their heads. There were Turks, Arabs, Egyptians, Greeks and Hindu coolies engaged in this work. They were almost naked, and we began to realize that the East was very far removed from the West. Everything in the shape of civilization and modesty and cleanliness had been left behind. The toilers moved very slowly

and kept up a sing-song as they did their work. We soon found out that that was the manner of the East; for wherever you go you find people singing at their work.

The Canal is about ninety miles in length, and when we arrived at Suez the Captain told us to look northward toward the Arabian Desert. It was a great sea of sand, and while looking at it we noticed a little green spot with some palm trees about it. "There," said the Captain, "are the wells of Moses, and this is the place where the Israelites crossed over the Red Sea. We looked over to the Egyptian side and could see a range of hills, and understood how the Israelites were hemmed in by the mountains and the sea and Pharaoh's army. There was the old caravan route over which Jacob and his sons travelled when they went down into Egypt, and the route, too, over which Joseph and Mary and the child Jesus journeyed when they made their escape from Herod, who sought the young child's life. There were merchants and travellers with camels and donkeys laden with goods going down into Egypt, just as they had done in days of old. Women and children were mounted on donkeys and camels, and the men with sandals on their feet, were walking over the burning sands, driving their beasts of burden. The respectable women among the Jews and Mohammedans were all heavily veiled, so that we could not see their faces. How strange it seemed to us that we should be there and see the very place where the waters were parted, and where God's people walked through on the dry land! As we thought the matter over and realized that our Saviour had once passed that way, we again retired to our cabins to lift up our hearts in prayer and thanksgiving to our Heavenly Father, for permitting us to see this place of which we had read so often in our childhood. The dress of the people and their manners seemed to recall all the Old Testament stories to us,

and we could understand the Scriptures better than we ever did before.

When we had taken on sufficient coal, the ship weighed anchor and we steamed out of the harbor. It was in October, the weather was fearfully hot and we were obliged to sleep upon deck at night. Our cabins were so suffocating that we could not get our breath. We proceeded slowly down the Red Sea thirteen hundred miles to Aden. Here we took on more coal and left off a few bales of goods. The British Government has a garrison of a few thousand soldiers at this port.

From Aden we took our course through the Indian Ocean towards Ceylon's spicy Island. After a day or two, the Northeast monsoon broke upon us, and for five days and nights we had pretty rough weather, and were obliged to sleep down in our cabins with all the port-holes closed. The air was so hot and suffocating that it was almost impossible to get any sleep. Our little ship rolled and tossed about so much that nearly all the passengers were sick. My dear wife was very, very ill and under the doctor's care for some days. One night I thought the storm had lulled considerably, and so got up and opened the port-hole. As I stood there breathing the fresh cool air it seemed so invigorating that I thought I would risk it, and so climbed into my berth, leaving the port-hole open. I soon fell fast asleep; but presently a huge wave swept in and covered all our cabin floor. A little of it splashed in my face in the upper berth, and Mrs. Davis was almost smothered by it. I jumped up as quickly as possible and screwed the port-hole shut again. The water was two or three inches deep on the floor, and as the ship rolled, our valises and shoes were being carried from side to side of the cabin. Mrs. Davis had to get up and I threw all her bedding and mattress out into the passageway, and the stewards brought fresh bedding. When everything was changed she got back into bed,

and the stewards and I dipped and mopped up the water. Then I climbed up into my berth again, but either the rocking of the ship or something I had eaten for supper made me very sick and I vomited terribly. In the morning Mr. Laflamme said he felt the shaking in the night and wondered what was the matter; then he heard a big noise in our room and concluded that at last I had succumbed to the heaving of the ocean. I thought of an English emigrant who wrote a diary on his trip out, and one of the entries read as follows: "And now the ship am 'eeving and I am 'eeving too." There is an old saying that "misery likes company." Mr. Laflamme had been seasick so much that he felt quite comforted when he saw me sick also.

After a long and tedious journey we reached Ceylon and our ship cast anchor in Colombo harbor. Here we went ashore and spent part of the day with an English Baptist missionary, visiting the Cinnamon Gardens, the Buddhist Temple and other places of interest. While at the Temple I bought a prayer-wheel. The Buddhist devotees had a prayer written and wound round a roller inside of the wheel, to which a short chain with a brass ball was attached. Taking it by the handle, they would keep it turning round and round to unroll and roll up again the prayer that was on the inside. They sat near the image of Buddha, repeating prayers as fast as they could and turning this wheel at the same time. They believed that the more prayers they could say the more merit they would have. I offered them a rupee for one of their prayer-wheels, and they let me have it. They wore beads and by means of these kept count of the number of prayers that they offered up to Buddha during the day. This seemed a strange kind of worship to me, but it was only the beginning of what I was to witness in India.

Madras and Cocanada.

From Ceylon we proceeded on our journey to Madras and arrived there on the 5th of November. Mr. Laflamme and I took our trunks and baggage and went ashore in an open boat. There was no real wharf in Madras, and our ship stood out some distance in the sea. The boatmen swarmed about us, shouting and singing and gesticulating, like a tribe of wild monkeys. They agreed to take us and our luggage ashore for two and a half rupees; but when we got into the boat, they asked Mr. Laflamme to pay them for putting on the luggage. This he promptly refused to do. The steam was coming rapidly out of the waste pipe just ahead of us, and they shoved the little boat forward, so that Mr. Laflamme might get a steam bath. At this he gave them a handful of copper coins, but still they would not go. Finally he hammered three or four of them over the back with his cane, and then they let the rope loose from the ship, picked up their oars and rowed away toward the shore. As they rowed they kept up a sing-song all the way, and as some of them knew a little English, I could hear them repeating the refrain: "We are taking some great foreigners to shore, and they are very rich men, and will give us a big present." So by the time we reached land, we were prepared for more trouble. The boat stuck in the surf a little distance out from shore, and they took us on their backs and waded through the water to dry land. Then they brought our luggage and put it on two little carts and drew it to the Custom House Officer. After we had got it through the Customs, we learned from the Officer what we should pay them to take our luggage to the American Mission House. We then jumped into a carriage and were driven there ourselves. Here we found old Poonam, a native butler, in charge, and we paid him so much a day to buy and

cool our food. After dinner the men arrived with our luggage, and we paid them and gave them a present of eight annas; but they were not at all satisfied, and kept howling about on the front verandah like a pack of curiah dogs. We didn't pay any attention to them, but went into our bedroom and lay down to rest for a little while; but at two o'clock they were still on the verandah, and Poonam would not send them away, because he and they were in league. If they got more money out of us, he would get a share of it. So he let them howl away and continue to annoy us. Finally I put on my boots, and grabbing up my slippers, gave two or three of them a slap on the back and chased them out into the road. This was a great relief to Mr. Lallamie, for he didn't want to be compelled to chase them off the verandah with his cane. Towards evening we went back to the ship and brought Mrs. Davis and Miss Johnson ashore.

We spent five days in Madras waiting for a coasting steamer to take us on to Cocanada. While here Miss Day, daughter of Rev. Samuel Day, founder of the American Baptist Telugu Mission, met us and took us to her bungalow, where we met a number of Telugu Christians and saw her Caste Girls' School.

Madras is a very scattered city. Besides a large garrison of soldiers stationed at Fort St. George, there are quite a number of English merchants and a large population of Eurasians. From here we sent a telegram to Mr. Craig, informing him of our arrival and the probable time he might expect us at Cocanada.

On the fifth day our little coasting steamer arrived and we took our luggage and got on board. The next morning we halted opposite a town called Masulipatam. Here the Church Missionary Society has a College and a large number of Christians. Our ship stood at anchor about six miles from the shore, and soon a number of small boats came out and took back some

cargo and the mail. Then we weighed anchor and proceeded on our journey.

That was our last night on board ship. The Captain told us we would reach Cocanada about daylight the next morning. We were all very eager to get to our destination and very tired of being tossed about on the ocean. Mr. Laflamme and I were up while the stars were still shining, looking for a glimpse of land. Finally, we saw a lighthouse, and the Captain told us that we were just close to Cocanada. Here also there is no harbor and the sand bars compel the ships to stand at anchor five or six miles from the land. When the day dawned and we could see the palm trees on the shore, we again went down to our cabins to give thanks to our Heavenly Father for watching over us and bringing us safely to our field of labor.

Just as the sun was rising, we saw in the distance a little steam launch tossing up and down on the waves and coming steadily toward us. As it drew near we recognized Mr. Craig, and he waved his white umbrella at us. We soon got a cup of coffee and a biscuit, and leaving our luggage in the hands of little Subbarao, who was to be our Telugu munshi, we got on board the launch and went ashore with the mail. Here we found two carriages ready to take us to the Mission house, and met Mr. George White, the deacon of the English Baptist Church. We were glad to be on terra firma again. It was not half so much of a terror and was a good deal firmer than the little ship on which we had spent five dreary weeks coming from Liverpool to Madras.

CHAPTER VI.

Missionary Apprenticeship.

As we drew near the Mission Compound we saw a sign board above the gate posts with the inscription, "Canadian Baptist Mission." The native Christians had built an arch with the boughs of trees and hung with garlands of flowers, and forty or fifty of them, with a number of school girls, lined the road from the gate up to the Mission house. As we passed under the arch, they greeted us with a hymn and salaamed to us most respectfully. We returned their salaams and were glad to see they appreciated our coming.

Soon we were in the Mission house and were greeted by Mrs. Craig and Miss Hatch. It was the 12th day of November, 1887. The monsoon rains were just over and the trees and foliage in the large fourteen-acre compound were beautiful and green. Mrs. Craig had breakfast ready for us, and soon we were gathered about the table and busy at conversation. We learned that the native people were going to give us a welcome in the church in the afternoon. When we had finished breakfast, Dr. Cummings of the American Mission, Miss Hatch and Mr. and Mrs. Craig sang a welcome hymn. Then we all knelt in prayer and Mr. Craig and Mr. Stillwell returned thanks to our Heavenly Father for bringing us to join their depleted ranks. After this we laid ourselves down for a little noonday rest, and a man outside pulled a punka over us. A punka is a board about eight inches wide and eight or ten feet long, to the bottom of which canvas a foot deep covered with fancy cloth is attached. A rope goes from the middle of the punka out through the wall, and a man sits there and pulls it to and fro over a little pulley. This makes a nice cool breeze, so that one can sleep without being wet through with perspiration.

At 2 p.m. the bell rang and we went over to the native church. Here the Christians and the school girls were gathered to welcome us. After the singing of a hymn and prayer, the native pastor, Jonathan Burder, gave the welcome address in Telugu, and old Ezra, the head master of the Girls' School, interpreted it for him in English. We thanked them and assured



THE COCANADA MISSION HOUSE.

them that we had come to spend our lives among them, and asked them to pray for us that we might be granted the strength and ability to learn their language, in order that we might preach the Gospel to them and to the heathen in their own tongue. The church was all decorated with flowers, and they put a wreath of

flowers around each of our necks and a garland of camphor balls. This is the way Eastern people express their joy in greeting those who come to visit them. It was all new and strange to us. Their singing did not have much music in it; the tunes seemed to consist of one or two notes only. They all looked just alike to us. I thought I would never learn to distinguish one face from another.

After the welcome meeting was over, we wandered about the compound, looking at the cocoon and palmyra palm trees, the casuarina and cotton trees, and the cactus, which grows from ten to eighteen feet high in the tropics and whose flower comes out in the night and closes up at the approach of the tropical sun. All along the verandah of the Mission house were large and small pots, full of plants and flowers of almost every variety. Their growth and beauty were so luxuriant that it seemed as if we never grew tired of looking at them. About five o'clock we had dinner, and in the evening went down to Jagganaikapuram to attend a welcome meeting given us by the English Baptist church. This little church is mostly composed of Eurasian people. The old East India Company's agents married native women; so Europeans and Asians were blended together and these are now called Eurasians. They are a warm-hearted people and appreciate very much the kindness of the missionaries. They had tea and cake served to all who gathered, and afterwards the deacon, Mr. White, gave us an address of welcome, to which we replied with feelings of gratitude and thanksgiving; for it was good to meet in this heathen land a little band of men and women who spoke our language and who loved our Saviour. As we drove home that night through Bazaar Street, crowded with thousands of people having the marks of their gods painted on their foreheads, and saw the Mohammedan Mosque with its sullen worshippers, I could not help

wondering why it was that these nations had been left so long without the gospel.

The next morning we began the study of Telugu. We had procured our grammars in Madras, and little Subbarao, the Telugu munshi, was on hand to give us our first lesson. He had taught Mr. Stillwell, Miss Frith and Mrs. Craig, and hence had considerable experience. He would open his mouth very wide, put his tongue up in the roof of it, and show us how to sound the hard "d" and "t" and all the aspirate letters. He was the liveliest little fellow I ever saw. One day I couldn't remember what the word "ṛamu" meant. He jumped up, seized a cane, began to strike on the floor and to pretend that he was very much frightened and was trying to kill something. Of course it came into my mind that it meant "snake." This was the dramatic way he had of doing almost everything. Mrs. Craig named him "Jack-in-the-box." He was a very good little teacher, especially for beginners, and as we learned ten or twelve new words every day, we soon began to put them into sentences; but it was a long, hard fight to pronounce the words properly. One day Mr. Laflamme told his *"boy" to put his clothes out in the sun. The "boy" looked at him, somewhat surprised that he should make such a request. Mr. Laflamme repeated it, and the "boy" said, "I can't put your clothes in the sun, Master; I haven't any ladder long enough to go up to it." Mr. Laflamme saw his mistake and said, "Never mind, you can put them in the sunshine." The Hindus never speak of putting things in the sun, but in the sunshine. We were frequently making mistakes of that kind and causing much laughter among the people.

We studied Telugu hard through the week and

*A personal servant. He may be a man of seventy, but is called "boy."

preached in English on Sunday. We soon got acquainted with Miss Folsom and the Timpany School. To know her was to know one of the Lord's saints; her quiet, modest and retiring manner made it difficult for a passing stranger to get acquainted with her, or to know her real worth; but as I was Manager of the school for seven years, I realized what a treasure we had in her and what a grand work she was doing for the Eurasian community.

The winter season in South India is about like Canadian weather in June, only the sun is very much more powerful, and we had to wear very large, thick, pith hats to keep us from getting sunstroke. We enjoyed the cool season very much, and in January the missionaries from the Maritime Provinces came down from the North and we had a joint conference. It did our hearts good to meet these older missionaries, who had spent many years in work among the Telugus. As we listened to their stories of joy and sorrow, of encouragement and disappointment, and saw their undaunted faith in the power of the gospel to attract and transform the vilest characters, we began to realize to some extent what a great work God had called us to.

The winter months soon passed and the heat was growing more intense and hard for Mrs. Davis to bear; so we went to Pentakota, about forty miles up the sea coast. There, on a point of land jutting out into the sea, was an old warehouse, that had once been used to store goods, when the place was a shipping port; but times had changed, the ships no longer called there, and the owner of the building had given it to the missionaries for a summer resort. It was a rough, bare, dreary kind of a place, but it was ten degrees cooler than Cocanada. The sea breeze blew strong at night. This gave us an opportunity to sleep and rest ourselves and keep fresh for our studies during the daytime.

While here we read the Vikramaka Tales. As they are a good example of Hindu mythology, I will relate one.

Vikramaka was a great and powerful king, who did heroic deeds and performed wonderful feats, like the old heroes of Greece and Rome. He was also very fond of hearing something new; hence he sent for and entertained every traveller that passed by his castle. Upon one occasion there came a Sanyasi, a kind of hermit, who lived in the woods and who made great pilgrimages to sacred shrines. Having heard that he was a very wonderful character, the king sent for him and asked him what he had seen and if he could tell him anything new. The Sanyasi replied that he had travelled over three worlds, heaven, earth and hell, and that in one of these countries, about three million miles away, there was a small lake, and in the lake a pillar of gold. Every morning as the sun rose, this pillar came up out of the lake and gradually ascended till at noon it touched the sun. In the afternoon, as the sun declined, it came slowly back, and in the evening sank again into the lake. Vikramaka said he would like to visit that lake and see this wonderful thing himself; but the distance was very great and it would take a lifetime to get there. The hermit told him he need not trouble himself about that, that he had in his possession a bottle of juice, which he extracted from a sacred plant; and all they had to do was to rub a little on their legs, then think of the place to which they wished to go, and immediately they would be there. The king was very glad to hear this and gave the hermit a banquet, after which the two left the palace alone. The hermit unrolled his garment, took from it the vial containing the sacred juice, rubbed a little on his own and the king's legs, and then said, "Just concentrate your mind on that lake, think you are there and you will be there." Almost before he had time to put the bottle back in its place, they were landing on the shore

of the lake, waiting for daylight. Presently the day dawned, and as the sun appeared above the horizon, the top of the pillar of gold slowly rose above the surface of the water. The king was a brave man, and taking off his upper garment, he swam out to the pillar, mounted it, and as the sun rose higher, the pillar too ascended. At noon, as the pillar drew near the sun, the heat was so terrible that Vikramaka was in danger of being burned to death. There seemed little hope for him to escape, but the sun, who is a great god to the people of the East, seeing how brave the king was, very graciously cooled off and spared the king's life. In the evening, as the pillar came down and sank into the lake, Vikramaka swam ashore. Putting on his upper garment, he told the Sanyasi he was wearied and hungry and wished to go back to his palace. The wonderful juice of the sacred plant was again applied to their legs, and in a moment they were transferred three million miles through space, comfortably seated in the castle and served with a sumptuous repast by the king's many servants.

One young Hindu, who had learned some English, told me that the English people needn't boast about their railway trains. He said they used to have shoes which enabled them to step twenty-four miles in a single step, and their hermits and holy men could travel much faster than the train. I asked him where those shoes were now. "Oh," he said, "after the coming of the English our people sinned and left off the worship of the gods; consequently the gods were angry with us and took them and other wonderful things away from us."

We remained in Pentakota till the first of June, and then spent a few days in Tuni. The Tuni mission house had been vacant since Mr. Currie's death, and I wrote to Mr. Craig and Mr. Stillwell, suggesting that I re-

main there, for I felt sorry to see the poor Christians left alone; but word had come from the Board that I should be stationed at Cocanada, and that Mr. Craig move to Akidu. So we sent our things away in carts, and Mrs. Davis was carried in a palanquin by twelve bearers from Tuni to Samalkota, while I rode on horseback. Six men at a time carried the palanquin; about every mile they changed and the other six took their places. The three men in front called out "Ho! Ho!" and the three behind answered "Aha! Aha!"; and thus they kept up a sing-song all through the night. It was a long, tedious ride for me; for I had to keep close to the palanquin, lest when we passed villages where there were liquor shops, the men would put the palanquin down and get drunk. Once or twice through the night they stopped at these wayside shops and drank pretty freely, but I kept urging them on and promised them a present if they arrived at Samalkota before sunrise. The heat was terrible, and I knew it would not do for us to travel in the daytime. When tired of sitting on the horse, I got down and walked for a change, and just as the day was dawning we arrived at Samalkota, covering a distance of about thirty-five miles. The English officers thought it was a wonderful feat, for they do not usually ride or drive a horse more than ten or twelve miles a day in the hot season; but I was so strong in those days that I did not feel tired. We spent the day with the Stillwells, and that night rode in their carriage to Cocanada.

We had our Conference early in June that year. Mr. and Mrs. Craig left for Akidu, Mr. and Mrs. Gar-side for Tuni, and I was put in temporary charge of the work at Cocanada and Ramachandrapuram. In addition to this, I was Manager of the Timpany School and the native girls' boarding school. Mr. Laflamme went to Samalkota to get away from all English-speaking people, that he might acquire the Telugu language

more rapidly; so the pastorate of the English Baptist Church also fell to me. The native Christians came to me with all their burdens and sorrows, their court cases and their persecutions, and I conducted the monthly meetings for the workers and paid their salaries. These things kept me so busy that I found it very difficult to get time to study the language, but by a good deal of persistence I managed to pass the examinations by the end of the first year, when we had our annual Conference. I was appointed to full charge of the Cocanada, Ramachandrapuram and Peddapuram fields. Peddapuram at that time included also what is now the Pithapuram field.

The Maritime missionaries again came down from the North to our joint Conference. I was very glad to meet them; for up to that time I knew almost nothing about the Maritime Baptists. I soon learned that they had pretty stiff backbones and stood firmly for Baptist principles. There was an old dispute between the Baptists and the British and Foreign Bible Society. The Baptists wished to have the Greek word "Baptisma" translated literally, but the Society wished to transliterate it into Telugu and call it "Baptismamu." There were also other things the Baptists objected to in the translation, such as the preposition "en" being translated to mean "with." We had a letter before us from the Secretary of the Society, and some of our brethren were willing, in order to have one version for the Christians of all denominations, to make a compromise; but the brethren from the Maritime Provinces were very firm, and said they would not put a veil or a cloak over any word in the Bible, to shut out its true meaning from the Telugu people; hence we and our American Baptist brethren expended thousands of dollars to get out our own translation. Dr. Jewett had part of the New Testament completed before the dispute with the Bible Society arose, and he had also had it copyrighted. Had

he not done so, we would have been compelled to accept the Bible Society's translation. Now, we could have compelled them to accept ours, had we wished to do so. But having secured one for ourselves, we left them perfectly free to get out their own translation. Someone in England a few years ago said, "The Baptist conscience is the rock on which the faithful will yet build." But I would not go so far as that. I would rather say that Christ Jesus Himself will always be the foundation on which true souls shall build.

After our Conference was over, I packed up my things and started on a tour over the Ramachandrapuram field with Mr. Craig and Mr. Laflamme. That was my first experience in village work among the Christians and the Hindu population. The weather was cool and we preached four times a day each. We made a very rapid trip, hurrying from village to village, as Mr. Craig had not much time to spare. We spent about ten days on the trip, and I got acquainted with the Christians and had prayer with some of them in their own houses. When we reached home, I again got my outfit ready and started out with two ox-carts and a tent for a tour over the Pithapuram field. This time I was alone and work on that field was new to me. I frequently rode all night in the ox-cart and then preached and examined schools all day. The Christians were scattered far and wide, and so the distances to be covered were great. It was a long, hard tour, and in one village, where we were preaching to an attentive audience, we were suddenly checked by the appearance of a portly Brahmin. I had been speaking on sin and atonement. When I ceased he stepped forward, and looking at the crowd assembled, said: "These Christians have been talking about sin; but I would like to know what sin is. What color is it? Is it white? Is it red? Is it yellow? Is it black? What form has it? Is it square or is it round? Show me sin, if you are

able." And then, raising himself on his toes and holding his head aloft in the air, he said: "There is no such thing as sin. Get to your houses, every one of you! Go! Go!" And in less time than it takes to write it, the crowd vanished. The Brahmin followed them and we were left standing alone. The reader may imagine what a surprise it was to us, but this man belonged to the priestly caste, and the people were afraid to disobey him. But we were not to be defeated. We went down to the lower part of the village and saw a number of men weaving cloth. They invited us to a seat on the verandah of one of their houses, and we sang and preached the gospel. They also bought some Scripture portions from us when we left.

I spent three weeks bumping over the roads in the ox-cart by night and preaching and praying with the Christians during the day. I had very little time for rest or private devotion, for there was always someone at the tent door waiting for an opportunity to come in and tell me about his troubles. Some had cases in court and needed advice; some had lost their dear ones and needed sympathy; some found the struggle for existence very hard and needed a word of cheer and encouragement; and thus from six o'clock in the morning till eight or nine at night I was kept so busy that I could scarcely find time to take my meals. Some came for medicine and some for notes to the hospital assistant; for if they went to the hospital without a note from me, they would have to give a bribe to the medical officer in charge before he would give them any medicine. The hospital and dispensary belonged to the Government, and the medicine is supposed to be given to all free of charge; but this is rarely ever done, because the hospital assistant is a native and is always looking for a present. The same is true of the magistrates in the courts; unless they get a bribe they will not conduct the case properly, and often they take

bribes from both parties, throw the case out of court, and leave the two disputants to settle their own trouble. I was new to the ways of the country at this time; but I soon learned to do all in my power to keep our Christians from going to law about anything, for it was almost impossible for them to get justice from the courts. At the end of three weeks I was pretty tired, so returned to Cocanada for a change and to get a little rest and some good food.

While at home I usually spent three nights out of the week in preaching to the outcaste people in the different suburbs of the city, conducted the English church prayer meeting and preached in English on Sundays. There was a brick wall between our Telugu chapel and the road. I had a portion of the wall cut off and a pair of gates put in its place. These gates were opened on Thursday nights and on Sundays, so that the Hindus passing by might come in to our services. Above the gate I placed a signboard with the following inscription written in Telugu: "Jesus said: I am the Way, the Truth and the Life." This was printed in large letters, so that passers-by might read and have at least one text of Scripture. I made another tour on the Ramachandrapuram field and became better acquainted with the Christians and my native assistants. There were a good many asking for baptism, and we received about thirty into the Muramanda and Nalluru churches. I did not understand the native character at that time and received candidates much more easily than I did in after years.

The cold season soon passed by, and in April the grass and the leaves on the trees began to wither and dry up; and as my wife suffered a great deal from the heat, we got on the steamer and went north to Bimlipatam, and from there by jinriksha to Chicacole, where we met Mrs. Archibald and Miss Wright. From here we accompanied Mrs. Archibald about fifty miles to

Parlakimedi, and from thence to the top of a mountain called Davagiri, where we spent the hot season with Mr. and Mrs. Archibald and Mr. and Mrs. Churchill. On our way to Chicacole, Mrs. Archibald showed me where an English officer's wife was buried, about a hundred years previous. She had been very kind to the native people during a famine, and now they had made her a goddess and came to her tomb to worship her. This is probably the way the people have come to have so many gods. Every king or wealthy person who had been charitable and fed the people during times of famine, became a deity after his death, and mythical stories were written about him. The spirit of worship is in them, but they know not what they worship, and there is no one to show them the way, none to tell the old, old story of Jesus and His love. My heart used to be almost broken, sometimes, when I thought of the millions of souls that were groping in the darkness after God. We spent a pleasant vacation with our friends in the North and returned to Cocanada in June, refreshed and strengthened for our work.

In the beginning of that year, 1889, we met our Maritime brethren at Bimlipatam, where we had a joint Conference. Mr. Lafamme preached the Conference sermon on the text, "But ye shall receive power, after the Holy Ghost is come upon you; and ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem and in all Judea and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth." Acts 1: 8. He dwelt upon the unfulfilled commission. Eighteen hundred years had passed by and the uttermost parts of the earth were still without the gospel. Fully half of the human race had never heard the name of Jesus Christ. He asked us why this was so. Was it because the Holy Spirit was not sufficient for these things, or was it because the Christian Church had been asleep and had not been mindful of

the last request of her dying Saviour? It was a heart-searching sermon, and at the close of it, Mr. J. R. Stillwell and I both rose and asked the missionaries who wished to remain to come up near the front of the little chapel, and there we knelt and prayed through the long hours of the night till the breaking of the day, beseeching our Heavenly Father to fill us with the Holy Spirit that we might have power to witness for Him in this land of awful darkness. The next day we sent that memorable appeal home to our Board, asking for a missionary to every fifty thousand of the people, and for a native pastor or evangelist to every thousand. From that time onward our number began to increase. Three single ladies had joined us at the close of 1888, and two married couples, Messrs. Brown and Walker, with their wives, came out in the Fall of 1889, in answer to our appeal. The outlook was growing more hopeful, the number of baptisms was increasing, and sometimes I felt the presence of God very near.

CHAPTER VII.

The Revival and the Hypnotist.

I toiled steadily on till September, 1890, and by that time I was convinced that our Christians were living far away from God. They had come out from such awful darkness, and were surrounded by so much stealing, lying, cheating and deception that they had brought a good deal of it with them into the church; and the more I thought of the matter the more burdened I became, till at last I could endure it no longer. I resolved that they must either show more of the spirit of Christ, more signs of genuine conversion, or be turned out of the church altogether. So, one Sunday I announced that I would preach in the chapel every morning and evening during the next week, and asked as many of them as could possibly come to be present at the meetings. I spoke on the holiness of God and the awfulness of sin, on heaven and hell, on the deceitfulness of the human heart and on the great need of being cleansed by the blood of Christ. I was so deeply wrought upon by the Spirit and so full of grief and sorrow over the careless lives of the Christians that I spoke with great earnestness and power. I had a naturally strong voice, and a lady who was staying with us at the mission house told me she could hear every word I said in the chapel. After I had preached night and morning for nine days, I felt almost discouraged. I didn't know the people and didn't realize how troubled they were. I thought they were spiritually dead, and that their hearts were as hard as stone. When I went home that night I could not sleep, but walked the floor in my dressing-room, cried to the Lord to undertake for me, and confessed that I was not sufficient for those things. At two o'clock my wife woke up and told me I had better go to bed or I would be sick, for I had had malarial fever a short time before; but I couldn't lie

down then. I was waiting for the Lord's answer to my prayer. About three o'clock I got assurance that the Lord was going to give me the victory. Then I lay down and slept till I heard the bell ringing in the morning. I sprang to my feet, dressed myself, and taking a cup of coffee, hurried out and made my way over to the chapel. The Christians were all there and were singing a hymn. I didn't know what I was going to preach on; but while they were singing a hymn I opened my Bible at the 37th chapter of the Prophecy of Ezekiel and read to them the vision of the valley of dry bones. I told them how the Israelites had sinned, and were not only spiritually dead, but like so many dry bones. I then applied it to their own case. I admitted they had given up the worship of idols, had professed faith in Christ and had been baptized; but there appeared to be no spiritual life in them; and like those dry bones, it seemed impossible for them to be revived. But as the Lord told his prophet to prophesy upon the dry bones, so He had told me to preach to them. God had mercy on the dry bones of Israel and perhaps His day of mercy had come for them. I read on to where, while the prophet was speaking, there was a rattling of the bones, and bone came to his bone, the muscles and sinews came upon them, and the flesh and skin covered them, but still there was no life in them. They were just beautiful corpses; and a corpse, however beautiful, is only fit for the grave. I had spoken to them from the first in a pretty severe tone; and now I turned and spoke to them tenderly. I told them how the father, watching for the return of his prodigal son, scanned the horizon day by day to see if he could get a glimpse of him anywhere; how he longed for his return, and how, while he was yet a great way off, his father ran to meet him and fell on his neck and kissed him. I told them that perhaps they were still far away, but if they were only sick of the world and said, "I will arise

and go to my father's house," God was sure to meet them. Then, as I read how the prophet besought the Spirit to come into those corpses that they might live, saying: "Come from the four winds, O Breath, and breathe upon these slain that they may live"—Just then, Jonathan Burder, our native pastor,



TELEGU CHAPEL, COCANADA, SCENE OF THE REVIVAL

sprang to his feet and said: "The Spirit is come! The Spirit is come!" And in a moment ten or twelve men were on their feet at once, all trying to confess their sins; and it was only after some difficulty that I got them to sit down and allow one to speak at a time.

Old Aaron had the floor. He was an aged man with a long grey beard and wore a long snuff-colored coat,

which is the common color the hermits and devotees wear in the East. He was trembling from head to foot, and leaning on his cane with trembling hand, he told us in brief his life's story. When a young man he had first heard the gospel through the Lutheran missionaries, was baptized by them and taught in a village school. He had a beautiful voice, was a great singer, and could also play the violin well. He said he knew nothing about a new heart. He had come to the conclusion that idolatry was wrong and had accepted Christianity as his new religion, much in the same way one puts off an old suit of clothes and puts on a new and better one; but it had made no serious impression on his life. He had been in the habit of drinking from his boyhood and continued to do so; and as he was far away from the missionaries and they didn't know how he was living, he frequently got drunk and committed all kinds of sin, until the heathen people could endure him no longer; hence they set fire to the schoolhouse and burnt it down. When the missionaries found out the trouble they took his work away from him, and he became a cook for an English officer. After working some years in this capacity, he met Messrs. Bowden and Heelis of the Godavery Delta Mission. He heard them preach about the new birth, and was led to read his Testament, and after attending their services for some months he was truly converted. He then gave up his position as cook and accompanied Mr. Heelis in preaching the gospel. For three years he remained faithful and had much joy in his Master's service. He could sing and preach so well that the missionaries made a favorite of him, and once more the devil tempted him. He became very proud of his ability, thought himself superior to the other native evangelists, and finally went back to his old habit of drinking again. The missionaries were very much grieved, and were compelled to dismiss him. He then went to Burma and

secured employment as butler for a British officer: but after two or three years he was taken sick with malarial fever and nearly died. Mr. Timpany was then in charge of the work at Cocanada. Aaron confessed his sins to him and to the church, was received into fellowship, and Mr. Timpany secured him the position of village Munsiff in Racepetta. Here he was the head of the new village and in receipt of a government salary: but after a year or two this position proved to be too great for him. He again fell into sin, lost his position and Mr. McLaurin had him excluded from the church. And now he was old and ready to die and had asked God to forgive him. He also implored us to receive him again into the church, which we did, and he remained faithful until death.

We spent most of the forenoon listening to confessions. Some claimed they were never really converted, but most of them said they had experienced the joy of the Lord in their hearts before they were baptized, and while Mr. Timpany lived had remained faithful; but after his death they had grown cold and wandered away. Two brothers from Nallakuduru confessed to the sin of adultery. In the afternoon Miss Simpson and Miss Baskerville held a special meeting for the women, and similar confessions were made there. I conducted a noontday meeting in the Rest house, where Mark, a charter member of the church, who had been a great help to the missionaries from the beginning, and who was the treasurer of the church, confessed to having fallen into that common sin of the East, just a week before the meeting began. One man and his wife told me they hadn't slept all night, and recalled a hymn that said, "Our sins like a mountain rise between us and God." The husband stated that his wife was crying all night, that he was holding her hand, and they were both on their knees confessing their sins and praying and asking God for forgiveness. Mr. J. R.

Stillwell came down to assist me for a day or two and said he had never seen anything like it in India. One of the native men told me that it was a common saying among them that though a white man might confess his sins, a black man never would. But he said they had all learned that the Holy Spirit could make a black man confess just as easily as He could a white man. It was a general time of cleansing, there was a spirit of repentance and contrition, and when the meetings were over, a great burden was lifted off my heart. I had come to know my native brethren and they had learned to love and trust me. After a few days' rest, Jonathan Burder and I went to Muramanda, where we conducted similar meetings for a week, and from there we went to Nalluru and spent a week in that church; and though the results were not so great in these churches, which were located at a distance from the missionaries, yet there was repentance and confession of sin wherever we went, and the Christians were greatly revived and strengthened. This was the first revival ever held among the Telugus of our Mission.

Immoral Pictures.

And now, lest my readers should think that our Christians in India were unworthy of the name, let me tell you a little about the conditions in which they lived and something about their environment. I had not been long in Cocanada when the native pastor took me through Pagoda Street, and when we came to the large Hindu temples, we saw some boys looking up at the images of the gods and laughing. The pastor called my attention to these images, and as I looked at them I was amazed, for all up and down the front and sides of the temples were nude images of the gods and goddesses in the act of adultery. The stories in their sacred books relate tales of shame. One god steals another god's wife from him; heaven itself is a place

where lust is gratified, and most of the songs the people sing are about those things. The high-caste people build a wall seven or eight feet high around their houses to lock their wives and daughters in during the day, while they are away at work, lest they should commit sin. There is no common decency between men and women. They use the vilest language when speaking with one another, and when this is the case among the educated and high caste people, what can one expect from the poor outcaste? The Christians are isolated; many of them cannot read or write; their brothers and relations are all heathen; heathen worship and heathen customs are going on all around them, and they never hear anything that is good or pure or true, except when they come to church on Sunday. Is it any wonder that some of them fall? The longer I lived in India the more I sympathized with the Christians, and the more careful I became about receiving candidates for baptism.

A New Mission Station.

In November we welcomed three more new missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. McLeod and Mr. Barrow. We had asked God for more missionaries, and year by year our number was increasing. I realized that I was unable to care for the work on so many fields, and at the beginning of 1891, Mr. J. R. Stillwell and I secured land in Peddapuram, and the former built a bungalow there for a new missionary. In August I made my last tour over that field in company with Mr. Walker, and then handed the work over to him and said good-bye to the Christians.

The Hypnotizing Brahmin.

In September my touring on the Ramachandrapuram field began. I spent a Sunday with the church in Muramanda, and in the evening preached in a village across the canal. When we returned to the boat, the

native pastor and evangelist requested me to come back to Muramanda on Monday morning to preach to the caste people. I was in a hurry and did not wish to go; but they pleaded so hard that I could not refuse them. I found out later on what they wanted me for. I arose early on Monday, and taking a light breakfast, I walked two miles across the fields over to the village. We went down to Weaver Street, and there in a broad open place began to sing hymns to attract the people. By the time we had sung two hymns a large crowd assembled, and I stepped forth into the open square and began to address them. Seeing that there were many Brahmins in the assembly, who frequently deny the existence of sin, I began by telling them of what I had seen in different parts of the world. I told them that I had visited several countries on my journey out to India, and that wherever I travelled I found churches or temples or a building of some kind erected for the worship of God; also, as I passed through their own village I noticed that they, too, had built several temples. I asked them what was it that made all men, whether white or black, build places of worship; and as no one answered me, I went on to tell them that there was another thing that attracted my attention, namely, that in all countries there were magistrates, courts and policemen, jails and prisoners; and putting these two things together, I had come to the conclusion that all men had some consciousness of sin. If there was no sin, there would be no jails and no prisoners. If there was no sin, there would be no temples, no sacrifices, no priests and no worshippers. I told them the Mohammedans made long pilgrimages to Mecca to worship at the tomb of Mohamet; that they themselves frequently made pilgrimages to Benares and other parts of India to worship at sacred shrines or bathe in holy waters, and that to account for these things, I concluded that all men were oppressed by a sense of sin and a desire to get rid of their burden.

From this premise I began and preached unto them Jesus.

While I was speaking I noticed the crowd was becoming greater and greater, and I was surprised to see people from other villages there. I spoke to them for fully an hour and they gave me the very best attention. When I had finished, an intelligent-looking Brahmin stepped forward and said to me: "What you have told us is all very good and we have enjoyed your address very much, but," said he, "there is a man here that has great power given him by the gods." He said they would make a circle in the sand, two yards in diameter, and place twenty-five rupees in the centre of it; then they would make seven marks in the sand, a yard apart, so that the last mark would be eight yards from the circle. This man would stand at the edge of the circle and repeat over a charm, and after he had repeated it a sufficient number of times, anyone that could walk forward over these marks and take the money out of the circle, might have it. I said "Alright, I'll be very glad to try it." "Well," said he, "before you do so, I must tell you the danger you are exposing yourself to. Five years ago there was a man on the other side of the river who tried to take the money, and just as he got to the edge of the circle, his feet turned around to the back of his legs, and he has been walking backwards ever since; another man about a year previous made the attempt, and when he got part way over the marks, his mouth went around to the side of his ear, and on Saturday in that village a Mohammedan man stepped over two marks, fell down in a faint and had to be carried to his home." And my native pastor told me this last statement was true. "Now," said he, "if you succeed in taking that money, we'll believe that Jesus Christ is the true God; but if not, we will believe that this man has got the true God." I said, "Alright, I am ready to try," and taking up my little folding

stool, I went up and sat down at the end of the marks made in the sand. They then began to beat drums and blow their musical instruments. The man came and sat down on the edge of the circle, and I noticed that he had a flashing pair of eyes, that seemed to look through one at a glance. He fixed his eyes intently upon me and began to repeat his charms. After a time I dropped my head, as though I were under his spell. The music stopped and they told me I might go forward. I arose and walked quickly towards the circle, but just as I reached out for the money, a little juggler from the other side grabbed it up and ran away. There was a great dispute: many of the farmers took my side and said I had beaten the man fairly, and had been cheated out of the money.

The crowd had become so great that there was scarcely room to move, and the hypnotizer said the place was so small and so crowded that the charm wouldn't work; but if I would go to Rajah's park, about a quarter of a mile away, he could bring me under his power. The native preachers begged me not to go; for they said he would get men to go up in the trees and throw stones on my head, and then say the gods had killed me. I told them I didn't care if there were ten thousand devils up there, I was going up to show the people that this man was a fraud. I believed that he possessed hypnotic power, for I could not help feeling the influence of his gleaming eyes; but I was not at all afraid of him; so I accepted the challenge and went to the park. We waited there till eleven o'clock. Three or four thousand people gathered, but the Brahmins did not come. I then wrote a brief note and sent it to the master of ceremonies saying that I was going to tell the people that this man was a fraud and go back to my boat, unless he came in fifteen minutes. We sat in the park and waited. After about twenty minutes we heard the native music playing, a great crowd

of Brahmins came marching two by two, and at the head of the procession was the hypnotizer and the little juggler. They circled round us, playing music for some time. At last they drew the circle, measured off eight yards and made their marks again in the sand. They then told me that I might sit at the far end of the marks, while the man was preparing his charm. As I rose and walked over to the place assigned to me, I noticed that they had only put one rupee in the circle, and I knew then that they were beaten. They beat their drums and blew their horns for nearly half an hour, while he kept repeating his charm and fixing his eyes upon me. When all was ready, they told me I might come forward once more, and I walked rapidly over the marks, determined to get that rupee. But before I could get there, the little juggler grabbed it up and ran away in the crowd. I laughed at them and reminded the one who was manager of his promise to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, if no harm came to me when I walked over the marks. I tried to speak to the people, but the Brahmins made such a noise I could not be heard. They said they would make the circle one yard in diameter and the little juggler would sit on the edge of the circle and make the rupee fly off in the air as I approached. I told him that the rupee had been flying off too much already, and that they had just been humbugging me all the forenoon. But they wouldn't let me speak, unless I would try this new experiment; so I consented, and while they were preparing the circle, the hypnotizer came over to me, salaamed very politely and asked me to please go away. He said: "I can't do anything to you, and you have spoiled all my profit to-day." No wonder, for he and the juggler were accustomed to play all kinds of sleight-of-hand tricks, and were getting money out of the people.

When I saw the juggler sitting on the edge of the

circle, I told the people that his hand was quicker than their eyes. He would have a cobra and a mongoose fighting to attract their attention, and then grab the rupee before I could get to it. I asked him to let my preacher put his cane on the rupee, and then I knew it wouldn't fly off in the air. But he refused to do this, so I took a carpenter's pencil out of my pocket and made a red cross on one side of the rupee and a blue one on the other. Then I said to the juggler: "Now, if that rupee isn't there when I come forward, I am going to put my foot on your neck and tear your clothes all off your body and take the rupee from you." I pretended I was very angry at the way they had treated me, and I walked back to the end of the marks once more. After beating their tom-toms for about ten minutes, they said I might come forward. Just as I started the juggler got frightened, grabbed the rupee and ran away into the crowd as fast as he could go, and I did not see him or the hypnotizer again. I then got up on the stump of a tree and spoke to the people. I told them that this was a sham, that they were constantly being deceived and cheated by the Brahmins and the priests. Again I preached to them and told them the old, old story of Jesus and His love, and entreated them to forsake their idols and turn to the one true God, who created them and was ready to save them. When I was through, the Brahmin manager told the crowd that I had a greater charm than the hypnotizer, and that I kept repeating that and counteracting his charm; hence he had no power over me. One of the Shudras called out and said: "The Doragaru (missionary) has a greater God than we have and that God helped him to overcome the hypnotizer." The Christians then began to sing:—

"Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the Cross;
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss."

It was one o'clock when we left the park and came down to the village. Crowds were everywhere through the streets, and many of the caste women had come out of their houses, expecting to see me carried back dead or in some way disabled. The Christians continued to sing hymns, as we marched through the village. It was a great day for them. Many of the farmers told me they had been watching the trees, to see that no one climbed up them to throw sticks or stones on me while we were in the park. When I got back to my boat I was very tired and had a little sun-fever from being so long out in the terrible heat. As I reflected on the phenomena of hypnotizing, I made up my mind that though there were some men who possessed a great deal of magnetic power, yet the larger factor in the process depended on the person that was hypnotized. People who believe in ghosts and fairies easily imagine they see them, and those who believe in charms are easily charmed. I did not believe in any of these things; hence this celebrated Brahmin was unable to exercise any influence over me.

Self-Support.

During my second year in India I had come to the conclusion that our native Christians must do more to support the gospel than they had done in the past. They were very poor, and the great majority of them came from the outcastes and had but little to give. While heathen, they were compelled to give by their elders and their priests. When cholera or any sickness broke out in the village, each family had to bring offerings to the gods. When they built their temples or repaired them, a tax was levied on each family, and they were forced to contribute the amount required of them. If they did not do so, they would not be allowed to draw water from the well, and no one in the village would give them any work. Their gifts during the

year amounted to a good deal, but they were not free-will offerings, and when they became Christians and were free to do as they wished, they seemed unwilling to make any sacrifices for the cause of Christ. When they first came out, they suffered so much persecution that the missionaries had not demanded very much of them; but as the number increased, persecution to a large extent ceased, and it was a bad training for them to be allowed to think that they were too poor to bring an offering to their Lord and Master, who had given His life for them.

Having talked the matter over with my fellow-missionaries and with the native pastors and teachers, I made a crusade through the churches and endeavored to impress on the minds of the Christians the obligation they were under to support their own pastors and teachers. I found them very indifferent about the matter, but generally they were ready to believe anything that I could prove to them from the Bible. After a good deal of hard work, I managed to get them to give two or three rupees a month towards their pastor's support. The pastors themselves were not very willing to look to their own people for support. They found it much easier to receive their monthly salary from the Mission. This made them free and independent. They could spend their time any way they wished; the Christians did not pay them and had no right to demand their services. There was no proper relation between the pastor and his people. As soon as the native churches began to support their own pastors, then the pastors were under obligation to them, and were bound to visit the sick and be present to conduct the prayer meetings and Sunday services. It was a long, hard fight to introduce this new system, and I continued to teach and preach it during all the years I spent in India. Upon one occasion I spoke for two hours to the students in the Seminary on this subject, for it was

necessary that the students should realize that they were going out to serve their own people and not to work for the missionaries. Mr. J. R. Stillwell heartily co-operated with me in this good work. He had been giving the boarders three suits of clothes a year and a head cloth, but the estimate for carrying on the work had been cut down by the Board at home, and he accordingly took away one suit from them. They were very angry about this and threatened to leave the school. They had always been provided with three suits, and hence thought they were treated very unjustly; but Mr. Stillwell had their confidence and their love, and when he explained the whole matter to them, they became reconciled and settled down to work again, thinking it would only be for one year. But when Mr. Stillwell saw that they were able to get along without this additional suit, he took it away from them altogether.

CHAPTER VIII.

Gurumurti, the Timpany School and Samalkota.

New missionaries were coming out year by year, and it was necessary for us to open up new stations. In January 1892, I visited Ramachandrapuram, with a view to securing land, if possible, for that purpose. It was the centre of the county. There was a government office, a sub-magistrate's court, a police station, a dispensary and post office. I had passed through it several times before and had made up my mind that it was the proper place for a missionary to live. There was a Local-fund bungalow for European travellers a short distance from the village, and near this was some vacant land. It seemed to be the only suitable site to build on, for the country all about it was watered by the canals and was low and wet and likely to be unhealthy. There were some large mango trees on this site, and underneath one of these Jonathan Burder and I kneeled and asked God to give us this spot of ground for a new mission station. Upon inquiry, I found the land was owned by two lawyers who lived in Cocanada. One of them had been a great friend of Mr. Timpany, and was very favorable to our work. The other was a proud, bigoted Hindu. Naturally I went to the one who was friendly and he promised to do his best to secure the site for me. He fixed the price at about three hundred rupees per acre, and said if I was willing to give that, he could induce his partner to sell out his share. But it was not until July that I was able to get an agreement written out and permission to build on the land. At the July Conference Mr. and Mrs. A. A. McLeod were appointed to take charge of work on the Ramachandrapuram field. Mr. McLeod and I toured over the field together, and on the first of August I handed over the work to him. Later in the year we got the deed of the land, but having made a payment on it and secured

permission to build, Mr. McLeod erected a temporary house, with mud walls and roof covered with palm leaves. Here he and his wife lived and labored till they were able to build a new bungalow. I had begun my work with the care of three fields, but by this time I had handed over Peddapuram and Ramachandrapuram and was left free to develop the work on the Cocanada field. I let Mr. McLeod have our native pastor for a month or two, to tour with him until he could get acquainted with the work; while I used my bicycle and visited many of the villages on the Cocanada field alone, and preached the gospel as best I could to the people. I had no workers outside of the town to help me, but during 1893 I opened up an out-station at Venkatakrishnapuram and placed a worker there; then I secured land at Coringa and built a house and placed a teacher in that village. I also bought a house in Jagganaikapuram, for there we had some caste Christians and there was no suitable place for them to live in. That year, too, I bought the Davies Memorial Compound, which is now occupied by the ladies. The other missionaries were away to the hills, and I spent the hot season in Cocanada, caring for the work. This Compound had suddenly come into the market, and I hastened to secure it, lest it should be sold to the Hindus.

The Baptism of a Caste Man and His Daughter.

Gurumurti, a Shudra man, during Mr. Timpany's time had been employed as a teacher in the girls' boarding school, and had learned very much of the gospel. As a boy he had attended a Christian school in Vizagapatam. Under Mr. Timpany's strong Christian influence he had been led to accept Jesus as his Saviour, but lacked the courage to come out and be baptized. He used to attend church occasionally, and often told me that he read his Bible every day and had prayer in

his own home. He had taught his eldest daughter to read the Bible, and as she had an excellent memory, she could recite whole chapters of the Gospel of John, without making a single mistake. His wife and his cousins were all bitterly opposed to the Christian religion, and though he often told us that he would be baptized soon, we did not believe that he would have courage to leave everything for Christ. But one Thursday night he came to our prayer meeting and said he wished to be baptized. The Christians all knew him and the church very readily accepted him as a suitable candidate for baptism. We advised him to go home and tell his people, and then come back Sunday morning and be baptized. This he did, and so after the morning service I baptized him with some others. He was afraid to go home, so remained in the Compound with our native pastor.

On Monday morning I rode on horseback over to Racepetta, visited the Christians, and preached to the Malas. When I returned, there were thirty or forty men in our Compound. They had hold of Gurumurti and were dragging him along toward the gate. The native pastor and four or five Christians were holding on to him and trying to pull him back. He too was struggling to get away from his relatives and his own caste people. I took in the situation at once, and urging my horse forward, I dashed toward the crowd at full gallop. They being frightened of the horse, let go of Gurumurti and scattered in every direction; upon which he made his way back to the mission bungalow. I jumped from my horse and asked them what was the matter, and why such a crowd of them had come into my Compound without permission. I told them that Gurumurti was forty years of age, that he had been a Christian for a long time, that he had come to us of his own accord, and that he might go away again if he wished; but that I was not going to allow them to drag

him away, and if they didn't get out of the Compound at once, I would bring them before the magistrate for trespassing on my property. I told them they might appoint three of their number to go with me to talk to Gurumurti, and if he wished to go back with them, he was at liberty to do so. To this they agreed and three of their number came to the bungalow. Here they had a long talk with him, but were not able to persuade him to leave. He said that God had just sent me home in time to save him from being dragged back into bondage. Just then the bell rang, and as these men had positions in Government offices, they were compelled to go; so Gurumurti and I were left alone. I talked and prayed with him, and he vowed he would never go back and live among the heathen again. If his wife would not come to him, he would continue to support her and the children and would live alone. I gave him a school to teach at Jagganaikapuram, in order that he might be near his family and keep in touch with them; for I believed that in time one by one they would come to live with him.

After about a month, his daughter Siamma made her escape and came over to the schoolhouse where he was living, and he brought her to the mission bungalow before daylight one morning. She did not wish to be baptized until Sunday, because some of the school girls were going to be baptized at that time, and she felt sure her people would not come after her, as they all knew she was a Christian. She remained with us all day. At night I had to go to conduct service in the English Baptist church; Mrs. Davis was sick in bed, and I felt a little nervous about leaving Siamma, for fear her relatives would come and carry her off. So I got Miss Simpson and Mr. McLeod to come and stay in the bungalow until my return. After an hour, as no one came, Mr. McLeod went home. He had only gone a little while, when Siamma's mother came to the door.

She began to cry and tell Siamma how badly she thought she had treated her, and coaxed her to come out that she might see her just once more. Finally she told Miss Simpson she would go out and try to comfort her mother a little and come right back again. Miss Simpson opened the door and let her out, and as she did so, a crowd of men was there, who picked her up and carried her off. When I got back about nine o'clock and found that she had been taken away, I was very much disappointed; for I had warned Miss Simpson not to let her out of the house on any pretext. I knew how her relatives would come and cry to excite her pity and get her to come out, and then carry her away. This had been done before in our Mission, and in some cases the missionaries had never seen or heard of the converts again. I was thoroughly disappointed, and perhaps I did a little scolding. But there was no use, she was gone and I must do my very best to save her. The next morning I found out from her father that her heathen relatives planned to take her on the steamer up to Vizagapatam and there get her married to a heathen relative. That was Thursday and the steamer would call at our port on Friday morning. We notified the police, and her father and the Christians prepared to keep watch at the landing stage; and as she was of age, he could claim her and prevent them from taking her on board. That evening I was again preaching to the English-speaking people, and after the service I remained to talk with some of the members about Siamma and to ask what steps we had better take in the morning to rescue her. Just then Miss Beggs, one of the Biblewomen, came running into the chapel and called out to me that Siamma had escaped and was hiding in their house. I ran out, jumped into my carriage and drove over. In a few minutes Siamma was in the carriage with me, and we started back to the mission bungalow. As we passed the chapel, I saw a

number of men, armed with clubs, hunting about Gurumurti's rooms in search of Siamma. I put on the whip and drove away home as fast as I could. We kept watch anxiously all that night, but no one came for her, and the next morning at eight o'clock she and two of the school girls were baptized. By this time the news had got out that she had eaten with the Christians; so the people of her caste burned Gurumurti's effigy and made him and his daughter outcastes. I knew they would never come to trouble her any more; so after a few days she went to keep house for her father. Previous to this, Mr. Craig had baptized a young man from the Rajah caste, and early the next year he and Siamma were married. Some years afterwards I visited Akidu and went to see Siamma and her husband. They had two or three bright children, were earnest, faithful Christians, exercising a good influence in the village and bringing their children to serve the Lord.

The Timpany School.

Mr. McLaurin at the beginning of his work started a Sunday service for the Eurasian people. The congregation soon grew into an organized church and began to help support evangelists to preach in the town. When Mr. Timpany took charge, he began to realize that we must have a school for the Eurasian children, and acting in concert with the other missionaries, secured the services of Miss E. A. Folsom, a young lady who went out under the auspices of a Faith Mission, but who was then free to accept service wherever she wished. She proved to be a great blessing to the school children, the little church and the Eurasian community. She was a patient, loving and faithful servant of the Lord, and we all learned to esteem her for her work's sake. While she was absent on furlough, Mr. and Mrs. Walker spent one year in the school. Mrs. Walker acted as lady principal and taught all the higher

classes, and when they left we had to carry on the work as best we could.

We had a Eurasian family in the school. Two of the daughters were teachers and their mother was the matron. They got on very well for a time, but they had not the qualifications required by the Government, nor did they command the respect and confidence of their own people. We advertised for a head mistress, but before we received any answers, I went out on an extended tour on the Ramachandrapuram field. When I returned home, I found there had been a quarrel between the teachers and the secretary, and they had put in their resignations, and wished to leave at once. I called a meeting of the Executive Committee and we talked matters over till late at night, but could not come to any agreement. The Committee was unwilling to accept their resignations, as they had not given a month's notice, according to agreement; but I found they were doing harm to the school every day they remained, and were sending word to the parents of the children that the school was going to be closed. I went home that night greatly disappointed because the Committee had not taken any action. I was the Manager of the school and responsible for its conduct and for any temporary changes that might be made between the sittings of Conference. I walked the floor nearly all that night and lifted my heart to my heavenly Father for guidance. The next morning I went to the school early, accepted the resignations of the teachers and paid their salaries. I then went to see the secretary, and he and I telegraphed passage money to a lady in Madras to come up and take charge of the school. During the following week I gave up all mission work, taught all the higher classes and sent notes to the parents of the children that the school would go on as usual. I felt that we must make a success of it or close it down forever.



TIMPANY MEMORIAL SCHOOL, COCANADA.

Next week Miss Brown arrived by steamer and became head mistress. She was a capable young lady and did her work well. Miss Ellen Gibson kindly came and acted as matron. Thus we tided over a crisis in the history of the school. One of our own church members, who had formerly been one of the teachers, started up an opposition school for Church of England children; but the Government refused to recognize it, and after a few months it was closed.

A year later Miss Folsom returned from furlough, and needless to say, we hailed her coming with great joy. She really began the school in some of the rooms of the old Eurasian chapel. After Mr. Timpany's death, the other missionaries bought the splendid compound and building in which it is now carried on and in his honor called it "The Timpany Memorial Boarding and Day School." They borrowed the money from Mr. Wm. Craig, Sen., and paid it back, in yearly instalments, out of their own salaries. Each of the male missionaries gave five rupees a month towards the support of the school and the single ladies two and a half rupees. Beside these regular gifts, we usually gave a hundred rupees each per annum towards reducing the debt, and by the end of 1893 this was all cleared off.

Our old chapel was dilapidated and unsafe to conduct worship in, so I called a business meeting of the church, and we started a building fund. I subscribed the first hundred rupees, and Mr. White, the deacon of the church, followed my example. The month before we had each contributed a hundred rupees on the school debt, and this was quite a drain on our incomes, but we felt that something must be done. The Catholic and the Church of England churches were fine buildings; ours was only an old telegraph office, out of which the partitions had been removed in order to convert it into a chapel, and I longed for the day when we would

be able to build a neat, attractive place of worship. Miss Ellen Gibson was appointed treasurer of the building fund, and through her earnest efforts about 2,500 rupees were secured. When I left the field, Mr. Laflamme took up the work, and the building fund increased year by year till it amounted to above 5,000 rupees. His successor, Rev. R. E. Smith, had the pleasure of superintending the erection of the finest church building in the town, costing over 10,000 rupees. Miss Eva D'Prager, a Eurasian lady doctor, placed 1,000 rupees in gold on the corner-stone when it was laid, and all the missionaries presented gifts in gold and the church members in silver. I had hoped to have the joy of putting up this building, but that was not God's plan for me; and I rejoiced with all my heart when I heard it had been done by others. In the Fall of 1893 we welcomed Dr. and Mrs. E. G. Smith, Mr. J. E. Chute and Misses Murray, Priest and McLaurin. This was the largest number of new missionaries we ever received in a single year. We were glad to welcome them, for some of the older missionaries were in need of rest and change.

My Appointment to the Seminary.

At the January Conference of 1894, Mr. J. R. Stillwell and his wife were granted furlough, and I was appointed Acting-Principal of the Seminary during their absence. Mr. Stillwell remained in Samalkota until April 1st, but I went up and taught the classes during the month of March and got acquainted with the general working of the school. On our return from the hills in June, we took up our abode in Samalkota. I was still in charge of the native work on the Cocanada field, and went down once a month to hold meetings with the workers, pay their salaries and give advice and directions concerning the work.

In addition to my work in the Seminary, I was chairman of the Major Union, a kind of municipality. This

form of self-government in the towns had just been inaugurated by the Government, and as the native people and government officials wished me to accept the chairmanship, I did so. While acting in this position, I learned how much cheating, bribery and corruption was carried on by the native officials.

Mrs. Davis assisted me in the teaching and gave a great deal of help to the students who were trying government examinations. One of our theological assistants returned to Chicacole, and this left Mr. Jagganai-kulu and myself to teach all the classes in theology. In addition to this, I conducted a monthly examination in the secular department, in order to keep the teachers and students up to the mark, and at the request of Conference, started an industrial school for our native Christians. We began with carpenter work, and after a little I opened a laundry department and got the students to wash their own clothes. This was not an easy matter, for there is only one caste in India that does washing, and it is considered a disgrace for those of any other caste, or even for the outcastes, to do their own washing. Notwithstanding the fact that I had to teach a good many classes in theology, superintend the literary department and the industrial school, oversee the work on the Cocanada field and act as chairman of the Major Union, we yet spent a very happy time during the two years we had charge of the Seminary.

We had no medical compounder at that time, and Mrs. Davis administered the medicines and took care of the sick. We kept a horse and carriage and usually drove to the middle lock on the canal, where I conducted a prayer meeting once a week, and to a village about two miles and a half from Samalkota, where I generally preached one night in the week. I also spent one or two evenings preaching with the students in the Malapillies of the town.

During our second year at Samalkota, I conducted a week of special meetings for the deepening of the spiritual life of the students. During these meetings there were a good many confessions of sin. One man named Ramaswami told us that the year Mr. Stillwell left his wife was very ill. After taking medicine from the hospital assistant for a long time, they became discouraged, and she and her people urged him to go to Yetlapalam and consult a heathen doctor. He told Ramaswami to return home, and the next morning at sunrise to go to a certain tree and offer up a cock. Of course this was superstition and a going back into heathenism; but his wife's relatives were all heathen and they begged so hard that he consented to do it. He had to pay a rupee to the medical priest, who assured him that his wife would get well and would have a son; but after offering the rooster his wife grew worse and finally died. This made him very much ashamed, and he confessed his sin before God, but did not say anything about it to any of the others. I mention this little incident to show that the native Christians are constantly tempted by their heathen relatives to go back into idolatry. The native churches will need the strong hand of the missionary for a generation to come, before they will be able to walk alone.

While we were in the Seminary, Mr. and Mrs. Walker lived in Peddapuram, about two miles away from us, and we often spent a pleasant and profitable hour together. Samalkota is a dry and healthy place, and we never had a day of sickness while we were there.

Before Mr. Stillwell left the country and while I was teaching classes and getting acquainted with the work, I dreamed that I went up from Cocanada one Monday morning and found a great crowd of people on the Midan (the plain that surrounded the bungalow), that there had been fighting and that some were badly wounded. I was very anxious about Mrs. Davis and

the children, and in my dream I hastened through the crowd, reached the bungalow and was very thankful to find my wife and family uninjured. It made such an impression on me that I told my wife about it. During our last year in Samalkota, in October 1895, my dream came true. I spent Saturday and Sunday in Cocanada, conducting the monthly meetings, preaching in the Telugu church, administering the Lord's supper and examining candidates for baptism. While I was there, on Sunday night about 10 p.m. the Seminary students were startled by a cry they heard away in the distance. As they listened, they could hear a man pleading for his life. Some farmers had seized a man on the Midan, who was employed by one of them to watch cattle, and they could hear him saying: "Don't kill me! Don't kill me! I have children, and who will take care of them?" This man had previously been employed by one of the farmers, and had been dismissed on account of a quarrel; but that night the farmer went to him, made friends with him again and urged him to come and help him watch the cattle. He was an outcaste man, was afraid of this wealthy farmer, and didn't want to go; but the latter promised him good pay and induced him to go with him. When he got him out on the Midan, a number of men seized him, tied his hands and feet and were carrying him away to a deep pond that was said to have no bottom to it. The students could hear the man begging for his life. About fifty of them armed themselves with clubs, ran around another way and arrived at the pond just in time to save him. As they approached the pond, they saw the farmers untying his hands, for they had heard the students were coming. The students and teachers surrounded them, and brought them and the wounded man near to the mission bungalow. His brother had heard his cry, and had run back to the village and told his friends and relatives, and soon there were two or three hundred

people gathered on the Midan. One of the teachers went to the bungalow and called my wife. She got up and dressed and went out on the Midan about 12 o'clock at night, into the midst of that great crowd. She examined the man and found several wounds on him, for he had been beaten. She advised the teachers



GRADUATING CLASS, SAMALKOTA SEMINARY.

to get a cart, take him to the Pithapuram hospital and leave the farmers to go their way till I should return.

I came up on the 9 o'clock train Monday morning, and while driving through the town, the secretary of the Major Union told me about the trouble that had taken place during the night, and said the farmer ought to be punished. When I got to the bungalow,

Mrs. Davis told me about the night's excitement, but said she was not at all afraid. I saw the man who had been beaten. He told me that the farmers had his hands and feet bound, were tying a large stone on his chest with his upper clothes, and were about to drown him in the pond; but when they heard the students coming, they took the stone off, threw it aside in the bushes, and unbound him as quickly as possible. The students only arrived in time to see them untying his hands.

Quite a number of people had been beaten and robbed on the road between our bungalow and the old racquet court, half a mile away. I thought it was about time a stop was put to such proceedings. I wrote the police inspector and got policemen to patrol the road at night. Seven of the thieves were caught and imprisoned, and I felt that this farmer should also be punished; so in the evening I went down to Cocanada and consulted Subramanyam, a Hindu lawyer, who had studied in a Christian school and always seemed to be friendly to the Christians. He said he would gladly undertake the case for nothing, would come to Samalkota, examine the witnesses and let me know whether he thought there was sufficient evidence to convict the culprit. He came up next morning on the train, went to see the pond where the man was to have been drowned, examined the witnesses and strongly advised the Mala man to enter a case against the farmer in the Magistrate's court. The case was tried and five of our students and Mrs. Davis were called as witnesses; but after a good deal of delay, Subramanyam succeeded in frightening the farmer and making him give a bribe of 600 rupees, which they divided among themselves. Then the Magistrate threw the case out of court for want of sufficient evidence. This is a fair sample of what takes place all over India in the courts where Hindu officers preside.

British Rule in India.

When I first went out to India I was somewhat prejudiced against British rulers. I had read of the East India Company, and of Warren Hastings oppressing the natives, and I expected to see something of the kind still carried on under British rule. But the longer I lived in India the more I was persuaded that every law on the Statute books was beneficent in its aims, and was calculated to be a help and a blessing to the Hindu People. The British have built thousands of miles of roads, many of them laid with stone, covered with gravel and rolled with steam rollers. They have planted banyan and other large shade trees on both sides of these great trunk roads, under whose shade thousands of travellers find refuge by day and night. They have dammed up all the great rivers of the country, and dug canals with systems of locks; as a result, millions of acres of land are to-day irrigated where once were famine districts. The Government owns and controls the telegraph and postoffice systems and many of the railroads. For sixteen cents a telegram of ten words can be sent to any part of India. The postal system is very much better managed than in Canada. Letters and money orders are delivered at our doors, and the parcel post system is an excellent arrangement by which you may order goods from any of the large stores and pay for them on delivery. The government officers are a well-educated, energetic and capable body of men, and I never heard of an English magistrate or judge taking a bribe or conducting a case in an unjust manner. On the other hand, the majority of these officials are not Christian men. They have been baptized and probably confirmed in the Church of England, but as a rule they do not attend any place of worship nor practise any religion. They play golf or tennis on Sunday, gamble for small stakes and drink

more whiskey than is good for them. They come out as single men, receive large salaries, and naturally fall into many temptations. But so far as their official duties are concerned, I have always found them faithful.

Our Return to Cocanada.

In December our students went up to the government examinations, and nearly all of those in the primary and lower secondary classes passed successfully. Our school year was drawing to a close, so Mrs. Davis and the children moved back to Cocanada, while I remained on till the Christmas holidays. Then Mr. Stillwell returned and I handed back to him the charge of the work. Our numbers were increased by the arrival of more new missionaries: Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Priest, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Stillwell and Dr. Pearl Smith, who arrived about the 1st of December. We gave them a welcome meeting. Mr. and Mrs. Priest went to reside in Tuni, Mr. and Mrs. Stillwell lived with us in Cocanada, while Dr. Smith became the wife of Rev. J. E. Chute.

My Tract.

Some of the brethren talked so much about the Millenium and so assiduously circulated literature among our Christians bearing on it that I was led to publish a little tract on the subject in 1894. I am afraid I wrote in too much of a controversial spirit, and perhaps there are one or two expressions in it that may have wounded the feelings of some of God's children; for this I am truly sorry. If I had to write it over again, I would aim to speak the truth in love; and yet I have not changed my mind about the fact of the Lord's coming at the end of the age, and there being only one general judgment for the good and the wicked.

I met a number of good missionaries in India who really loved God's people and were heavenly minded, but who were so longing for the Lord to come, so willing to leave off bearing the cross and so eager to wear the crown, that it robbed them of their strength. Their common phrase was: "The world is growing worse and worse and the love of many is waxing cold." Just here I wish to say: if we take out of the world the story of the Cross, we take away the one power that God has been pleased to use in saving men. And it is cross-bearing that we all need. That makes us strong and brave to endure hardness for the sake of Him who wore the crown of thorns. And now, while I am slowly dying, I believe with all my heart that the preaching of the crucified Jesus is the only means that God will ever use for the salvation of a lost world; and that when men and women are filled with the spirit of their Master and are willing to renounce the world and take up their cross and follow Jesus, they will find multitudes ready to listen to them and willing to be taught by them. We are all too ready to leave our cross and wear the crown. We are too much at ease in Zion. When we can rejoice in our tribulations, can kiss the cross God lays upon us and truly thank Him for it, then the world will realize that we have been with Jesus and learned from Him; that we have something to give to lost sinners. God grant to His people a willingness to suffer for His Name's sake.

"In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time,
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime."

At our January Conference of 1896, Mr. and Mrs. Craig and Mrs. Davis and I were granted furlough. After ours was over I went to Ongole to attend the

American Baptist Conference. While there I climbed "Prayer-meeting Hill" and saw the place where Dr. Jewett and a few native Christians knelt and prayed that God would send a missionary to Ongole. Dr. Clough was sent in answer to their prayers. The story of his labors during the famine and the baptism of 2,222 native converts in a single day and 10,000 before the year closed, are facts well known to all Baptists. I met Dr. Clough and learned from him the account of the difficulties and hardships through which the missionaries passed in the early days of the Mission.

After this Conference I spent two months visiting and preaching in the villages on the Cocanada field, and then we began to pack our trunks and get ready to return to Canada. We left Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Stillwell in charge of the work. They were splendid young people. Mr. Stillwell was physically and mentally strong and of a humble and devout spirit, and I felt the work was perfectly safe in his hands. On the night we left Cocanada, the native church gave us a farewell meeting and presented us with a printed address in a very nice frame. Mr. Stillwell and a crowd of Christians came to the station to say farewell. Our old ayah accompanied us as far as Rajahmundry. She was a Lutheran Mission Christian and I sent the Lutheran missionary 50 rupees and asked him to give it to her little by little, when she was in need, for she was getting old and helpless. In reply he said he was astonished that a Baptist missionary would do anything for a Lutheran Christian; for he supposed the Baptists were a very narrow and bigoted sect that hadn't any love for anyone outside their own Church. We spent a day or two in Bombay, and on April 4th we said good-bye to India and embarked on the "Peninsular," one of the P. & O. Company's steamers.

The Farewell Address.

To Rev. J. E. Davis, B.A., Baptist Missionary,
Cocanada :

Reverend Sir,—We, the members of the Telugu Baptist church, Cocanada, with feelings of deep regret and sorrow, beg to approach you with this address and to bid you farewell on the eve of your departure.

By the grace of God, we had the rare good fortune of welcoming you as a missionary to our country, along with Rev. H. F. Laflamme, in the year 1887.

The critical circumstances both of the Cocanada field and the church at the time can be well explained by the following facts: Rev. A. V. Timpany, the pioneer missionary of our Board, who was in charge of the Cocanada field and the church, who was doing a great deal of good both among the Hindus and Christians, and whose name is fragrant among the people even yet, gave his life for the Lord and died of cholera. Dr. John MacLaurin, the second missionary of the Board, but the first to our part, was in the home land. Rev. G. F. Currie, M.A., of the Tuni field, died in the Lord, like a good soldier of Christ, after serving his Lord as a missionary, preaching the gospel earnestly, patiently and prayerfully for about ten years on that field. And so Rev. John Craig, B.A., was obliged to look after the work that was laid down by both Rev. Mr. Timpany and Rev. Mr. Currie, although he was in charge of the vast Akidu field, which then included the present Vuyyuru field also.

Thus it is plain that we were as sheep without a shepherd; so you can imagine how anxiously we were looking for someone to come as a missionary to us, and how glad we were when, in the mercy of God, you and Bro. Laflamme came to us.

In this manner, being constrained by the love of Christ, who gave His life for the salvation of the world,

you came, learned the language, and took charge of our Cocanada field and the church in the year 1888. Since then you have been working heart and soul, both for the salvation of those who are not Christians, and for the uplifting of the Christians.

Besides this, you have spared no effort to strengthen the preachers. Your missionary work on the field can be seen by the two new churches that were established in the North Cocanada field (the present Peddapuram field), the sixteen new out-stations that were opened, and the many baptisms that occurred in the whole Cocanada field, which included the present Peddapuram, Ramachandrapuram and Cocanada fields.

You have not only preached the gospel in the streets, but also visited the rich people at their homes and had religious conversations with them, and in that way preached the gospel to them. You also opened a Bible Class on Sundays for the college students. In addition to this you gave some addresses to the public, both in this town and other places, on religious and secular subjects.

We cannot forget the pastoral visits of Mrs. Davis and yourself to our homes. We are indebted in a great measure to Mrs. Davis for the immense good that is done for our children by the Sunday School, which she superintended.

How can we show our gratitude to you for the great good you have done amongst us by the revival and social meetings that are established amongst us?

The benefit of your work has been extended both to the Christian and the non-Christian, the rich and the poor, the high and the low, the ignorant and the intelligent.

Your work has been such that you are counted by the people as a second Timpany. Though you are an Englishman by birth, yet you have been like a Telugu

man amongst us. As Saint Paul said, "You have become all things to all men, in order that you might save some."

Although we are sorry about your departure, yet we are encouraged by the thought of your returning again after two years. As you are also leaving us in charge of Rev. J. R. Stillwell, B.A., we are sure that we shall be well cared for, growing in the Lord until your return.

We lack words to express our gratitude to you in a more fitting manner and we feel that anything we may do in the way of displaying our great esteem for you will fall short of your deserts. As a token of our gratitude, esteem and reverence to you, we humbly request you to accept this —, a thing trifling in itself, but precious on account of the immense gratitude that accompanies it.

We fervently hope that you will return at the end of two years, and resume the holy task of preaching the gospel to the Hindus, and teaching the Christians to observe all things that are commanded by our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

We commend you into the hands of God, hoping that He will return you to us again, having strengthened you both spiritually and bodily.

In conclusion, we once more bid you farewell, hoping that you will not forget us and the church wherever you are.

May God grant you all a safe and pleasant voyage to Canada.

We remain, Reverend Sir,

Your Most Obedient Children in the Lord, the Members of the Telugu Baptist Church, Cocanada.

Telugu Baptist Church, Cocanada, 26th March, 1896.
2nd Cor. 5: 14. 1 Cor. 15: 58.

CHAPTER IX.

My First Furlough.

When we went out to India we were first-class passengers on a third-class line of steamers that carried a great deal of freight and only a few passengers; but now we were second-class passengers on a mail steamer and we travelled at the rate of almost 400 miles a day. There were about 450 passengers on board and every part of the ship was crowded. We had a four-berth cabin, right next to the dining saloon, which made it very convenient for us to look after the children's meals. Miss Taylor of the Godavery Delta Mission and Miss Gray of the Maritime Mission were with us. They had each spent over ten years in India, and were both badly run down and very nervous. There were also some of the Free Church of Scotland missionaries on board. As there were several other passengers who were earnest Christians, we used to meet every morning and spend an hour in Bible study. Mr. W. C. Bailey, Secretary of the Mission to Lepers, was a first-class passenger and used to come down to attend our Bible readings.

When we left Aden the weather was very hot and trying, but before we got through the Red Sea it turned quite cold, and while going through the Suez Canal there was a little hail storm. The people along the shore were wrapping their clothes about them and shivering with the cold. We took on coal at Port Said, and then steamed straight to Brindisi and left off the mail. While there I saw Italian dock-men and Hindu coolies working side by side, and there didn't seem to be very much difference in their color. The Italians in the south of Italy are very dark and resemble very much the type of people one sees all through the East.

From here we went to Gibraltar, where we again

halted for more coal; but we didn't deem it advisable to get off, and after a few hours we were on our way again through the bay of Biscay. Here the weather was pretty rough and our ship pitched terribly.

When we arrived in London, most of the passengers found friends and relatives there to meet them, but we were alone. We had just been twenty-one days on the journey from Bombay; and during the most of the time the weather had been calm and we had had a pleasant time. After getting our luggage through the customs, a gentleman from the Foreign Missions Club met us. We got a conveyance to take our luggage to our boarding-place, and went with him on the train to Liverpool Street Station. From here we took the line of green trams away to Highbury.

Next morning I walked a mile and a half to hear a prominent Baptist minister. He preached a very long, eloquent sermon, but there was not enough of the love of Christ in it to suit me. He lacked depth and passion and did not seem to grip strongly the great truths of the Bible, so I came home quite disappointed. In the evening I went with one of the ladies to hear an English Church celebrity. The church was rich and gorgeously decorated. There was a splendid choir, and the hymns and prayers were all good, but the people seemed to repeat them in a careless, mechanical kind of a way. They knew them all by heart, and could repeat them without any effort of the mind, and at the same time look around the church to see how other people were dressed. I waited with interest for the sermon, and though he gave us a pleasant talk, I felt the preacher had never been in close touch with God—never had passed through any trial. There was nothing soul-stirring or uplifting in the sermon, and nothing that would comfort or aid those who were in sorrow or distress; and when I returned I had to tell the ladies

that my soul had not been fed; but probably the fault was mine, for one needs to be in a spirit of worship in order to receive good.

During the week we did some shopping and took the children to visit some of the places of interest in the city. It was the beginning of May, and everything was green and the parks were lovely. On Saturday we took the train for Yarmouth to visit some of my wife's cousins. We enjoyed the ride out there very much and we couldn't help admiring the beautiful trimmed hedges. Everything about the farms in the country had a look of cosiness and comfort. Farming in England is very much better done than in Canada. The farms are smaller and every foot of land is put under cultivation, and the yards and lawns are kept in perfect order. The more we saw of the great middle class of English people the better we liked them. We had seen the English emigrants in Canada, and had met British officers in India and had seen something of those belonging to the highest class, and were not in love with either of them. But those belonging to the middle class are a wide-awake, thorough-going people, with a good deal of culture and refinement.

On Monday we returned again to London. The May meetings were taking place and I attended some of the sessions of the Baptist Union. Here I heard Dr. John Clifford speak for over an hour on what he called the iniquitous School Bill. He was a strong man and held his audience spell-bound till the end.

On Sunday Mrs. Davis and I went to hear Dr. Joseph Parker. I had read so much about his noonday lectures to working men that I was anxious to hear him. We found his articulation very indistinct. He gave us an address on Job's three friends. He was very dramatic and imperious in his manner, and I felt it was more of a lecture than a sermon. In the evening we went to the East London Tabernacle and heard

Archibald Brown preach on "Jesus Only." His manner was very simple, and I could not but feel the warmth and glow of his loving heart. I have no doubt that there are a great many earnest, God-fearing ministers in the great metropolis, but he was the only one I heard that at all came up to my ideal of what a preacher of the gospel ought to be.

On Tuesday morning we took the train for Liverpool, where we embarked on one of the Allan Line steamers for Montreal.

The weather was pretty cold on the Atlantic, but otherwise we had a very pleasant voyage. There were very few first-class passengers and this gave us plenty of room to promenade on the decks. The Bishop of Algoma was on board and conducted a service among the first-class passengers on Sunday morning. He was humble, devout and earnest, and I enjoyed his sermon very much. There were a great many emigrants on board and I conducted a service for them in the afternoon. They were nearly all going to Manitoba, and were full of plans and prospects for the future. I took the opportunity of speaking to them on "seeking first the kingdom of God." By the way they joined in the hymns, I concluded that the majority of them had been brought up to attend some place of worship, and I was glad that Canada was receiving a shipload of emigrants that knew how to sing the songs of Zion.

Between Newfoundland and Canada we saw many icebergs. They looked like so many crystal castles glistening in the sun. Our ship made only five miles an hour during all one night, and the fog-horn kept blowing continually, lest we should collide with some other ship. We were in a dense fog. About midnight the engines stopped and I wondered what had happened; so I got up and went on deck to see if we were in the presence of an iceberg. I found they were testing the temperature of the water. The nearer we

approachd an iceberg the colder the water became. This led the Captain to alter the course of the ship and keep clear of the threatening danger. I could not help thinking what a good thing it would be for us, as we journey through life, if we would only stop sometimes and take our bearings and ascertain whether we are not in the presence of some social or spiritual danger. If we would only come apart with Jesus and rest awhile, perhaps we would alter our courses and turn our faces heavenward. How careful we are to avoid physical dangers and how careless about our souls!

In Canada Again.

We arrived at Quebec about 10 o'clock Sunday morning. We went ashore with the children and had a nice walk. The weather was warm, the dandelions were in bloom and the children ran and gathered bunches of them. When I had lived in Canada they were so common that I did not care for them; but now I was enjoying the sight of a dandelion. We had been so long away that a sight of Canada's commonest flower filled us with ecstasies of joy.

In the afternoon we weighed anchor and started out for Montreal, where we arrived on Monday morning, May 24th, and soon friends were at the ship to meet us. The Baptist Convention was holding its annual meeting in Montreal at the time. We spent a pleasant week in the city and attended nearly all the sessions of the Convention. We met a number of old friends among the delegates. On Foreign Mission night, Messrs. Craig, Laflamme, J. L. Campbell and myself took seats on the platform and were all supposed to give addresses. I had prepared an address on the physical, social, moral and spiritual condition of the Telugus; but finding there were so many speakers, I saw there was not time for such an address; so I gave a short address on the following text: "Whether ye

eat or drink or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." I think it would have been better had I spent ten minutes, speaking on the first revival I had conducted in Cocanada. The programme committee had brought from Boston to speak an hour on Foreign Missions, a brother who had never seen a mission field; and we who had spent eight and a half years in India were supposed to limit ourselves to ten minutes each. This arrangement rather disconcerted me, and I was not able to recover myself quickly and give a brief address on Foreign Missions. I think, however, it is wise for any missionary to speak about the work he loves and has been engaged in, even if he is granted only five minutes by the programme committee.

Amid My Boyhood Scenes.

When the meetings were over we took the train for Newtonville. My brother was in company with us and we had a good visit together. At Cobourg, my sister, Mrs. Race, and some of my cousins got on the train, stole quietly into our car and soon made themselves known to us. It was a time of great joy, and our hearts thrilled again and again as we met old friends and looked at familiar streets and roads over which our feet had trod in years gone by.

The next week we went to Clifton Springs to attend an interdenominational missionary conference. While there we met missionaries from almost every part of the world. Among the most hopeful were those from China. They were never tired praising the good qualities of the Chinese people, and believed the day would come when China would be one of the greatest nations of the world. We had free entertainment for a week and enjoyed the meetings very much. I gave an address at the children's meeting and showed them a number of idols, a prayer-wheel and other curios from India.

After this meeting was over I visited as many Associations as possible. I met with a good reception at all of them and had a splendid opportunity of speaking to the delegates of our churches about the appalling condition of the heathen, and of the urgent need of more missionaries to tell them of Him who said, "I am the Light of the world."

During July I visited my brother James at Colborne. While there I went to Wicklow and spoke on Missions in the Haldimand Baptist church. This was my old home, where I was born and brought up, and the Methodist and Baptist people from all parts of the country came to hear me. The building was crowded, but it seemed to me very small after visiting the great churches in London. It was a beautiful morning. The Spirit of the Lord was upon me, and for over an hour they gave me almost breathless attention as I depicted to them the condition of a people without God. Here I met many old friends and many wished me to go home and take dinner with them. I spent a few days in the neighborhood, making my home with our old friends, the Cards, and one of the young ladies drove me about the country. I went to see the old school-house; but behold, it was gone, and a large, new building had been erected in its place; and the old butternut tree, under which we used to eat our dinner and play games and settle our quarrels, had been cut down and removed. I went to see the creek, where, as boys, we used to swim and fish; and a beautiful spring by the roadside, where I used to stop and drink in my childhood. I was just wild with delight, as I visited these old familiar scenes and shook hands here and there with some old school chum that I had known in my boyhood. But there was an element of sadness in it all, for so many had moved away and so many were laid to rest in the old cemetery at Campbellton, that I could not help realizing how fast we were all passing and

giving place to another generation. Over twenty years had passed since I had been back to the old church and the old home of my childhood; and I thought as I visited the school, of the poem we used to recite, entitled "Twenty Years ago":

‘But none was there to greet me, Tom,
And few were left to know
That played with us upon the green,
Some twenty years ago.’

The next Sabbath, Mr. Watson was holding anniversary services in the Colborne Baptist church and I gave addresses there on Sunday and Monday evenings. The building was crowded both nights, and the collections were sufficient to pay off the debt on the building. On Tuesday the Ladies' Circle presented me with a quilt, which they had worked and on which their names were inscribed. The happiest time I spent while at home was visiting old friends and the scenes of my childhood.

In August we moved to Port Hope in order that our children might have the benefit of the town school. I preached several times for the Port Hope church during the absence of the pastor. While driving along the road one day, I was thinking over the problem we had to face of getting a home for our children before we could return to India. This was no easy matter. Look where we would, we met difficulties in finding a suitable place. I saw that if such could not be secured I would have to remain in Canada and take a pastorate for a year or two, till the children got a little older. All this greatly troubled and perplexed me. While weighing the matter and letting the horses go of their own accord, suddenly I received a great uplifting. A peculiar light shone in my soul and I knew that it was a visit from my Saviour. My whole being was thrilled

with exceeding joy. I seemed to be almost lifted into the third heaven. It lasted only a little while and the Lord was gone. I had not been praying and had not asked for this visit; but He came though I did not deserve such an imparting of Himself to me. I was greatly cheered and strengthened and took this visitation as an assurance that God was with me and was going to open the way for my return to India. I never said anything to anyone about this experience, but I kept pondering it in my heart. Soon after this my brother George and his faithful wife opened their home and took our three oldest children into their family; so we were free to return to India. My sister and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Race, offered to take them the first half of our term away.

I spent the Fall months visiting the churches in the Peterborough Association. In November I was asked by the Fyfe Missionary Society of McMaster University to represent them at an international students' Convention to be held in Montreal, and I did so. There were speakers there from all parts of America and many of them had spent a term on the foreign field. The audiences were composed of students and professors from McGill College and other educational institutions. The programme was crowded, and it was difficult for speakers to get time enough to express themselves on the subjects assigned to them. But I got my innings one morning, when a number of others had far overrun their time, and though it was late when I began, I determined that they were going to hear me, and I threw myself into my subject with all my heart and soul. I succeeded in carrying the audience with me, in spite of their desire to go home to dinner. The evening paper gave me the credit of having given the most interesting address delivered at the Convention. That evening the McGill students invited me to take supper with them in the College, and

after supper called on me for an address, and I related to them one or two interesting incidents in our work. On Sunday I spoke in three Baptist churches in Montreal and returned home on Monday.

In December I asked the Board's permission to go to Manitoba and canvass the churches there in behalf of Foreign Missions; but the Secretary thought it wouldn't pay me to go. The Rev. Alexander Grant was then Superintendent of Home Missions. The churches were all small and struggling with their own problems, and he thought I wouldn't get enough money to pay my travelling expenses. I had received several letters from the West, and believed good could be accomplished and an interest awakened in Foreign Missions in those small western churches; so I paid my own way and reached Brandon the first of January. I supplied the Brandon church seven weeks, and did some speaking at outside points. The weather was bitterly cold, the thermometer being forty below zero during the greater part of the month of January. After having been so many years in a warm climate, I was not prepared to endure such severe weather and did not feel well all the time I was there; but I visited all the poor and sick among the congregation. I found several families of Disciples in Brandon and got them to attend the church. It was a joy to me to visit and pray with the poor. I found a widow, who carried on a laundry, sick in bed. She was not able to look after her work and a month's house rent was due. When she was well she put a dollar on the collection plate every Sunday morning. I went to the deacon in charge of the poor fund, got five dollars and left it on her pillow. Big tears of gratitude ran down her cheeks, for it was just what she needed to pay her rent. There was a poor man about a mile out of the town, dying with consumption, whom I visited almost every day. He was a Disciple, but his wife and children attended the Bap-

tist church. When he died, I got the church members to send her meat and flour and provisions for the children. The neighbors made a bee and drew her enough wood to do her through the winter. I felt sure that that mother would have a warm spot in her heart for the Baptist people, and would be sure to send her children to the Sunday School. I realized then, as I always have, that it isn't the great sermons that we preach from the pulpit, but it is ministering to the poor and suffering that wins souls for the Lord Jesus Christ.

While I was in Brandon, I met a Seventh-day Adventist, who said that I ought to keep the Jewish Sabbath, that the seventh day is the only day God commanded us to keep. He said that Jesus kept the seventh day, and so did the apostles, and asked me what authority I had for keeping Sunday. I had not made a study of the question, but told him that I knew that Christ rose again on the first day of the week; that He appeared to His disciples that evening and two or three times afterwards on the first day of the week; that the Holy Spirit was poured out on the first day of the week, while they were assembled in prayer; that in St. Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians, 16th chapter, they were commanded to make their collection for the saints on the first day of the week, and this order had been given in all the churches of Galatia. This statement in itself is sufficient evidence to show that the Apostles, guided by the Holy Spirit, had taught the Christians to meet on the first day of the week to worship in the name of their risen Lord. Again, in the 20th chapter of the Acts, 7th verse, we read that they tarried seven days at Troas, and on the first day of the week they were gathered together for the breaking of bread. If they spent seven days there, it is strange that they did not meet for Christian worship on the 7th day, instead of waiting till the first day of

the week. The Apostle frequently went to the synagogue on the seventh day, because they got the opportunity to preach to the people and explain the prophecies that pointed to the coming Messiah; but the Christians never meet together for worship on the seventh day. Although Jesus did not give any command, so far as we know, that they should meet on the first day of the week, it was only natural that as a day of rest had been appointed after the physical creation, so a new day would be appointed to commemorate the completion of the spiritual creation. Jesus seems to have set his seal to this day by rising on the first day of the week and by sending the Holy Spirit upon the disciples on the first day of the week. What the Apostles had been led by the Holy Spirit to do I had always felt safe in following. I have met a good many people since who were troubled about this question, and I, too, would have been troubled, if I could not have found Scripture proof that the day had been established as a day of Christian worship, by Christ and the Apostles themselves. I had a suspicion that he was a Mormon. I told him that what the world needed was present-day saints; that those who were God's saints now would undoubtedly be His saints at His coming, and that I thought he ought to spend his time in trying to lead men to Christ, rather than to convert them to a hobby.

When my seven weeks were up I wrote to the pastor at Portage la Prairie, asking for the privilege of speaking in his church; but he replied that they were so full of Home Mission plans they hadn't anything to give to Foreign Missions, and he didn't wish me to speak there, lest some of the money that ought to be given into the treasury of the church should be sent to the Foreign Mission Board. I then went to Rapid City, visited some of my old friends, and drove on to see my prairie farm, which I had homesteaded so long ago.

The roof had burned off the old Prairie College building, but the stone walls stood there as a monument of the hard labor performed by the students. I then returned to Brandon and said good-bye to my old friends, Professor and Mrs. S. J. McKee, took the train for Winnipeg, where I arrived on Saturday evening, and went to the home of my old friend, Henry Sharpe. On Sunday morning I went up to the Logan Avenue church and met Rev. A. J. Vining, whom I had known in McMaster Hall previous to my departure for India. He greeted me so heartily and was so genial and gracious that I felt perfectly at home with him. When the organ started to play, we walked out on the platform, and while the congregation were singing the opening hymn I noticed Dr. King; the aged Principal at Manitoba College, sitting in the audience, and I asked Mr. Vining to invite him to a seat on the platform. He came up and read the Scripture and made the opening prayer; then Mr. Vining, in a few words, introduced me to the people without any reserve, and we had a grand meeting.

In the afternoon I attended the Sunday School of the First Church and gave an address to the children. Many years afterwards I received a letter from a lady in India, who told me that God had used that address in leading her to decide to be a missionary. In the evening Rev. Alexander Grant opened the service and then gave me a free hand to say all I wished to the people. I spoke for nearly an hour and never had a better hearing in any place in my life. After the service was over I met and shook hands with a great many old friends.

On Monday evening the ladies' Circles had a joint meeting in the First Church, and invited Dr. King and myself to take part. There was a large congregation and many of the students from the Presbyterian College were present. In his introductory remarks Dr. King

told them something about my work as a student in the College. He said many of the older students had told him, after I left, of the good they had received by intercourse with me when I boarded in the College, and gave his personal testimony that I had exercised a stronger Christian influence than any of the students that had passed through his hands. Again I addressed the assembled audience, and my heart thrilled with emotion, as I saw how sympathetic they were and how eager to catch every word I uttered. When I was through, the Rev. R. G. McBeth, who had formerly been a student in the Manitoba College, spoke in flattering terms of the work I had done while there. I felt like hanging my head in shame while the Presbyterian friends were making so much of the little I had done for Christ as a student. But it was a great occasion and God gave me the hearts of the Baptists of Winnipeg.

After the meeting was over, I shook hands with so many that my hand almost became paralyzed. When I came back to the pulpit Brother Grant came over and taking me by the hand, he said: "John, you have broken my heart to-night. We have such a Home Mission work and such a work among foreigners at our doors that I begrudged you this opportunity of speaking to my people. But," he said, "we must have a stake in Foreign Missions. We must invest something for Christ in India. I have heard that the Secretary of the Board left you to pay your own expenses out here," and taking a ten-dollar bill off the collection plate, he added: "Take this and go to Emerson and Morden and visit the churches there, as you have arranged with them, and when you come back, Mr. Vining and I will have a programme made out for you, and the Ladies' Board will pay your expenses to visit all the churches in the West." As he spoke to me the tears were running down his cheeks and he was trembling

with emotion. I thanked God for that, for he was a great, strong man and very hard-headed, and I expected he would oppose me and prevent me from visiting the churches in the interest of Foreign Missions.

I visited all the churches I was able during the month of March. The snow was very deep and five times our train was stuck in the snow all night. As I did not take a sleeper, I sat up and sometimes played crokinole with commercial travellers till morning. Next day I took my idols and curios, went to the High School and got the principal to allow me to exhibit them to the children, and to ask them to tell their parents that I would speak on Missions in the Baptist church in the evening. It was hard to get an audience when they had been disappointed the night before because the train did not arrive, and I took this method of interesting the children to secure an attendance for the evening.

I continued this work till the roads began to break up, which made it impossible for the farmers to attend meetings. When I came back to Winnipeg the Ladies' Board assured me that they would undertake to support Mrs. Davis and myself in India. I had raised considerable money for them, and a hundred dollars had been sent to the Secretary by a farmer who lived not far from Brandon. I had also received enough money to pay my expenses back to Ontario. The Manitoba Convention was to meet in July, and it was arranged that I should return and speak on Missions, when the question of my support would be taken up. I bade my friends in Winnipeg good-bye and took the train for Toronto, via St. Paul and Chicago.

While coming down to St. Paul, a Salvation Army man came on board selling War Cry's. As he was passing through our car, a young banker from Chicago was coming from the smoking car to the Pullman. When the Army officer offered him a paper, he began

to curse and swear. He said: "You ought to know better than to be talking about such rubbish as this. You know the Bible is not true—is not any revelation from God. I dare you or any Christian minister to read the 38th chapter of Genesis before a public audience, or write it on a postal card and send it through the Postoffice. You tell me such a book as that is the Word of God, and I tell you there is no God and the Bible is just a humbug." The Salvation Army officer was an uneducated man and scarcely knew what to say; but he answered: "If there is no God, who made you?" "Oh," he replied, "Nature made me, and made me all right too." There were a number of young men on the train and they were all laughing at the duel going on between the young banker and the Army officer. I had been accustomed to answering questions asked by the philosophic Brahmins of India, and when the banker boasted that he was a product of Nature, I thought it was time for me to put in my oar, so I said: "You say Nature made you?" "Yes," he replied. "Made me all right too!" "Well," I said, "are you prepared to stand on the public platform naked, just as Nature made you? When you are prepared to stand on the public platform as Nature made you, or to go through the Postoffice in the state in which you came into the world, then I am prepared to read that 38th chapter of Genesis to a mixed audience of men and women from the public platform." He grew red in the face, became very angry, and poured forth a volley of oaths. When he had cooled down a little, I said: "It looks to me as if the One who made you also made the Bible, for there are some parts of you that are comely and for public inspection, but others are given for private use; and so it is with the Bible. The greater portion can be read anywhere, but some portions of it are for private instruction." He again tried to ridicule the Christian religion, but the commercial travellers

on the train began to call out: "The parson is too smart for you; you are caught in your own trap; either accept the challenge and stand on the platform in a nude state, or else hold up you are beaten like a man." Again he tried to speak, but they clapped their hands and stamped their feet and shouted and laughed so that he could not be heard; and uttering a volley of oaths, he turned and made his way into the Pullman car and we did not see any more of him.

I showed my curios to some of the commercial travellers and talked to them for an hour and a half about the work in India. Before we parted in the morning, one of the young men gave me two dollars and a half for missionary work, and another took me to breakfast with him.

My brother Albert met me at St. Paul and I went with him to Lakeland, where I spent two pleasant days with him and his family. While there I spoke on Missions in the Congregational church. I had not seen my youngest brother for thirteen years, and it was a great joy to me to know that he had spent years as a travelling evangelist; and though his throat troubled him some, he was still preaching the gospel. He accompanied me to the train the morning I left, and as I stood on the platform, I could see that he was struggling hard to control his emotion. He was separated from all his own family, and I knew he felt lonely; but I was strong then and I kept laughing and joking with him till the train was in motion; then I went back into the car and sat down; and as I was carried back to St. Paul, I could not help thinking of the past and of the days when we were all in the home-nest together. Now we were scattered in different parts of the world, each pursuing his or her vocation, as God had called. And the thought came to me that if my sweet little mother could look down from the starry heights and see three

of her sons preaching the gospel and her other son and daughters also Christians, she might feel somewhat repaid for the way she watched over us and the loving labor she bestowed upon us in our childhood days.

I spent two more nights on the train and then got off at Ingersoll to visit my brother. From there I came on to my home at Port Hope. I found my wife and children well, and I was as glad to be home as they were to see me back. I took a rest during the month of May and in June visited as many of the Associations as possible. I was to have gone back to attend the Manitoba Convention in July, but the Secretary wished to go and I gave place to him. After the Convention was over, I learned from a friend that they had passed a resolution in favor of supporting Mrs. Davis and myself as their representatives on the foreign field, and that it was carried by a unanimous standing vote. When I received this news I felt well repaid for the time I had spent in the West. I had paid my own way there and back, had sat up in the train nine nights without sleep, and had done a good deal of hard work, and now I was reaping the fruit of my labors.

Off for India Again.

In September we broke up housekeeping and left the children with my sister, Mrs. Robert Race, and she and my brother's faithful wife took the three oldest into their homes during our second term in India, or we could not have gone. After spending a week or two visiting our relatives, the Women's Convention was held in Galt, and at their request I gave the address on Foreign Missions. I was conscious that I was in the presence of a very appreciative audience. This inspired me to do my best, and I felt the Lord was with me. After this, I went to London and attended the General Convention. When I returned home from the Convention, I received a letter from Brantford

informing me that the Baptist churches wished Mr. Brown, Mr. Reekie and myself to spend Sunday with them. I consented, and we spoke four times each in different churches and Sunday Schools. Then after the evening services, all three of us gave addresses in the Y.M.C.A. Building, which was packed full of young people from all the churches, and on Monday night the ladies' Circles held a joint meeting in Park Baptist church, and we all spoke there again. My five addresses on Sunday and one on Monday night pretty well exhausted my strength. After these meetings in Brantford I had a good many invitations to speak in other churches, but was unable to do so.

The next week we attended a meeting held in Jarvis Street church, and Mr. Craig and I gave our farewell addresses. On the day we left for India I gave a short message to the students of McMaster University, then attended a Board meeting and took the train in the afternoon for New York. Many friends came to the train to bid us farewell, as they had done ten years before; but now it all seemed different to us. We were travelling over old ground; we knew where we were going, and it was not so interesting and so exciting as it had been the first time we left Canada for the foreign field. We embarked on the S.S. "Manitoba." It was a large ship and carried a lot of freight, but only a few first-class passengers. It travelled very slowly, and we took twelve days reaching Liverpool. From London we embarked on the "Asiatic," an old steamer belonging to the P. & O. Company. They were taking a lot of emigrants out to Australia, and we were in the second-class compartment with these. We had the last berth on the rear of the steamer, just over the screw, and the clanking of the machinery made such a noise that we could scarcely hear each other speak in our cabins. When the weather was rough and the screw was flying above the water, the vibration was terrible,

and my wife was sick nearly all the way to Aden. The second steward had the contract of supplying food for the emigrants and second-class passengers. It was the worst mess of stuff I had ever eaten. The passengers got up a petition to send back to the company, telling them how badly they had been treated and what miserable food had been served to them. I went to the steward privately and bought some extra things and some fruit for Mrs. Davis and the children.

At Aden we transferred to another ship sailing to Bombay. The passengers belonged to the better classes and the food was nicely cooked and everything about the table was neat and clean. We were four days going to Bombay. We had a very pleasant time, and became acquainted with a number of other missionaries on board. We landed in Bombay in the morning and took the evening train for Cocanada, a distance of about 900 miles.

When we reached Secunderabad, Mr. Laflamme met us. He had purchased a horse there and put him on the train; so rode back with us to Cocanada. The next morning we were at Bezvada, and among the Telugu people. I could hear them chattering on the platform and soon found that I had not forgotten the language, for I could understand them and speak with them just as well as ever. That evening, as our train came into Samalkota, Mr. Stillwell and the students were at the station to meet us, and as we again left for Cocanada, the boys gave us three cheers. It was a time of great joy, for wherever we went, the native Christians came to welcome us, and many of our Hindu friends were glad to see us and greeted us most heartily. The Craigs had reached Cocanada ahead of us, and they and Mr. Laflamme spent a few happy days with us in the old bungalow. I preached in the Telugu church on Sunday morning and in the English church in the evening. It was a great pleasure to meet so many

old friends, and to receive such a hearty welcome; and instead of feeling that I was far away, I felt that I had come back home once more, and that the society and fellowship of my fellow-missionaries and the native Christians meant much more to me than that of the friends I had met in the home land; for the missionaries are a circle within themselves. They have similar experiences, they know and understand one another, and are in many respects more to one another than they really know until they have been separated. They realize full well the meaning of the hymn:

“Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love.
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.”

CHAPTER X.

A Fateful Choice, Bribes, and a Revival.

We reached Cocanada early in December, 1897. A little over ten years had elapsed since our first arrival in India. There was quite a contrast this time. Then everything was new to us and our curiosity and interest were excited by all the varying incidents that were taking place around us. The wedding processions were quite an attraction. Our Brahmin teacher sometimes took us to see how the wedding ceremonies were carried on by the wealthier classes. A large pendal was built over the street, with arches made of the limbs of green trees and decorated with garlands of flowers. Under this great pendal the guests assembled, the musicians played their music and the dancing girls, clad in their silk garments and decorated with earrings, nose jewels, necklaces and bracelets of gold, moved to and fro in the dance, keeping perfect time with the music and answering one another in song. Their rich garments, their jewels and their dark skin made them look pretty and attractive, and their movements in the dance were very stately and graceful. It was all novel to us, but when we learned about their vile songs, we ceased to attend these weddings. There were often large processions marching through the streets, accompanied by bands of music, when their gods and goddesses were united in marriage. Eastern people not only get their children married, but they frequently have a wedding between a god and a goddess, and these dumb idols, beautifully decorated, are carried in a palanquin about the streets and followed by crowds of people, clad in holiday attire.

The peculiar cry of the Mohammedan Moulvie calling his followers to worship at the Mosque, then attracted our attention; but now it was an old story.

All these things were going on around us, but we were taking it as a part of every-day life. There was nothing new to us. The East never changes, and the customs and habits of the people are much the same as they were three thousand years ago.

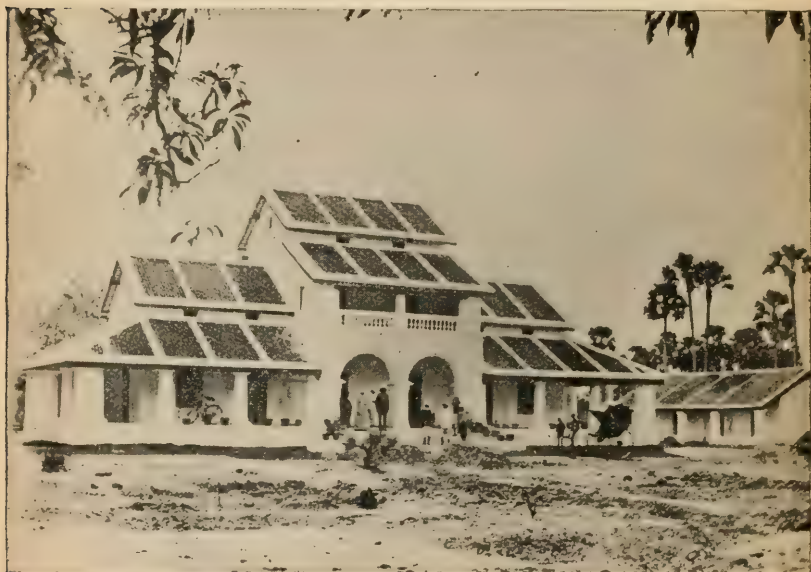
The next week after our arrival we had a special Conference, the chief object of which was to appoint missionaries to the various stations. Mr. Craig had been at Akidu two terms and desired a new appointment, and Mr. Laflamme, who had been acting in my place, had to be appointed elsewhere. Mr. and Mrs. Walker were going home on furlough, and Mr. and Mrs. Craig were requested to act in their place at Peddapuram. Ramachandrapuram was vacant; but if Mr. Laflamme were appointed, it would make it very awkward for Miss Hatch, who resided there, for there was only one bungalow. Mrs. Laflamme, owing to poor health, had remained in Canada. The other alternative was for him to live with us at Cocanada and work the Ramachandrapuram field with a boat. While these appointments were under discussion, I suggested that we suspend our evening session and take time to seek guidance in prayer. After supper I talked the matter over with my wife, and told her I was willing to go to Ramachandrapuram and let Mr. Laflamme stay in Cocanada, where he could get good food and would not be exposed to long journeys; for he had no wife to care for him or look after his supplies. My wife then read me a letter she had received from Mrs. Laflamme, requesting her to let Mr. Laflamme board with us and work in Cocanada town or some adjoining field. After some thought and prayer, she agreed with me that it was better for us to go out to Ramachandrapuram. We would have a long distance to send for our food supplies and would be isolated from English-speaking people, but we would have an opportunity of doing a great work for our Saviour. Then, too, there was a

little tendency among some of the brethren to think those at Cocanada had an easy time, and that it was a place to be coveted. I wanted to be willing to endure hardness and to go anywhere I felt the Lord was leading me. I told several of the brethren about the matter that evening. Four of them urged me very strongly not to go, but the next evening, when we assembled, I got up and stated that I was ready to go anywhere the Conference wished to send me. After a good deal of hesitation, we were appointed to Ramachandrapuram, and Mr. Laflamme was left as acting missionary at Cocanada; the Conference refusing to make his appointment permanent, because they thought the missionary at Cocanada should have his wife with him, and that she needed to be strong and able to entertain Conferences.

After the Conference was over we went to Kadium by train, where Miss Hatch's boat was to have met us; but darkness came on and no boat arrived. We had little George with us and we put him to sleep on one of the benches. After waiting till about ten o'clock Mrs. Davis lay down on top of an old cupboard and folded up a shawl for a pillow, and I sat on a stool, for there were no chairs or benches in the station. Almost every hour of the night I walked down to the canal to see if the boat had arrived. We got up at daylight in the morning, crossed the canal on the ferry, and walked half a mile along the canal bank to Jaggampad, where there was a native pastor with whom we hoped to lodge for a time; but just as we reached the village, we saw the boat coming around a curve in the canal. We soon got on board, and hurried the coolies back to the station for our valises. The boat serang had disobeyed orders, and he and the coolies had spent the night only about six miles away from us. They turned the boat around, and we were soon on our way back to Ramachandrapuram as fast as the coolies and the cur-

rent could take us. We found some bread on the boat, had a little lunch and arrived at the Mission house just before dinner, tired, sleepy and hungry.

The Mission house is a nice two-storey building, built by Brother McLeod during his first term; but the old



MISSION HOUSE, RAMACHANDRAPURAM.

mud-wall chapel was in a dilapidated condition. The palm leaves on the roof had considerably decayed and there were many places through which we could see the sun. Here a little troop of native Christians gathered to welcome us. I had had charge of the field during the first five years I spent in India, so I knew the work and the workers, and they gave us a very hearty welcome. After spending a day or two with

Miss Hatch, we returned to Cocanada and got our heavy luggage out of the Customs. We did some preaching in the hamlets about the city for a week or two and spent Christmas with Dr. and Mrs. Smith at Yellamanchili. We then packed our goods and moved out to Ramachandrapuram. Mr. Walker came and paid the workers for the last time and delivered over his charge to me. I made a short tour over the field, visited all the out-stations and the villages where there were Christians and then prepared my estimates for Conference. The missionaries, up to this time, had taken all the money raised by the native churches and used it to repair schoolhouses and chapels and to pay the salaries of the workers. I changed this method at once and let each church manage its own finances. I got them to consent to pay a portion of their pastor's salary and to repair their own buildings; and I made up the rest of the pastor's salary out of the mission funds. In this way I was enabled to reduce the estimate for the work by \$50.00, and take on new workers. When we met at the January Conference the question of self-support again came up, and I suggested that we provide no more clothes for the children attending our boarding schools. I had taken away one suit of clothes while I was in the Seminary; and Mr. Stillwell, finding the students were well dressed, had taken away the second suit likewise from them. I was appointed chairman of a committee to bring in a resolution in regard to what we should supply the students who were attending our seminary and boarding schools. After some deliberation, we drew up one to the effect that the students in all our schools should provide their own clothes, and that each boy and girl pay at least four annas a month towards his or her board, and more when the parents were able to give it. This was a step in advance in the matter of self-support, and though some of the missionaries shook their heads over it and

thought we were asking more than the parents were able to give; still I remained firm in my conviction that if the pathway to education and to positions in the Mission work was made too easy, the students would never have enough stamina and virility to give the gospel to their fellow-countrymen; for experience had taught me that the only men on the field that we could rely on were those who had had to struggle to get their education.

Shortly after our arrival in Ramachandrapuram Mrs. Davis noticed that Miss Hatch had a waterman who appeared to be suffering with some chronic disease. He carried her water, helped to wash the dishes and assisted the cook in peeling potatoes, dressing fowls, etc. On inquiry, our old ayah told us that he had leprosy. Miss Hatch took the man to the hospital and soon learned from the native doctor that it was true. She dismissed him, but continued to support him till he died. As I toured over the field I saw many suffering with this terrible disease, and I felt that we must do something to make a home for them.

A Sorcerer Encountered.

We did not go to the hills that hot season; and when the canals were closed I visited all the villages that were within four miles distance from Ramachandrapuram, and soon a large number of the outcaste people began to attend our meetings. In Sodaram, a village about three miles away, I found a sorcerer. He had a small room built, where he told fortunes and practised a kind of black art. He and his wife began to attend our Sunday services very shortly after our arrival. He said he had heard the gospel a good many times through Bola David, our colporteur, and as a proof that he had given up his sorcery, he tore down the building and was making his living by farming and doctoring sows. He belonged to the Madiga caste. They

tan hides and do all kinds of leather work. Because their tanneries about their doors make such a disagreeable smell, they are looked down upon by the other branches of the outcaste community. As time went on, they continued to come to church and bring their friends and neighbors with them. Again and again they asked for baptism, but I steadily refused them, because I was afraid the sorcerer would fall back again into his old habits. His wife was a sweet, gentle woman, and was true and good in every way. Every month the Christians for miles around gathered for the breaking of bread and prayers, and brought their monthly offerings with them. Jacob and his wife were always present on these occasions, and continued to plead with us to receive them into the church. After testing them for about six months, the church unanimously voted that they be received, and after the service was over I baptized them. Jacob was an active man and very bold and courageous; and wherever he went among his relatives, he continued to preach the gospel. Through his influence and our visitations to the villages, thirty or forty new persons began to attend our services, and sometimes we had as many as a hundred or a hundred and fifty at our regular monthly meetings. We often spent two hours in examining candidates for baptism. One of the first questions we generally asked was: "Have you two wives?" If they said "No," the second question was: "Are you in debt or have you a lawsuit on hand, in which you are hoping to get help from the missionaries?" After examining them we sent a committee to visit them in their villages to find out all they could about them, for we were more anxious to receive those who were coming from pure motives than we were to report a large number of baptisms.

Shortly after Jacob's baptism, the caste people of the village turned against him and threatened to have him beaten or punished in some way. One Saturday he

was seized by some men and brought before the village Munsiff, who is a petty magistrate and has power to bind men in the stocks for six hours, if they are caught in petty thieving. Jacob was accused of stealing a bundle of grass for his cow and was detained all Saturday afternoon. Saturday evening his relatives came to the bungalow and told me about the matter. I told them not to worry; that if Jacob was trusting in God, the Munsiff would not do him any harm and probably would soon let him go. But on Sunday morning they woke me up at daylight, and said he had been detained all night, and that the Munsiff had told him he would never let him go until he promised to give up the Christian religion. I told them to go back quietly and that I would come over after breakfast. About 8 a.m. I borrowed a cart from the Rajah, and went to Sodaram to see the Munsiff. I found Jacob there in front of the office, and quite a crowd of people gathered around him. I asked the Munsiff what he had done; but he did not reply. He was a tool in the hands of his father-in-law, who spoke for him. He told me that Jacob had stolen a big bundle of grass, and that according to the rules of the village he had made him a prisoner. I asked him if Jacob had ever done anything of the kind before, and he said, "No." I replied that it seemed strange to me that he should have lived in the village all his life and never been known to steal, and that now they should suspect him. They had no witnesses and were simply detaining him on suspicion. I told the Munsiff that six hours was all he was allowed to detain anyone, and that if he didn't let Jacob go, I would report him to the Sub-Collector. I then bade them good morning and went away. While I was conducting the preaching service, about eleven o'clock, Jacob came in and said they had let him go shortly after I had left the village.

He then foolishly brought a case against them

before the Sub-magistrate; and the latter sent the case to the English Magistrate. I was called on as one of the witnesses. I could not swear how long he was detained, but stated what I had seen. When the Magistrate asked me if I knew the accused, it was with difficulty that I was able to point them out in the crowd assembled in the courtroom; for when I saw them they were richly dressed and wore gold bangles on their arms; but now they had on dirty old clothes and a beard like poor coolies. They knew they were guilty, and expected they would have to pay a big fine; hence were advised by their lawyer to dress in old clothes and appear very poor, so that the Magistrate would make their fine as light as possible. The English Magistrate was a young man, about twenty-four years of age, and didn't know a word of the Telugu language. After I had given my statement I sat down in the court and listened to the other witnesses. The court interpreter, and in my hearing, totally misrepresented the witnesses. They gave their evidence in Telugu, and he translated it into English. He made them contradict themselves and say things they never had said at all, and the Magistrate dismissed the case for want of evidence. The night before the trial these wealthy men wanted to settle the trouble with Jacob, and offered to give him a hundred rupees if he would withdraw the case from court. They wanted Jacob and our native pastor to let them come to my boat and get the case settled out of court; but Jacob was so sure of getting them punished that he refused. They then took 250 rupees and went to Jacob's lawyer, who was a Eurasian man, but just as eager for bribes as the natives. My boat sarang was at this lawyer's house, visiting his relative, who was a servant of the lawyer. He saw these men and their lawyer with the court interpreter, all go into this lawyer's house, and the men had a big bag of rupees with them. The two lawyers and the

interpreter shared the money between them, and the case was lost; but the offenders were well punished by the large sum of money they had to pay to escape justice. I made up my mind, however, that I would never let them call me to court again; and I was very much grieved because Pastor David had not brought the men to me and had the matter settled peaceably. From that time onward I managed to get all the troubles between the Christians and Hindus settled without going to court.

Jacob kept preaching the gospel among the natives, and before a year passed by, we had Christians in five or six new villages. I baptized thirty-eight persons during the year, and a large number were attending our churches and asking for baptism. The prospects were very bright and encouraging, and in January I went to Conference with a heart full of joy to tell the brethren what great things God had done on the Ramachandrapuram field.

During all that year there was no fence or compound wall, and people and cattle were continually running through our yard, and goats were jumping up on our verandah and destroying our plants. I determined to have a private compound of our own, and to shut out the traffic that was going on across our premises. Having a little money left in July, I felt free to act, and so had two large posts built and a pair of iron gates put on them and a stone bridge built over the canal opposite the gates. I then sent to Madras and got barbed wire and put it along one side of the compound. This prevented people from driving through with their carts, and gave me a little more privacy.

In 1899 I determined to do more touring than I ever had done before, and from the time our Conference was over till the first of April, I spent most of my time travelling among the villages. On some parts of the

field the work was very encouraging; in other places the Christians were very indifferent, and there seemed to be little or no progress. But during the first three months about thirty were baptized, and crowds kept coming to our Ramachandrapuram church. Mrs. Davis superintended the boys' Boarding School and gave them sewing lessons. She also watched over the church and Sunday School when I was absent, and sent the boys out to conduct open-air Sunday Schools in various palams of the town on Sunday afternoons. In addition to this, she sent me out supplies of food and clean clothes every week, and my weekly mail.

About April 15th we went to the hills to spend the hot season. We secured rooms in Coonoor for twenty dollars a month, and we had about seven hundred miles to travel by railway. This is a pretty expensive item in missionary life, but it is quite essential to the prolonging of one's life. We also often meet with others who are more experienced and more zealous than ourselves, and our fellowship together and discussions about plans of work, etc., are helpful and encouraging. While on the hills that year I read half of the M.A. course in Psychology of McMaster University. There were evangelistic services carried on by an evangelist from Scotland, and I attended a number of these meetings. Later on, a series of meetings was conducted for the deepening of spiritual life; but unfortunately the leaders of the meeting believed in the doctrine of perfection. They thought it was possible for Christians to lead an absolutely perfect life. Some of our missionaries were so disappointed and disgusted with this teaching that they would not attend the meetings; but I went every evening all through the week and to some of the morning sessions, too. I felt from the beginning that the teaching was unwholesome, and I told the leader of the meeting privately, that wherever there was Christ life in the soul there would be growth

and development; that we were never perfect in this life; that Jesus alone was perfect; and that we were reckoned perfect because we trusted in Him. The Apostle Paul said: "Not that I have already attained or am already made perfect, but I would that I could attain unto the resurrection from the dead." He evidently felt that he was not perfect while he was in this body, and therefore he desired to receive his resurrection body. He also said: "I press toward the mark for the prize of my high calling, which is of God in Christ Jesus." And again, "Let us run with patience the race set before us, looking unto Jesus." Jesus is the goal of our perfection, and as we keep our eye fixed upon Him and keep running toward Him, we are becoming more like Him. "All we with unveiled face, beholding as in a mirror the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image, from glory to glory." Our ideal becomes higher and higher. We may not appear to have made much progress, but that is because our ideal has become so much higher that we feel that we are just as far away from it as we were at the beginning. Character building is not the work of a day. "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling, for it is God that worketh in you both to will and to do of His good pleasure." God the Holy Spirit is working in us, and we must, with fear and trembling, work out into conduct the breathing of the Spirit that we receive within.

There were, however, a number of good, earnest Christians who believed this doctrine, and some of them were afterwards led into acts of folly in search of the gift of tongues. They were determined to have this remarkable gift. Some from Los Angeles, California, professed to have received it, and came out to Calcutta to preach that doctrine: but they found they were not able to speak to any of the Hindus when they got here. "Try the spirits," said the Apostle, "and see

what manner they are of." It is often the case, when the Holy Spirit has been working with us, that Satan comes as an angel of light, personates the Holy Spirit and seeks to lead us into darkness. We are never safe from his ravages, except when we are on our knees before our Heavenly Father. The gift of tongues was a sign for the unbelieving and not for believers. It begot pride in the hearts of some of those in the church at Corinth, the Lord speedily took away the gift, and there is no record that any have truly received it since then. We would like to fly on eagle's wings, but the Lord knows that it is best for us to walk along the dusty road, as foot-sore, weary pilgrims. I am satisfied that God will give us all the spiritual gifts and mountaintop experiences that are for our highest good and for His glory. But we must not be disappointed if, during the greater part of our lifetime, we are called upon to pass through sorrows and troubles and to walk in such thick darkness that we are afraid to take a step alone. Like a blind man groping his way along the brink of some roaring cataract, ever feeling with his cane for solid footing, and always waiting to stretch out his hand to some friend to lead him over the dangerous places, so we stretch out our hands and say, "Lord, I cannot go alone. Lead Thou me on."

About the first of July we returned to our station, feeling refreshed and strengthened by our vacation. After our July Conference, I went on tour again among the Christians on the Nalluru side of the field. I was disappointed during the greater part of my journey. Neither the Christians nor the heathen seemed to take the interest in the gospel they should have. I was conscious that there was something wrong, and had hints that one of our native pastors was living an immoral life; but as there was no positive proof of this, I could only hope and pray that it might not be so. I was very much distressed and troubled, and on my way

up the canal bank I said good-bye to the Nalluru workers and took only my colporteur with me.

The next morning it was raining, and while we were waiting for coolies to pull our boat up to Potalanka, the colporteur went over to the village to see if he could sell some Bible portions or tracts, while I remained on the boat; for I was very tired, and did not wish to get wet in the rain. While I was there, walking up and down the cabin, suddenly the Lord visited me and I had a wonderful experience. I was so full of joy that I could scarcely contain myself, and said: "Lord, it is enough." I then went over to my table and opened my Bible at the 15th chapter of Genesis, and I read in the place where the Lord said to Abraham, "Look now toward heaven and tell the stars if thou be able to number them. So shall thy seed be." I had not been seeking this blessed experience, but I felt God had given it to me for some purpose, and I kept saying over and over again, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" When I got around on the Mendapetta Canal, I went to Madavarydupalam and preached to the Malas and Christians; and while I preached, my heart was so moved that I could scarcely control my emotion. Tears would come when I thought of the lost condition of the heathen around me. Nalli Peter, the pastor of the Muramanda church, was present, and as he prayed for the Christians I could see that his heart had been deeply touched.

After the meeting was over, he said: "You must come to Muramanda and help us; our Christians are quarrelling with one another. We are dead and cold and we have no power or influence among the heathen." The monsoon had broken and we were getting heavy showers of rain almost every day, but I promised him I would go over in the evening. I did so; and there for five days, night and morning, I preached to the Christians and the heathen, and warned all men everywhere



NATIVE STAFF.—RAMACHANDRAPURAM.

Most of these Men were associated with Mr. Davis.

to flee from the wrath to come. On the fifth night, after I had finished preaching, and while Peter was praying, I heard a little rustle on the mats; and as I looked up I saw two old men run across the church and embrace each other. They were white with age and trembling with emotion, and as they leaned on each other's necks and wept and confessed their sins and asked forgiveness the one of the other, the whole church was deeply moved, and we remained there till after midnight, listening to confessions. The next day Miss Hatch arrived and had special meetings with the women. After these meetings the church took on new life, and the pastor and his people were very much encouraged. I returned home very tired, but I was very happy, for God had visited me and blessed my labors, and I was assured that there were good things in store for us.

It was near the end of the month, and the pastors, evangelists, colporteurs and Biblewomen were coming in for their pay and to attend the monthly meetings. It was then I began to think that the success of our work depended largely on the impression made on the hearts and minds of the workers at those monthly meetings; and I spent three or four days in prayer and Bible study and soul-preparation, in order that I might have some definite message from God to deliver to those who were assisting me in the work. For I was sure that if the pastors and evangelists were filled with the Spirit they would beget spiritual life in the hearts of their people, and that apathy on the part of the Christians would pass away. Our workers' meeting lasted two days, and I preached on the text: "Except a grain of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit." During those two days I was in travail and pain, and poured out my soul unto death for those workers; and during the prayer meeting some of them confessed that their

pride and idleness was the great hindrance to the work in the villages where they were living. This was a time of great heart-searching, and they went forth determined by God's help to lead the Christians nearer to their Heavenly Father, and to join with them in preaching the gospel from house to house among their heathen relatives.

On my next tour I found the pastor of the Nalluru church was causing scandal by his intimacy with a Christian's wife in another village. As this had been going on for some years, and he showed no signs of repentance, and was unwilling to cease going to that village, I dismissed him from Mission employ, and I got the church to dismiss him from the pastorate. He was a hard-headed man, many were afraid of him, and this caused a good deal of trouble; but Peter and I held a series of special meetings in the Nalluru church, and the whole membership was greatly blessed. The pastor alone remained outside, ashamed of his conduct, but unwilling to confess his sins and lead a better life. He had bought some land in the village, and this, too, had been a snare to him. The woman, also, was excluded from the church in the other village. The work went on much better without them. The field was in great need of workers, and it was hard for me to take this stand; but I was compelled to do it that the name of my Saviour might not suffer reproach among the heathen. Every month in the Ramachandrapuram church we had a number of baptisms, and the church was fully supporting its own pastor.

CHAPTER XI.

The Lepers, the Blue Mountains and Demons.

While I was making these tours, I saw so many suffering from leprosy that every time I came home I used to talk to my wife and Miss Hatch about starting a home for them. It was on my mind night and day, wherever I went. I pleaded with Miss Hatch to undertake the work, for besides the work on my own field I was touring over the mountainous and jungle part of the Peddapuram field. Mr. Craig was not very strong, and did not feel able to undertake such long journeys in ox-carts; so I gladly went to assist him. I had been talking to Miss Hatch about this subject ever since we had come to the field, and in the Fall she received a letter from her brother, containing a money-order for \$100.00. This was the first donation to the leper work; and we bought an acre of land from the Rajah. She built a shed on it and placed one sufferer there to take care of the land. Before the year ended she received a generous gift from Mrs. Dr. Kellock of Perth, Ont., and with that money we bought two more acres and built what is called the Dr. Kellock Home. At the close of this, our second year, we had baptized sixty-five persons and many heathen were attending our services.

The Building of the Kellock Home.

After our January Conference I went to Rajahmundry with my boat, a distance of twenty-five miles, found out the price of lime, bought a garse and brought it home. I also inquired about the price of loading boats with sand, and the price per mile for bringing them down the canal. I bought two boat-loads and had the lime and sand carted to the new building site. I then helped Miss Hatch get bricks there and start the first building. She secured the services of a mason who had built the Yellamanchili bungalow; but he was



LEPER ASYLUM, RAMACHANDRAPURAM.

It is supposed that it was while removing lumber on which Lepers had slept that Mr. Davis contracted the disease.

such a cheat, and did his work so poorly, that she was glad to let him go. After the first three buildings had been erected, she secured a good man, and during the year 1900 building operations were going on continually. Accommodation for about fifty lepers was provided, and a nice chapel with open arches was erected, in order that they might have a place to worship the one true God and to learn the story of Jesus and His love. A house was also built for a caretaker, and pastor David became the overseer and the right-hand supporter of Miss Hatch in this good work. When I was in the station, I took charge of all the building work and let Miss Hatch go out on tour for a change; and when she returned I handed over the work to her. Thus we relieved each other, and when we were both absent, Mrs. Davis superintended the work. At the end of eighteen months we had accommodation for eighty patients.

A Weeping Mother.

While I was on tour, one evening we stopped our boat at a village called Kadapalanka, and went to preach to the caste people. When the sun had set and the darkness was coming on, I left the native pastor, who was carrying on a conversation with a Brahmin, and went down to the outcaste hamlet. As I walked up the street towards the temple of the goddess, I heard a low moaning sound, and I stood still and waited for a moment to know where it came from. Soon a woman, who had been lying on the ground in front of a stone idol, rose up and said: "I gave you flowers, I gave you my fowls, I gave you my goat, and you didn't save my child; and you didn't save my child; and you didn't save my child. You mean old thing, you dirty old thing, you are not a god at all. You killed my husband, you killed my child, and you better kill me too. You won't do that; you have left me a

widow; you have left me without a son; you are not a god at all." Saying this, she spat on the idol. Her clothes were all dirty and her hair dishevelled and hanging about her face. She tossed it back wildly with her hands and bumped her forehead on the ground, and called out: "My child! My little son! Come back! Come back! Come back to me! I have no one to comfort me but you! Ah! where have you gone? Where has this god taken you to? Ah, me; poor me!" And again she went on repeating the same thing over and over, again saying: "You are not a god at all." And then she ceased for a moment. I stepped quietly forward, and called to her gently. She looked up and was about to run away, when I said to her: "Wait a moment and I will tell you where your child has gone. You are quite right; that idol is not a god at all; but there is a great God up in heaven, and He loves you and loves your child." Then I told her about Jesus, and how when He was on earth He said: "Suffer little children to come unto Me, for of such is the Kingdom of heaven," and how He took them up in His arms and blessed them and gave them back to their mothers. Then I told her briefly how He died for the world's sins, and how He went up to heaven to prepare a place for all those that love Him and for the innocent little children. And I told her there was no sickness, or sorrow, or crying, or pain up there, and that I believed her child was with Jesus; and I asked her if she would not like to go there too. She said she would: "But what am I? I don't know anything, and there is nobody to tell me, and how can I find the way?" Just then she heard the men coming from the field, and not wishing them to find her talking with me, she darted away to the back of the house, and I never saw her again. I learned afterwards that her sorrow was so great that she hadn't eaten anything for three days, and her relatives were afraid she was going to starve herself to death.

As I lay in my boat that night, her words came back to me: "What am I? I don't know anything, and there is no one to show me the way." Yes, I thought, that is true; and there are millions more like her, who feel that they are in darkness, that God doesn't care for them, and there is no one to show them the way. The hymn we sang in Canada at our farewell meeting came into my mind.

"Far, far away, in heathen darkness dwelling,
Millions of souls forever may be lost;
Who, who will go salvation's story telling?
Looking to Jesus, counting not the cost?"

The Flood.

About eight miles east of Ramachandrapuram there is a village built on very low ground. One Fall, before I came to Ramachandrapuram, the North-east monsoon broke, and the rains were very heavy. The Godavari river overflowed its banks and flooded a large portion of that flat, low country. The inhabitants were compelled to leave their houses and congregate on a piece of high ground. They were there all day, and the water kept rising; and about 10 o'clock at night they were in a great panic. They had no boats and there seemed to be no way of escape, as the water was slowly rising and the dry ground was becoming less and less. They had been crying to their gods all day; and now the shouts that were going up were something awful. About midnight they were all tired out, and a state of despondency settled down upon them. They were discouraged and believed that they were all going to be lost.

At this time an outcaste man named Veeraswami stood up among them and said, "When I was in Burma I heard much about the Christian religion, and about

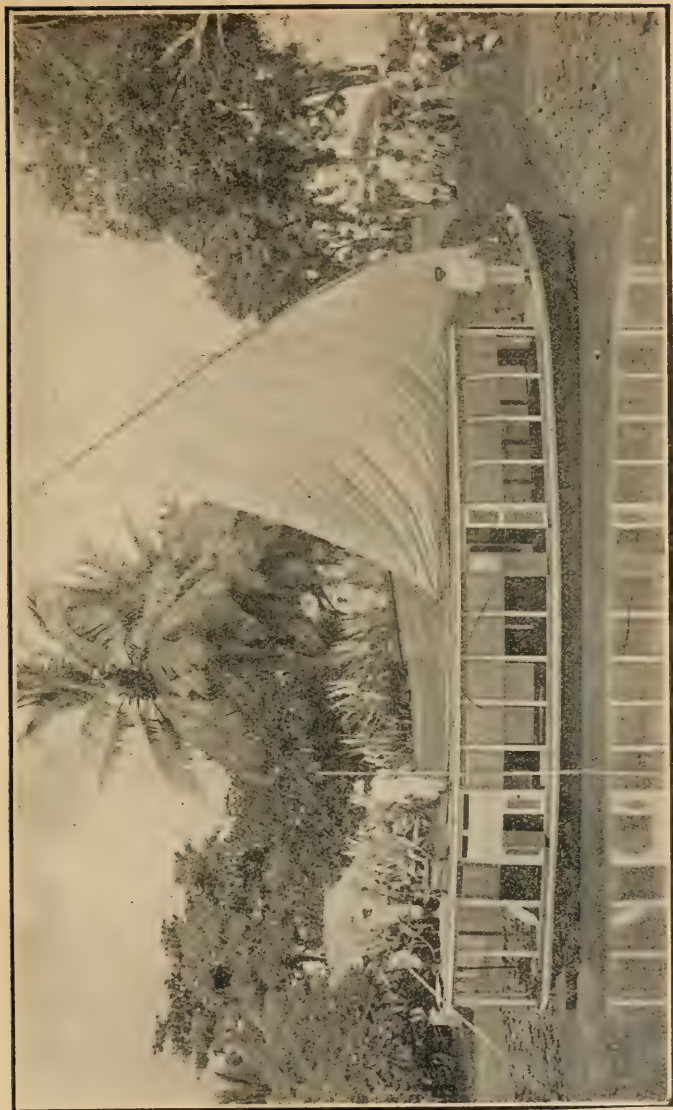
the true God, who made the heavens and the earth; and how He became incarnate and died for our sins. You have been crying to your gods and they have not heard you; and now if you will all be quiet I will pray to the true God." To this they all agreed, and Veeraswami, kneeling down in the sand, began to pour out his heart to God and to plead with Him for Christ's sake to have mercy upon them. He asked the Lord, as He had saved Noah by means of the ark, to send someone with a boat and take them all to a place of safety. About 1 o'clock someone came up from the water's edge and said he thought it was going down a little. Then Veeraswami got up and sang a hymn for them. He told them the whole story about Christ and the wonderful miracles He had wrought while He was on earth; how He had walked on the water, stilled the tempest, and saved His disciples in the time of a great storm; and how he believed God would save them, too, if they would all pray to Him. Again someone came from the edge of the water and reported that it was decreasing. And from time to time Veeraswami and many others went to assure themselves that the flood was abating. And again he came back and preached to them and prayed and sang hymns until the morning dawned. A little after sunrise, an English engineer came with a steam launch and took them all off to a place of safety.

Veeraswami had worked for a Baptist missionary in Burma, and had been baptized and joined the church; but when he returned to his native land he was afraid to confess his Saviour. His wife and children were heathen; he had joined in with them, and said little or nothing about the Christian religion. I went to see him, and preached in his village. For a time he was thought a great deal of. Had he remained faithful, many in that village would have forsaken their idols and turned to Jesus for salvation. But alas! for the sake of gain he went into partnership with the heathen,

was led to accept a bribe, brought disgrace upon the name of his Saviour, and then went away again to Rangoon. If the native Christians were only faithful, thousands of the heathen would turn to the Lord every year; and if the Christians in Canada walked with God, the time would soon come when "holiness unto the Lord" would be written on the bridles of the horses that till the land and cart our goods about the streets.

Building My Boat.

During my first year on the field I found that our old boat, "The Canadian," had become so rotten that it was not worth repairing. At the beginning of my second year, through the kindness of Mr. C. Cook of Brantford, the family of the late John Harris sent me \$600 to build a new boat. That Fall I went up the river and bought 600 rupees worth of teak logs, got them built into rafts, and had them floated down the Canal to Cocanada and put in the compound, where our industrial school is carried on. I then made a sawpit, engaged sawyers to saw the logs up into planks and boards, and let a contract to build the boat. Mr. Laflamme kindly superintended the work. I came in once a month, bought all the materials and left them with him, and he gave out the nails and screws and other materials day by day, as they were required. We didn't dare to give out more than just what was needed for the day, or the carpenters would steal them; and often Mr. Laflamme counted the big nails that were driven into a plank, to see if the workmen had used them or carried them away and sold them. It took four or five months to complete the boat. It was 48 feet long and 8 feet wide on the inside, with a deck 8 feet long in front and 6 feet at the back. It included a main cabin, a bathroom, a small dining-room, a cook-room and a room for a colporteur or native evangelist to travel with me.



MISSION BOAT—"JOHN HARRIS"

In April, 1900, when it was completed, I had rollers made, moved it a mile from the compound to the canal on these, and launched it. I had sixty men with ropes to drag it along, and we spent one whole forenoon trying to get it out on to the road. The rollers had not been evenly turned, and would not run straight; and at noon we had to give up the work, jack up the boat and take the rollers out and get them turned evenly. I worked from 5 o'clock that morning till 12 in the terrible heat. The ground was so hot it burned the coolies' feet, and they kept running away from us to get in the shade of a tree. The next day we placed the rollers under it again, got a crowd of men and succeeded in moving it to the canal and launching it.

The Hills.

After launching the boat, I went back to Ramachandrapuram and took Mrs. Davis and the children to Ootacamund. This is on the highest hill among the Nilgiris (Blue Mountains) of South India, and the place where the Madras Government carries on its work during the six hot months of the year. The government gardens are very beautiful and have trees and shrubbery and plants of almost every description. Many of the trees are imported from Australia and South America. It is nearly 8,000 feet above the sea level, and the atmosphere is cool and invigorating. All kinds of English vegetables are grown in the neighborhood, and are sold every week in the market. There are plenty of peaches, pears, bananas, grapes and strawberries to be had during the summer season. There are a number of British officers residing here. When their term of service is up, some of the officials find the climate of England too cold for them, and come back and make their homes on these hills.

It is a great change for a mission family to go to such a place for the hot season, and some societies

insist on their missionaries going every year. This year we had taken a house with another missionary family. We were to occupy the rooms in the upper part of the house and they the basement; but when they entered they found the rooms of the basement too low and damp and were afraid to live in them; hence when we arrived they were occupying the rooms promised to us. We soon found that it was not safe for us to live in the lower rooms. The landlady who had let the house to them had deceived them, and the basement was not what it was represented to be. I spent three days hunting for other accommodation and succeeded in renting a little house for ourselves; but feeling sorry for our friends, I paid a month's rent for the rooms in the basement, and was glad to get away from that part of the town.

The very day we left Mrs. Hill, the missionary's wife, was taken with typhoid fever. She was the Miss Johnson who had come to India with us when first we went out, in 1887. She had been very kind to my wife on shipboard, and while she was ill with the fever, we took her three children to our home and cared for them. She lived only ten days, and then we laid her to rest in St. Thomas' cemetery. After the funeral Mr. Hill was also taken sick, and again we took the children and cared for them till he was better.

When it was all over, I walked eleven miles down to Coonoor one morning and wrote on the examination papers for my M.A. degree. The Chancellor of the University had sent the papers to Mr. Craig. I was allowed three hours on each paper and wrote in his presence. It may seem strange that I should be conducting revival meetings on the plains and spending my holidays studying psychology; but I do not think that it affected my spiritual life in any way whatever. It is true that James' Psychology, which teaches that there is no experience that is not preceded and condi-

tioned by a movement of the brain, logically leads one to the conclusion that there is no consciousness after death; that Von Hartmann's Philosophy of the Unconscious, with its pessimistic and misanthropic view of conscious life, and that Herbert Spencer's materialistic Philosophy, in which he evolves everything out of nothing—are subjects that are not specially calculated to aid one who is seeking for spiritual attainments; yet they serve to show one that the human mind is limited and that man, by wisdom, cannot find out God. One needs to walk close with God while studying Philosophy; for although it teaches one to think carefully, it moves in a world of mystery, and a good deal of it is of the earth, earthy. I always felt relieved when I turned away from it and began to meditate upon heavenly things. I had had visions and experiences that cannot be accounted for by Philosophy. "For this is life eternal that they might know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent." "Yea, verily, and I count all things but loss, for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord."

Our hill experiences were invigorating, and we went back to our station stronger and better equipped to carry on our work. The interest kept growing on our field and we were continually opening up work in new villages. Our village schools also were increasing in number, and there was a great demand for teachers, which we could not supply. We had baptisms on some parts of the field almost every Sunday, and many heathen were attending our services. I saw the fields whitening to the harvest, and my soul was aglow with hope and love. Before the year closed we baptized about eighty-five persons; and I went to Conference in January with a happy heart and an encouraging report to give to my brethren. Mr. J. R. Stillwell broke down in health and Mr. Craig took his place in the Seminary. So I was asked to take charge of the large Peddapuram

field, in addition to my own. I had been assisting Mr. Craig in the care of it; but now I had to take it over altogether. This made a tremendous burden and greatly hampered me in carrying out my plans for my own field. But I was strong and enjoyed good health, and never said "No" to any burden that was laid upon me.

The Need of Native Assistants.

Some of our brethren had written home many times about the need of more missionaries; but from the first I had realized the need of a great host of native workers. As I tried to stretch myself over these two large fields, I felt more and more convinced that if India was ever to be brought to Christ, the work must be done largely by the natives themselves; that a missionary ought to be a well-trained man, filled with the Spirit of God, and possessing the power of organizing, inspiring and directing two or three hundred native workers; that he ought to spend the strength of his life among the Christians and native assistants, and leave them to propagating the gospel among the Hindus. Britain conquered India by using her own people as soldiers. A few British officers, with a well-drilled native army, conquered one tribe after another, until all India came under the control of Great Britain. In the same way we missionaries will have to learn how to raise up a large army of native assistants, and how to organize the greatest lay movement that has ever taken place in the world's history, since the common Christians were persecuted in Jerusalem, and went everywhere, to the bounds of the Roman Empire, preaching and witnessing for Christ. If our missionaries can only succeed in getting every member in their churches to do some definite work for his Lord and Master, it will not only keep them from falling into temptation, but will hasten the Redeemer's kingdom as nothing else can do.

Pastoral Support.

This subject was one of vital interest to me, for I realized that we could never get enough funds from Canada to carry on the work; and it would be a very bad thing for the Christians if we could. During my first term many of them came to me to conduct their weddings; but I soon refused to perform this service for any of them. I secured licenses for my native pastors and arranged that these should receive a fee of one rupee for conducting a marriage service. When I married them they expected me to do it for nothing, and give them a present besides; and as I wished to create a revenue for the pastor, I refused to marry anyone.

Then again, I ceased to baptize, but left that work to be done by the native pastors; for I wished to see the Christians trust and respect their own ministers.

When a child was born of Christian parents, I made a practice of going to the house with the native pastor and conducting a service. I took the occasion to have an earnest personal talk with the father and mother about their responsibility toward the child God had given them; and if they did not already have family prayer in the home, I got them to promise to do so, and to try to bring the child up for God. When they were heathen, they usually gave some kind of a thank-offering to their gods for the gift of a child; and I encouraged them to come to the church and make their thank-offering there. This was another aid towards pastoral support.

Many of them wished me to baptize their children. I read them the passages of Scripture where Jesus took them in His arms and blessed them, and gave them back again to their mothers; and I told them I could follow the example of Jesus; so I knelt with them and prayed for them and the child. I think our pastors

in Canada would do well to have a prayer service in the homes of their church members, when God gives them a young life to care for and train for His service. We make a great effort to get the larger children into our Sunday Schools, but we do not emphasize the importance of a Christian atmosphere at home. It is the home influence that moulds and fashions the lives of our children. If I have been of any use in the kingdom of God, I owe it all to my mother, who taught me my child's prayer when I was three years old, and who was really God to me during the first ten years of my life; for she lived in close touch with her Saviour and created a spiritual atmosphere in her home. She so impressed us with the importance of seeking first God's kingdom and His righteousness that none of her children has ever forgotten it.

Hindu Stock Arguments.

After preaching in Mendepetta, one evening, to a large crowd of people, a well-dressed and well-educated young Hindu stood up and said: "What the missionary has told you is all very good; but just as all rivers empty into the same sea, so all religions lead to God. The European's religion is good for him, and our religion is good for us." When he sat down I stood up and asked the elders of the village what he had told them, and one of them replied that all rivers emptied into the same sea. I said, "Do you know why these rivers empty into the same sea?" "No," was their reply. "Well," I said, "the rivers along this coast take their rise back in the mountains, and the mountains are higher than the sea, so the water must run downward. What this gentleman has really told you is that all water runs down hill, and I suppose you knew that before, didn't you?" "Yes," they said, "of course we did." "Well," I said, "I'll tell you something that you don't know, namely, that water sometimes runs up

hill." They said, "How can it do that?" "Well," I said, "in Cocanada they have a great, deep tank full of water; and in that tank there is a big engine, pumping water through pipes, and carrying it all over the town and into the houses." "Yes," they said, "we have heard about that, and some of us have seen it." "But," I said, "water does not run up hill itself. It takes a great engine to force it up. And heaven is up; and if we are going to reach heaven we must be taken there by a power outside of ourselves, and that power is the Lord Jesus Christ." Addressing one of them with whom I was acquainted, I said, "Venkiah, can you take hold of your boots and lift yourself?" He said "No." "Well," I said, "that is what you are trying to do. You are trying to give to the poor and to the priests, and to repeat prayers, and do enough works of merit to take you to heaven, but you can never get there by your own works."

Again the young man stood up and spoke as follows: "Well," said he, "I perceive the gentleman didn't understand me very well. What I want to say is that all religions are good; and just to make my meaning clear, let me say that gold is gold, whether it is in the ear, or on the finger, or on the toe; and so, God is God, by whatever name He is known. We call our incarnation, Krishna. They call their incarnation, Christ. They are both incarnations of God. The only difference is in the name." "Yes," I replied, "Gold is gold, wherever you find it; but how are you to test it? for brass, well polished, may resemble gold." "Put it in the fire," said the goldsmith, who was sitting near by, "and you'll soon find whether it is gold or not." "Yes," I replied, that is a good way to test gold; and there is a way of testing the incarnation. Take, for example, Krishna. If he is an incarnation of God, then his life and works ought to be of a holy character. But

what do your sacred books tell about him?" "They tell us he was a butter thief," cried a man of the shepherd caste. "Yes," I said, "he stole butter from the shepherds; he stole their brass vessels and carried them off to other houses, and played all kinds of tricks on the people. He tied a boy's hair to a calf's tail and chased the calf all over the village, while the poor boy was screeching and screaming for his life. He stole the clothes of the shepherd women who were bathing in a pond, and caused them to sin; and the songs the shepherd people sing about him are so vile and indecent that no respectable person can bear to hear them. If he were living nowadays and committed these sins he would be put in jail. Can he be the incarnation of the great and holy God? Now, let us take the life of Christ. He healed the sick, cleansed the leper, raised the dead, fed the multitudes and taught them to live holy lives. He said that God was a holy God and that He could not look upon sin with the least degree of allowance; and in the end He so loved the world that He offered Himself up as a sacrifice for the world's sins. His works and His teachings are so wonderful and so miraculous that all the great minds of the world recognize that He was divine.

Again the young man stood up and said he had read European history, and as some great men had said "all roads lead to Rome," so, too, all religions lead to God. "And why," said I, "did all roads of that time lead to Rome? Because the Romans built roads from Rome out to the provinces they conquered. But what man has ever built a road to heaven?" "No man can do that," shouted the crowd. "Yes," I said, "I'll tell you of one man who did it. The Man Christ Jesus. He came down from heaven. He knew the way that led to God and He said, "I am the Way, the Truth and the Life. No man cometh to the Father but by Me." "And," said I, "all the sacrifices and burnt offerings that your ances-

tors and mine offered up in past ages pointed to the one great sacrifice that Jesus made for the world when He shed His blood on Calvary's cross. And now, however sincere you are, you must be conscious that these idols are not God."

The young Brahmin replied as follows: "We do not worship the idol. When the image is first made by the carpenter or goldsmith, our people take it in their hands and handle it; but after the priest repeats a prayer in Sanscrit over it and consecrates it, then we believe the spirit enters it. Our people no more touch or handle it, but are very reverent when they come within sight of it, bow themselves before it, and worship, not the image, but the god that is in the image." He then spoke to me in English and said that he had studied in the University of Madras for three years, had been in nearly all the European churches, and that in the church where the English Governor attended they had images and altars and candles, "just like we have." "And many Hindus think," he said, "that as the Hindu religion is much older than Christianity, some of the Christians from Europe are imitating us. Mrs. Besant, a great English lady, has joined the Hindus and become the head of one of our colleges." "Well," I said, "can you tell me, anyway, what is the real object of idols? Why do you have them? What purpose do they serve?" He replied: "They are of no value to educated people, but only to the mass of the people, who are ignorant and must have something to help them fix their minds on God." "But," I said, "these idols do not look like God. God is a spirit, and they are material, and they must give a person a very wrong impression about God." "Your Bible," he said, "says that God created man in His own image, and we make an idol like a man, and therefore it must be the image of God." "Our Bible," I replied, "says 'God formed man of the dust of the ground and breathed into him the breath of life and

man became a living soul'; but it is the soul of man that is made in the image of God, and not his body. God is person, and we are persons, and we resemble God in our personality." "What is personality?" he asked. "Self-consciousness, plus self-determination, plus a moral nature, constitute personality," I replied. "We are conscious of our own identity, conscious that we exist separate from all other existences, conscious also that we have the power of choice, or are free in willing our own actions. We are also conscious of a feeling of 'ought.' 'I ought to do this rather than that,' is the assertion of our moral nature, and it is in these qualities of our soul that we resemble God. It is impossible for us to make any image that is like God."

He then told me that there were a number of educated Hindus in Madras, who had formed themselves into prayer societies, such as the Brahmo Somaj, Jeeva Somaj, and the Arya Somaj; that they had given up all idols and conducted a purely spiritual worship. I had met a number of these gentlemen myself, both in Madras and Bombay. They have a kind of prayer-book, which contains a great many of our Christian hymns, with the words Christ and Jesus left out, and the words God and Lord substituted in their places. They also contain some of the prayers from the Church of England prayer-book. They acknowledge Christ to be a great religious reformer, but deny His divinity; and they are very fond of saying Lord Krishna, Lord Buddha, Lord Christ and Lord Mohamet. They have left Hinduism and are in a state of unrest. They have accepted the ethics of Christianity, and are very friendly with the missionaries. We can only hope that in time they will be led to accept Jesus as Lord of lords and King of kings.

"The Magic Lantern."

Some of our missionaries make use of the magic

lantern and of pictures of Christ and the apostles; and I think these are very useful where one is speaking to those who have never heard the gospel; but I found that when I wished to hold a revival meeting and was looking for spiritual results, I had to avoid all pictures and gramophones and anything that would attract the senses, and depend altogether on prayer and the preaching of God's word; and I am persuaded that those who enjoy fellowship with God, and are seeking to walk in the Spirit, care very little for outward things. When Jesus said to the Samaritan woman, "The hour cometh and now is, when neither in this mountain nor yet in Jerusalem, shall men worship the Father; for God is a spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth," He announced to the world a new truth—that Jews no longer needed to make long pilgrimages, year by year, to worship in Jerusalem. And the heathen no longer need to journey from shrine to shrine; but wherever there is a heart longing after God, there God is present. And so it is to-day. Whether we are by the roadside or in our office, we can pray and hold fellowship with God and feel that He is near us.

During the year 1901 our work kept continually growing, and I held special services in several villages, which always resulted in blessing to the Christians and in the conversion of some of their heathen relatives; and in October I went down to Akidu and helped Mr. Chute conduct special services in Gunnanapudi. The Christians were divided, and there was a lawsuit going on among them during the time that we were conducting the meetings; so it was difficult to get them to attend, and more difficult still to make any impression on their minds; but we had good meetings, and about thirty of those present asked for special prayers that God would help them to lead better lives than they had led in the past.

On my journey home from Akidu, I was caught in a heavy rain and got a bad cold. I missed the train at the railway station and had to stay up all night and wait for another. When I reached Ramachandrapuram, I had considerable fever and was compelled to take a rest for a few days. While taking a bath one evening, I noticed some red spots on my chest, but I thought it was just the result of the fever. I felt weak and miserable for some time, but got a tonic from one of our mission doctors and went on with my work. Self-support was increasing and we had over a hundred baptisms before the year closed.

Demon Possession.

After the January Conference was over, Dr. Hulet, Mrs. Davis, the children and I, while on our way to Ramachandrapuram, stopped at a village where there were a large number of Christians. We entered the village and preached. When we returned to the boat quite a number came and wished to be baptized, and I began to examine them. After examining four or five persons, the wife of one of our Christians came and sat down on the front of the boat. I started to question her about her faith in Christ, but she did not answer me. As I repeated my questions, she began to sob and cry and act very much like a woman in hysterics. The pastor and her husband took hold of her and led her out on the canal bank, and we could hear her shouting, "Go away! Go away! Go away! Why do you come to trouble me when I want to join this holy religion?" Her husband came back and told me that she used to practise divination, and was possessed of a demon; that for three or four months she had given it up and had attended church services regularly; but that on Wednesday night that week she woke him up crying, and said the demon had come back to her and told her it was going to torment her once more, before she

was baptized. She was so distressed, he said, that she was trembling from head to foot and couldn't sleep any during the rest of the night. And now it was Sunday, she had come to ask for baptism, and the demon had fulfilled its promise, and was trying to get her under its power again. She kept screaming and shouting and frothing at the mouth, and seemed like an insane person. I told them to take her back home and pray with her; and a number of Christians gathered around and prayed with her till night, when the demon left her and never troubled her any more. Towards the close of the year she was baptized, and lived a good Christian life while I remained in India.

In India there is some man or woman in almost every village that is said to be possessed of the devil. Dr. Gertrude Hulet could not account for this woman's actions any more than we could.

Miss Hatch went home on furlough in 1902, and Dr. Hulet took her place. I again spent the hot season on the hills, at Ootacamund; and as our little girl, Annie, had convulsions, Mrs. Davis was obliged to remain with her there until October; but I returned toward the end of June, reopened the boys' boarding-school and got things going again before Conference.

Dr. D. L. Joshee.

During my first term I sent a young boy from the Cocanada field up to the literary department of the Seminary. He was very gentlemanly and much more refined than boys of his class usually are. Miss Hatch was so taken with him that she wished to adopt him, and I consented to the arrangement. After he had received all the education he could get in our school, she sent him to a medical college in North India; and for five years he was under English professors and took a pretty thorough course in medicine. He graduated in the spring of 1902, and returned to Ramachandrapuram.

Dr. Hulet had written me of his arrival; and I was very much afraid he would be so proud and uplifted that he would be a hindrance to our work. There is a tendency among the educated Indians to look down on their own people, and to wish to associate altogether with Europeans. This, of course, causes hard feeling among the Christians. We had one young man of this type teaching in our boarding school; and if I had another belonging to the same church, I felt sure there would be trouble. But when I met Joshee, I was agreeably surprised, for he was very modest and as simple as a child. Miss Hatch had lavished all the love of her great heart on him, and given him a Christian training, such as few boys get in Canada; and he was to a large extent what she had made him. He was a great help to Dr. Hulet, took all the medical work off her hands, and left her free to superintend the caste girls' school and to do Zenana work among the women. Joshee became the doctor of the Kellock Leper Home and has been ever since. He was not long with us when, by unanimous vote of the church, he was appointed deacon. He endeared himself to the poorest Christian, and was patronized by the caste people and the Rajah. Instead of being a hindrance in our church work, his quiet, earnest, consistent life, and his strong Christian influence, made him an example to the preachers as well as to the Christians. The better I became acquainted with him, the more I learned to trust him.

CHAPTER XII.

Crushing Burdens and the Final Break.

Shortly after my return home from the hills, Dr. Hulet left for Cocanada, and I superintended the completion of another row of buildings in the Kellock Home compound and built a new stone bridge across the canal opposite our chapel. While superintending this work, I was out in the sun a good deal, and one day I helped the coolies carry a very heavy stone. I felt very weak after it, took cold and had an attack of dysentery. I had never had dysentery before, and the pain was terrible. I got relief, but I had to be careful for several days, and it left me very weak.

High School.

After my workers' meeting, I attended the July Conference and again brought up the question of a High School for Cocanada. Some of the brethren wanted a larger number of missionaries, but I was much more anxious to increase the number of native assistants; and I could not see how we were to accomplish it without a High School. The greatest problem on the mission field is that of raising up suitable native assistants, and another generation will pass away before we have accomplished this task. As time goes on, missionaries will be given up more and more to distinctively missionary work, and leave the evangelistic work to be done by the natives themselves. They will be like generals, for they will superintend, organize and inspire a great army of native evangelists, and they must needs be men of special gifts and training for such work.

During September I conducted special services at Anaparti. As many had been attending the Christian services for a year previous to this, they were fully prepared to receive the truth; and at the close of our meetings twenty were examined and ten accepted and

baptized. From that time on they began to pay three rupees a month toward their pastor's salary. They were nearly all of the Madiga caste, and were an earnest band of Christians from the beginning. They often spent their evenings with their pastor, singing and preaching the gospel to their heathen relatives in other villages.

County Board.

Shortly after coming to Ramachandrapuram I had been elected a member of the Taluq Board, or County Council. After being a member of that Board six months, I was elected as their representative on the larger District Board. I spent one day a month attending these Board meetings. The position was honorary; I received nothing for it but my travelling expenses; but it brought me in touch with all the highly educated men in the District, and I preached the gospel faithfully to them while in company with them on the train. It was worth while to be friendly with these men, for sometimes I was able to get them to vote money to dig wells for the poor Christians and outcaste people.

A Heathen Elder Becomes a Christian.

While touring the Peddapuram field in February, 1902, I rode on my bicycle to a village about ten miles south of Jaggampetta, where I heard there was a Christian. I went into the Malapilli and asked some of the men if there was a Christian there. They said yes, there was one called Chidiah; that he used to be head of their village, but had gone crazy about the Christian religion. Their foreheads were painted with the marks of their gods, for they were very bigoted heathen. I passed on to their little temple, for that is the place where people usually congregate; and someone having told Chidiah of my presence, he soon came and joined me. My bicycle was a great curiosity, and a crowd of

people soon gathered to see it. How a thing with two wheels, one straight in front of the other, could carry me along the road without my falling off, they couldn't understand; for when I got off it, it couldn't stand alone. I could hear them saying, "There must be some power of the god in him to keep it straight."

We sang a hymn for them, and then I told them the story of Jesus and of the great sacrifice He had made. As soon as I was through, Chidiah began to give his testimony. He told them he had been their elder for twenty years and had helped to conduct all their worship; but now he had found Jesus and his heart was full of joy. "I cannot offer any more sacrifices for you or join in your worship," said he, "but I can and do pray for you all, that you may give up your idols and serve the true God." I lifted my hat and prayed for them, and then Chidiah and I went up into the village proper and preached to the caste people.

Chidiah was so full of joy that he could scarcely contain himself, and told the village Munsiff and all the caste people that he had found the true God. He had been the village servant for many years, and the caste people nearly all knew him and listened to him attentively. His wife was a bigoted heathen, and he had to put up with a great deal of abuse from her and from his brothers; but when we got into the road he told me he was very happy and would like to go to heaven. I told him I was going to Gokaram and would be back to Jaggampetta on Sunday, and that all the Christians would gather there to partake of the Lord's supper. He said he would try to be present, and I bade him good-bye and returned to the travellers' bungalow. He was the best specimen of a Christian I had met on the Peddapuram field, and the smile on his face well repaid me for my journey. When I came back the next Sunday, the Christians from a number of villages gathered at Jaggampetta to meet me, and our service began at

two o'clock. While I was preaching, I noticed a little woman come in the door and sit down close to the table where I was standing. She was breathing hard and covered with perspiration. As soon as I had finished preaching, she said, "I want to confess my sins," and bowing her head to the floor she began as follows: "O God, Thou knowest I am a good-for-nothing woman. When I was a girl, I heard the gospel; and my mother and I believed and were both baptized the same day. When I got old enough I had to go twenty miles away and live with my husband, and I used to pray and teach the Mala women to sing hymns. The Malas all got angry, and put my husband out of caste, because he allowed me to be a Christian. Then he got very angry with me, and beat me many times, until I promised I wouldn't say anything more about Jesus. The Mala people made my husband pay a fine of three rupees to be taken back into caste again. They took the money, bought liquor, and all got drunk. They made me drink the liquor and say I would join with them and never worship the Christian God any more. Yes, Lord, I did it. I denied Thee. I am a good-for-nothing woman; but I was only fifteen years old, Lord. I was just a girl. And they were cruel to me and frightened me. Though I denied Thee with my lips, I did not deny Thee with my heart; for when Thy servants came to preach the gospel one night, the Malas wouldn't let them stay in the village, and they had to go and sleep in a cowshed in the field; but when my husband was asleep, at midnight, I got up and cooked rice and took it out to the shed for them. I did, Lord; Thou knowest I did. I denied Thee, but still I loved Thee. And when I heard Thy servant was going to be here to-day, I asked permission of my husband to come to a village five miles from here to pay a debt he had promised to pay; and when I had paid the debt, I gathered up my skirt and ran all the way here. But, Lord, I denied Thee: and

my brother denied Thee. O God, forgive my brother and bring him back again."

While she was making this confession, the tears were running down her face and she was sobbing with emotion. I spoke to her and said: "Sister, your prayer is heard in heaven, and your sins are forgiven." Then I prayed for her and for her brother; and when I was through she untied a knot in her upper cloth and took out four annas and put them on the table as a thank-offering. "And now," she said, "I must go, for I have ten miles to walk back again; and my husband will beat me for being away all day. But," said she, "even though they kill me, I'll never deny my Lord again." And, saying this, she went out of the door. The pastor's wife went out with her, took her to her house and gave her some food. After the communion was over, I went outside, and could see a little woman about half a mile in the distance, running as fast as she could go, in order that she might get home before dark. Poor little Venkamma (that was her name) walked twenty miles that day to confess her sins and to be restored into fellowship with the church. And the Lord heard her prayer concerning her brother, for the next month he came back to the church, confessed his wrong-doing and was received into fellowship. Venkamma and Chidiah, two happy souls, were serving God in that heathen village. This is one of the most remarkable evidences of God's power to take care of His children, even when surrounded by heathen darkness, that I have ever known.

Special Services in the Nalluru Church.

In August, while I was on tour, I was led to hold special services in the Nalluru church. I had dismissed the pastor from mission employ nearly two years previous to this time. He had rented land and was carrying on farm work. Things had not gone on very well in the church from the time of his dismissal, for he con-

tinually worked in opposition to the other pastors and evangelists. Peter was with me, and we both preached there every day for a week. The church was always crowded and a number of the heathen gathered in also. I was in poor health, but I never was happier in my life. Often, when I finished speaking at night, I had a longing to depart and be with Christ. After our preaching service was over, we held a prayer meeting every evening. Most of the Christians took part in prayer, and many confessed their sins. Old quarrels were settled and those who had been enemies became friends.

While our meetings were going on we preached in different parts of the village in the daytime, and at night to the Madiga people, a number of whom were afterwards baptized and received into the church. The church members had been all from the Mala caste, and it was very difficult to receive Madigas into the church. The Malas wouldn't eat with them, and how could they take communion with them? They used to put the Madigas at the back of the church and have the cup passed to all the Mala Christians first, and then to the Madigas. The caste problem is a great one in India, and it will be a source of trouble in the Christian church for several generations. Some of the high-caste people used to say they would be baptized and join the church if we would give them a separate cup at the communion table, and a separate piece of bread; but we refused to receive them on any such terms. Nevertheless, when they do come into the church and become leaders, they will have churches of their own, independent of the missionaries, and low-caste Christians will not be allowed to commune with them.

Church Organization.

After I came to the field I had two churches organized, one in Kalleru and one in Mandapetta, and in each

of these churches we had a number of volunteer workers. Some of the women used to spend considerable time accompanying Miss Hatch and the Bible women and in helping to sing hymns and preach among the caste people. They did not receive any pay for this, but did the work gladly, because of the love they had for their Saviour. Of all our churches, Kalleru was the best. Every member, old and young, men and women alike, attended the Sunday School; and every one of them stood up and repeated the golden text which their pastor had taught them through the week. There were three caste widows who used to attend this church and give their collection with the Christians, and I have since heard that they have been baptized. There was a caste widow at Mendapetta too, who used to attend the services. Many of the caste people were secret believers in Christ, but they lacked the courage to come out and confess Him by baptism.

In Mamadarda, I used to visit a young man who had attended Miss Frith's Bible class, in Cocanada, when a boy. She had given him a New Testament, and he and his wife and grandmother used to read it and have prayer in their own house every Sunday. I often preached on his verandah to a number of the caste people who were his friends; and at the close of the meeting they would accompany me on my way back to the boat. Then I would kneel down in the road with them and pray and bid them good-night. The caste people will come, bye and bye, when the churches are strong enough to receive them.

A Woman Commits Suicide.

Mrs. Davis and Annie came home from the hills towards the last of September. There was a woman in Cocanada whose husband and daughter died of cholera. Miss Hatch had taken pity on her and given her work for some time. She was very melancholy and would

scarcely speak to anyone. When Miss Hatch was through with her, my wife felt so sorry for her that she gave her some work to do about the house, in order that she might earn her living without associating with the heathen. I was away on tour most of the time. There was a great deal of sickness among the Christians. Two Christian women had been carried to the mission station by their relatives for Mrs. Davis to nurse and care for. We always kept a room for sick Christians. They both died after a lingering illness. She had been with them till the last, reading and praying with them, and doing her best to comfort them. Miss Hatch was away also, and as my wife was not very strong, it was a great strain upon her nerves; for their relatives came and kept up a mournful cry for two or three days; and no one but those who have attended a native funeral can have any conception of the mourning and wailing that is kept up for days afterwards.

My wife was a brave woman, and I never saw her give way to her feelings on any similar occasions; but after she had gone through this long strain, the woman we had with us was beginning to act very strangely. She wouldn't eat her food, and no one could make her smile. She used to bring her mat and pillow and lie near Mrs. Davis and the children at night; but one night she did not come as usual, and about ten o'clock Mrs. Davis took the lantern and went downstairs to look for her. She called Miss Hatch's Bible women, but they had not seen her. These also called some of the school boys and the teachers, who searched everywhere, but could not find her. The next morning when Mrs. Davis got up, the cook came running in and said Vekamma had hanged herself, and she went out to see the body. She had mounted a stool, taken the rope of the children's swing, tied it around her neck and then kicked the stool away. The servants cut the body down, and Mrs. Davis had them remove it into

one of the storerooms and lock it up, and then summon a policeman; for cases of suicide had to be reported. The police came and made a great fuss because they had removed the body to the storeroom. Mrs. Davis explained to them that she did not wish the children to see their nurse in that condition; but they made a good deal of trouble, and tried to put the blame on the cook and extort a bribe from him.

The strain of the two previous deaths, together with this last tragedy, was too much for my dear wife, and she sent a special messenger to me with a letter requesting me to come home as soon as possible. I returned home late the next night, and finding her very nervous and run down, I took her and the children to Cocanada for a little visit and change. This is the only time in the history of our work that I ever saw my wife the least bit nervous.

More Touring.

The year 1902 was full of work and full of encouragement. I spent 155 days on tour, and 125 persons were received into the churches by baptism. Many heathen were attending our services, and work was opening up in many other villages. I went to the January Conference with a glad heart to tell the brethren what great things God had done for us. At the conclusion of our Conference, I toured on my own field till the end of January, and then came in and conducted my monthly meeting with the workers. As soon as the meeting was finished in Ramachandrapuram, I made haste to Peddapuram to conduct a similar meeting there. This I had to do every month, and as the meeting on my own field took place first, naturally the workers on the Peddapuram field were at a disadvantage. For when I had spent two or three days imparting my very life to the workers on the Ramachandrapuram field, I hadn't the same strength and energy left for the workers who gathered at Peddapuram; and they,

poor fellows, came long distances to report their work and receive their monthly salaries. I sympathized with them, however, and gave them all the strength I possessed.

It was a large field and the Christians were very much scattered. There were about three hundred Christians, living in eighty different villages. In some villages there was only one; in others two or three, and in still others quite a number. There were few teachers and evangelists to care for them. The field was sadly in need of more workers. The Christians were chiefly from the Madiga caste, but most of their preachers were from the Malas. If the preachers ate with the Madiga Christians, their Mala friends and relatives wouldn't have anything to do with them. This, too, was a great barrier to the progress of the gospel. The caste system in India is the most difficult problem that Christianity has ever had to solve, and missionaries have well said that caste is the Devil's masterpiece.

I spent the first three weeks of February on tour on this great field. When the Christians from many villages were gathered in Gokaram, I gave them one of the greatest sermons I have ever delivered to a body of native people. While in my tent I had overheard their conversations and discovered that they were full of false ideas and unworthy motives. Why they were serving God they scarcely seemed to know. Their chief idea seemed to be that the Lord was indebted to them for their service and ought to give them some great thing in return. I told them that God, in His love and mercy, had passed by the Brahmins, the Rajahs, the Banias and the Shudras, and had chosen them, though they were the lowest of the outcastes; that such a thing had never been heard of in their country; that God had greatly honored them in seeking to set up His kingdom among them; and I asked what they were going to do for their Lord and Master in return for this great love?

Were they going to prove worthy of the confidence God had placed in them? Were they going to take up their cross and follow Jesus and deny themselves that they might support someone to preach the gospel in their midst? Were they always going to be babies, wanting to be nursed; or were they going to be wage-earners and supporters of their Father's house? Quite a number of them owned land, and they were well able to support a pastor, if they were only willing to do it. I shamed them, entreated them, and wept over them. My labor was not in vain, for many quarrels and troubles among them were settled that day. They said, "If we only had someone to teach us and to preach to us, as you have done to-day, we wouldn't live as we do." Many of them promised to do more for the support of the gospel and to attend the meetings more regularly.

The next week I was away in Yelleshvaram and spent my birthday in the government bungalow there. There was a fine group of Christians, about five miles from there, living among the hills. None of them could read or write, but they met together and sang hymns and prayed every night, before they laid themselves down to rest. They, too, had a little land and offered to support a pastor, if I could send them one; but there was no one that could be spared. The harvest was great and the laborers were few, and I prayed most earnestly to the Lord of the harvest to send more laborers into the harvest field. This was a strange field; the love and faith and devotion of some of the Christians gladdened my heart, while the cold and wicked ways of others almost broke it. And often, in anguish of soul, I cried out: "O God, who is sufficient for these things?"

After a prolonged tour, I returned to my home toward the end of February, and conducted another monthly meeting with my workers. Mrs. Davis and

the children went to the hills. I helped them on the train and then went on to Peddapuram to meet the workers there. As soon as that meeting was over, I returned again to my own field and spent the month of March touring over it. I had charge of these two great fields. It was impossible to do satisfactory work on either of them; but the work on my own field was compact. There was a large number of Christians in the villages, and I had a better band of workers than those on the Peddapuram field. The Christians had received more teaching, and responded more readily when appealed to in a spirit of love. At the end of March I had spent 55 days on tour, and 38 persons had been baptized on the Ramachandrapuram field. After conducting my workers' meeting on both fields, I spent four days in Coonada getting Dr. Hulet's boat calked, and then I left for Coonoor and joined my wife and children. Mr. Archibald had rented a large house there, called Blair Athol. A large party of us occupied the house and shared the rent with him. There were Mr. and Mrs. Archibald, Mr. and Mrs. Craig, Mrs. Davis and myself, and Misses Archibald, Bishop, McLeod, Baskerville and Hulet. I took up our portable organ, and as a number of the missionaries were good singers, we had a good deal of music and spent a very pleasant and profitable time together. We had regular times appointed for Bible study and prayer; but I enjoyed most of all the time I spent alone under the trees in the park. I had always found that when I wished to get near God and to have personal fellowship with Him, I must separate myself from my friends and my loved ones and be alone; and I know there were some others who felt just as I did. I always felt that there were too many religious meetings going on in Coonoor for me. If I were to attend them all, I would not have sufficient time for meditation and prayer; and I learned that if I desired spiritual food I must go to

the Lord and get it for myself. I could not receive it from others.

While I was there I got word that I had been granted the M.A. degree by McMaster University. I didn't know whether I had merited the degree or not. I had done good work on the first half of the course, but while covering the second half, I had not been well, and didn't do the work with any degree of satisfaction to myself.

Our two little boys, George and Arthur, were in a school that had been opened for missionaries' children. It would be difficult to find such a school in Canada. The principal was an English lady, thoroughly trained in school work, and was devoting her life to serving God in the mission field by providing a school for missionaries' children. She possessed a great deal of common sense, together with a depth of piety and devotion, such as is rarely found in the principal of a school. Our children attended it for over a year, and we felt perfectly safe in sending them there, for when they returned to us, their little hearts were warm and tender and in perfect sympathy with all that was good.

I went for long walks and sometimes played badminton, but I did not seem to be able to gather much strength. I was very nervous, and was conscious that I was growing weaker in body, though I did not know why. I remember having the feeling that I would like to do something more or suffer more for the Lord Jesus; and in one of the Sunday morning prayer meetings I prayed that I might know Christ and the fellowship of His sufferings and the power of His resurrection. I scarcely know why I prayed that prayer, but as I reflect upon the matter now, I believe it was given to me by the Holy Spirit. A lady writing to me from India since my affliction, called my attention to the fact that she heard me pray that I might know the fellowship of Christ's sufferings, and I replied that I also asked that

I might know the power of His resurrection. One thing I remember distinctly, that I was continually impressed with the thought that I was to do some great thing for Christ, and that I had no time to toy with Higher Criticism or Philosophy or Science; that I must be about my Father's business, for "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy mind, and with all thy soul," was a message that kept whispering within me.

Towards the end of June, Mrs. Davis and Annie went to "Brooklands," a rest house for missionaries that was kept by Miss Bishop, and I returned to Ramachandrapuram, to give out on the plains the strength I had gathered in my mountain-top experiences. It was a great joy to meet the workers again and to hear their reports. The Lord was using them and blessing their labors, and I rejoiced with those that rejoiced and wept with those who wept. Having sent them back to their fields of labor, I went twelve miles and a half in an ox-cart to the railway station and took the train to Samalkota; then got in another ox-cart and went three miles to Peddapuram, where I conducted a second workers' meeting. Then I had to balance my account books for the six months, so as to have them ready for the Auditing Committee, and prepare my estimates for both fields for the coming year. When I had completed this, I spent a week in Cocanada attending the July Conference, and after while I went back for a tour over my own field.

In August I made another tour over the Peddapuram field and conducted special meetings for a week in the village of Jaggampetta. The Christians in Jaggampetta were the poorest specimens I had ever seen on any field, and probably, if the field had been mine, I would have excluded most of them from the church; but I had a lingering hope that when some missionary took the field

and could give them more time, perhaps they would respond. They were ignorant and low down in life. There possibly was a little of the Christ life in them, and I didn't wish to smother it or to do anything to crush it out; so, although I was very busy and hadn't much strength left for special efforts, I gave up everything for them and preached to them night and morning every day for a week. Their pastor was from the Mala caste, and they were Madigas, and there didn't appear to be any real bond of brotherly love between them and him. They were very ignorant, and they didn't seem to want to learn; and the first few days I preached to them it was very difficult to get their attention. Notwithstanding that I spoke with tremendous energy and enthusiasm, still some of them would go to sleep sitting on their mats, and I would have to send someone with a stick to poke them up and keep them awake. The headman among them was a hard case, and the others all followed his example. I preached continually on the holiness of God's character and the exceeding sinfulness of sin. These poor people knew nothing of God's law. They had had no Moses and the prophets, no thunderings as from Mount Sinai, and it was difficult to make them realize that God desired cleanness in the inward parts. But by the time the week was over they began to respond a little; and remembering Him of whom it was prophesied that He would not break the bruised reed or quench the smoking flax, I concluded that I would not exclude them from the church, but would dig about them for another year and see if they would not bear fruit. Miss McLeod had hopes that they would improve, if they only had proper teaching, and as she knew them better than I did, I acted on her advice. I never knew till I began to tour over the Peddapuram field, what a noble soul she was, and what a grand work she was doing.

A Laymen's Missionary Movement.

When I returned to my own field I sent out to the villages where there were a number of new Christians and where they had no pastors or teachers, and called in ten young men, to give them some instruction in the Bible and teach them to sing hymns. Our Lord not only sent out the twelve apostles, who were specially trained men, but He also sent out seventy laymen; and I began to realize that if India was to be brought to Christ, we must inaugurate a great laymen's movement, not only to induce men to give of their means also, but to personally engage in singing and preaching the gospel whenever they had opportunity. Some of these young men brought their wives with them. I provided them all with food while they were with me, and conducted Bible readings and prayer with them every morning and evening for ten days. We had a service in the morning from seven till eight o'clock, after which we divided into two parties. The native pastor took one group with him and I the other, and off we went to preach the gospel to the caste people. During the daytime the pastor taught them to sing hymns; and in the afternoon, from five to six, I conducted another Bible reading with them. Then once again we divided into groups, took lanterns with us and went and preached to the outcastes. They were bright young men, and though they could not read or write, they understood the main facts of the gospel. As soon as they got a little courage, they began to preach and give their testimony for Christ. While we were there together, some of them learned their letters and began to spell out little words. We had a grand time. The Lord seemed very near and very precious to us all; and when the meetings were over, these young fellows went home able to sing hymns and conduct prayers every evening for the other Christians. Had I remained in

India, I intended to have summer schools for bright young layman, and give them sufficient instruction to make them an evangelizing agency among their own people. I should like to have so organized our Christians that every man and woman would have become living witnesses for Christ. That is the kind of lay movement that India needs, and such a movement would result in untold blessing also in the great cities of Christian lands. It is needed in Canada now to evangelize the hundreds of thousands of immigrants that are landing on our shores every year.

Mrs. Davis and Annie came home from the hills in September. I went over to Pithapuram, bought brick and other materials and got a small rest house built on our own property. Mr. Walker, after years of patient waiting, had secured land for the opening of a new station, but there was no place for the missionaries to stay when they went to visit the Christians in that portion of the field. The house I built had a room with a verandah all around it and a bathroom. Dr. Smith was in Canada collecting money for a new hospital, and I thought this building would be useful for him to live in while he was superintending the erection of the hospital and dormitories for caste people.

I then made a tour over the north part of the Peddapuram field and returned home the 1st of October. I spent the greater part of the month touring on my own field, and almost everywhere I went candidates came forward to be examined for baptism. As the workers came in from month to month, too, their reports were very hopeful. In November I conducted special services in Tapeshvaram. It was a busy time of the year, and they were beginning to cut the harvest, but the people seemed eager to hear. Our little school-house chapel was always crowded full in the morning. Some of the caste people stood outside by the windows, listening to the gospel and every night we had an open-

air meeting in the Madigapetta. In the morning meetings there were generally eight or ten persons who made requests for prayer; and as some of them had been attending the services for a year or so, and seemed to fully understand the gospel, we accepted ten of them for baptism. One night, after an open-air service, we gathered in the little chapel to pray. I told them that God was going to hold them responsible for their heathen relatives, and before our meeting was over, three of the men and two women said they wouldn't eat or sleep till they had prayed on the verandahs of their heathen relatives and talked to them about their souls.

There was a great stir in the village. One caste man invited us to his home, gave us seats on his verandah, and we preached to many of his heathen relatives. At the close of these meetings, we baptized twenty-three persons. The older Christians were full of joy and said that nothing like this had ever come to their village before.

Early in December I rode to Cocanada on my bicycle and bought lime to whitewash our house. After my forty-mile ride I felt very tired. While I was superintending the whitewashing I noticed some pimples had broken out on my wrists, but I didn't pay any particular attention to them. I supposed they had been caused by overheating my blood.

Just after we got the whitewashing done, Miss Hatch returned from Canada. Before she went away on furlough, I rode to Cocanada one day on my bicycle and secured a mortgage from a young Brahmin, which he held on some land near the town that she wished to buy for an untainted children's home. I made this trip in order to get ahead of some Hindus, who were trying to buy the land because they didn't wish us to get hold of it. Once I got possession of the mortgage, the owner was ready to sell to us; and Miss Hatch had a young

lawyer make out the deed before she left. On this land Dr. Hulet had erected a new building, and in this we held Miss Hatch's welcome meeting. We gathered there, had a service, and opened the home. Afterwards the Christians gave her a welcome meeting in the chapel. I presided at both of these meetings, but I felt so weary that I could scarcely keep awake.

Overburdened.

Misses Robinson and Baskerville and Mr. and Mrs. Cross spent Christmas with us, and we had a Christmas tree for the Sunday School children. When I made up my books for the year, I found I had spent 165 days on tour and baptized 128 persons on my own field and a few on the Pithapuram field. I went to Conference with a good report and a joyful heart, but I was weary in body and broken out with pimples. I was examined by the Mission doctors. They thought that mine was purely a nerve trouble, that I had over-exerted myself in the heat and was run down. I requested the Conference to appoint someone else to take care of the Peddapuram field, for I was unable to do the work; but there seemed to be no one available, for every missionary was loaded up with work. So, as I had never refused to do anything that the Conference asked of me, though I knew I was not equal to the task, I consented to retain the oversight of it for another year.

Final Tours.

I spent the remainder of January touring over my own field. Previous to this I ate little food and yet was fleshy; but now I had a ravenous appetite. I took a tonic and ate all I could, but nothing seemed to make me strong. After meeting with the workers, the 1st of February, Mrs. Davis and the children started for the hills, and I escorted them as far as Madras. I then returned to my field, packed up my touring outfit and

went for a big tour over the Peddapuram field. I disliked riding in ox-carts, so I used my bicycle altogether. This, of course, was the worst thing I could have done in view of my condition. But I had always been strong and healthy, and was ignorant of the nature of my disease. When I finished that tour I was pretty well tired out; but I conducted two more workers' meetings, then took my boat to Dowleshvaram, had it hauled out of the water, left it to dry, took Miss Hatch's boat and made my last tour over the Ramachandrapuram field. I had helped the Christians in Dathapudi burn brick and build a new chapel. I wished to see it, and besides there were several in different parts of the field waiting baptism. While I was on this tour I met Miss Govindarazulu, a native Christian lady, who had been brought up by one of the Free Church of Scotland missionaries in Madras. She was well educated and had never married. She held the appointment of assistant school inspectress and was in receipt of a good salary from the Government. During our first term in India she was for some years tutoress to the Rajah of Pithapuram's daughter, often spent a Sunday with us at Cocanada and attended both our Telugu and English church services. She had always been very grateful for our hospitality. I had a nice talk with her. When I left she gave me ten rupees for our Mission work, and said, "I hope you will soon get better, for our Hindu people need you." I replied that none of us was so important to the work as that. If I were taken away, God would send someone in my place. "Yes," she said, "but every missionary hasn't the same sympathy and love for our people that you and Mrs. Davis have." I told her to keep close to Jesus and let her light shine for Him, even though she was holding a Government position, bade her good-bye and went on my journey.

I needed that ten rupees to help the Christians of Dathapudi to complete their building. I gave it to

them the next day. After visiting all the villages where there were Christians, and baptizing 35 persons, I returned to Dowleshvaram and got my boat caulked. The heat was terrible, and I suffered very much during the four days I was waiting for the work to be completed. I then returned to my station, conducted what proved to be my last meeting with the workers, got a well dug in the compound where the schoolboys and the native pastor lived, and on the 4th of April I packed my trunk and went away to the hills to join my wife and children.

We had secured the same little house we had occupied twice before in Octacamund. When I reached Coonoor, Mrs. Davis joined me, and she and Annie and I went to Ooty in ox-carts. I had hoped that once I reached there I would begin to mend. The mountain air buoyed me up, I felt quite strong and ran about buying things that we needed to start housekeeping and laying in a wood supply for three months. Then I took several walks over the big hills. Each time I became worse, and broke out with a number of little boils. My feet began to swell and be very painful, and my face was also swollen. I saw the hospital doctor and he gave me some medicine; but it didn't do me any good. I grew worse and worse. Towards the end of May I told my wife that I couldn't endure it any longer, and that I was sure there was something seriously wrong with me. After consulting together, I went to see Colonel Williams, who was physician to the Governor of Madras and his staff. I had met him some years previously, and I knew he was a good man and sure to give me wise counsel. It was hard work for me to climb the long hill leading to his bungalow. When I sat down in the waiting-room and sent up my card by a servant, I was so weak that I was trembling from head to foot. When he saw me he was very much surprised that anyone so strong as I had been should be so badly run down. He examined me carefully and said

he could not be at all sure what my disease was, but advised me to leave for Canada as quickly as possible. He forbade me to return to the plains in the heat to pack my goods, but insisted that we get out of the heat of India as soon as possible. My fellow-missionaries were mostly at Kodaikanal, and I had to write them to get permission to leave. Then we broke up house-keeping and went down to Coonoor, and Annie and I stayed at "Brooklands." During June Mrs. Davis went back to Ramachandrapuram and packed up our goods for shipment to Canada. Mrs. Craig very kindly assisted her. When they had completed the work, she took the boxes to Cocanada, got them shipped to Montreal and then returned to Coonoor. I had been corresponding with Thomas Cook and Son for a passage to London, but found all the ships sailing from Bombay were full, so I was compelled to take passage on a British India steamer from Madras. We went to Madras and Mrs. Davis spent two days shopping, and then we found that our ship had been delayed and would not arrive for two days more. This was a great disappointment to me, for it was July, and Madras was as hot as a frying-pan. During the four awful days I spent there I lost all I had gained on the hills, and my left foot was swollen so badly I couldn't get my boot on. We got a young Englishman to help us on board, as it was with difficulty that I was able to climb up the ladder, which was let down for us at the ship's side.

Impressions.

From the time we first went to Ramachandrapuram, in 1897, I was impressed with the thought that some great event was going to take place in my life. I dreamed about it at night, and it was constantly coming to my thoughts by day. Sometimes I thought I was going to receive a fortune, and I often told my wife that if I did, the first thing I would do with it would

be to build a church for the English-speaking people at Cocanada, and the next would be to build a high school for our Christians. I told Mr. Laflamme that I dreamed one night that I owned a lac o' rupees (100,000), and he replied that he didn't have to dream about it, that he had a lack all the time. At other times I thought the Lord was going to use me in some wonderful way, and that perhaps, like Dr. Clough, I would live to see 10,000 baptized in a single year. Then, again, a great darkness would seem to gather around me, as though something dreadful was going to befall me: and I used to walk the roads and the canal banks at night, praying for hours at a time, and crying out, "Oh God, what is it? Is it sorrow or is it joy?" I was seeking nothing in particular, and yet this thought would haunt my mind, go where I would. I couldn't shake myself free from it. Night and day the thought was ever with me; and though sometimes it seemed to be something terrible, yet I was always impressed with the thought that it was a cloud with a silver lining; that though it might begin in sorrow, it was going to end in joy and great blessing.

"Hands of invisible spirits touch the strings of that mysterious instrument, the soul, and play the prelude of our faith. We hear the Voice prophetic and are not alone."

CHAPTER XIII.

Stricken Down with an Incurable Disease.

Our ship carried a large amount of freight and only a few passengers. There was an engineer on board who had spent many years on a small coasting vessel sailing between India and Burma. He had become run down in health, his brain was affected and they were taking him home to Scotland. The heat was very trying during our trip through the Indian Ocean; and when we stopped at Aden, it was so terrible that this poor man went altogether out of his mind. I, too, suffered a great deal. The little boys and myself slept on deck, and found ourselves well covered with coal-dust the next morning, for they had been taking on coal. We then steamed away up through the Red Sea. The hot winds were blowing, and for five days the temperature was almost unbearable. A great cloud of locusts passed over from the Arabian desert to the African side, and several hundred of them fell on our ship. So we formed an idea of what the locusts in the East were like. I was glad when we reached the Mediterranean, for shortly after we left Port Said a cool breeze began to blow, which made it very pleasant for us, and we were able to sleep at night. We passed Stromboli by night. Every now and then there were little puffs of fire and ashes coming out of the summit, but the Captain said it was not very active at that time, and that he had often seen a much better display of fire from its crater.

We stopped at Genoa, the chief Italian seaport. It has a splendid harbor; and I noticed a large number of ships from different nations delivering goods and taking on cargoes. Mrs. Davis and the two boys went ashore, but Annie and I spent the day on shipboard alone. We watched Italians making their living by gathering coal off the bottom of the sea. There were so many ships

taking on coal there (and a certain amount of it always fell overboard) that these men carried on a thriving business gathering the coal and selling it. There were three of them in a little boat. One put on a diving suit, went down about 35 feet, gathered the coal on the bottom and filled his basket; another paddled the boat about from place to place, and a third kept pumping air through a tube down to his diving friend below. We could always tell where the man was, for little bubbles of water kept rising to the surface, which I suppose was caused by the air escaping. He seemed to move about on the bottom very easily, for the bell would ring and the boat would be paddled in another direction; and we would soon see the bubbles rising to the surface in a new place. During the forenoon they gathered two sacks of coal. They took turns at the diving; one would stay down about an hour, then come to the surface and another take his place. The doctor said it was very trying on the heart, and that men who continued the diving business didn't live very long; and I thought, if they are willing to shorten their lives for money, ought I not to be willing to lay down my life for souls? For Jesus said: "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his soul?" And if one soul is worth more than all the world, is it not worth suffering for? The British officials had frequently told me that I was a fool to shorten my life in a climate like India for the sake of those black devils; but my reply had always been that Jesus thought it worth while to die for them, and the servant is not greater than his Lord.

From Genoa we steamed slowly to Marseilles. Mrs. Davis and the children again went ashore and spent the day sight-seeing. She liked the city and the French people much better than the Italians. After taking on some cargo and coal, we proceeded on our journey to Gibraltar. When we left Port Said we passed two British warships. The war was in progress

between Russia and Japan. The Russian ironclads had been interfering with British merchant ships, and the British were in search of them. At Gibraltar we saw two more British warships; and when on our way through the Bay of Biscay, we were startled one morning by the sound of cannonading. A Russian man-of-war signalled us, and as the Captain didn't slow up quickly enough to suit them, they fired a shot as a warning. In a moment the passengers were all on deck; and there was considerable excitement when we saw the battleship heading straight in our direction. They came up fairly close to us and then turned aside. The Captain was interchanging signals with them constantly; and when they satisfied themselves that ours was a merchant ship, en route from India to England, they let us pass on without stopping to search her.

Consulting Physicians.

We reached London the 12th of August, after over five weeks on the journey. My feet were swollen so badly that I had to tie my bath slippers on with bandages and get down on to the docks as best I could. When we arrived at the station I went into a store and bought a pair of overshoes, and put two pairs of insoles into them. These were the only things I could get on my feet.

Next day I arranged for our passage to Montreal on one of the Allan Line steamers. During our journey from Madras there were two doctors on shipboard, one in the employment of the ship's company and the other an army surgeon. I was examined by each of them. They were both afraid that I had caught that dreadful disease, Syphilis, which is so common in the East. I told them I did not see how it was possible, for I had always lived a clean and careful life. They said that it was quite possible, that innocent people sometimes caught the disease from others, either through drinking

out of the same cup or being inoculated through a scratch or wound; that even doctors sometimes contracted it while treating a patient. They gave me medicine for it, but it did not take any effect, and when this failed said they didn't know what was the matter with me.

One of them gave me the address of an expert in skin diseases, and told me to be sure to see him. Accordingly I wrote him a letter the next day after our arrival, asking for an appointment. On the morning of the 15th I received a reply, asking me to call at 11 a.m. that day. Though I was very lame and suffered a great deal from pain in my feet, I worked my way to the bus-stand, and got on a bus for Oxford Circus in West London. From there I found my way to the doctor's residence, rang the bell, handed my card to a servant, and was shown into a large waiting-room, where there were eleven other patients, all waiting their turn to see the doctor. His charge was two guineas for a consultation; and judging from the number present and those who came in while I was sitting there, he was doing a thriving business. I expected to have to wait until the eleven who were ahead of me were called to his office, but after three of them had gone out, the waiter came and said, "It's your turn now." I was agreeably surprised, and walked as best I could into the doctor's office. I told him everything I knew about my trouble. He didn't seem to wish to tell me anything, but requested me to call with my wife next day. I told him she was very busy, and that I didn't know how she could do so; that we had only a few days to spend in the city, and had already taken our passage to Canada, to sail on the 18th. He said he didn't want to give me a shock, but was afraid my case was more serious than I had any idea of. "Well," I said, "Doctor, I am not afraid to die, if that is what you mean; and you may as well tell me now just what you think." He said of course he might

be wrong, but he had a suspicion that I was suffering from Tubercular Leprosy. "Now," he said, "don't be frightened; perhaps I am mistaken. I'll give you a prescription and you can go on to Canada; and so long as you don't sleep in the same bed, or drink from the same cup as other people, you are not dangerous to anyone." I took out my purse and paid him his fee. He put his arm around me and walked with me through the long hall that led to the street, shook hands with me at the door and said, "Keep up your courage; perhaps you are not as serious as I think. I would like to see more of you, if I could."

The Shock.

Had he told me I was going to die that night, I would have said, "The Lord's will be done"; but I was scarcely prepared for the other verdict. I went out into the street and wended my way among the crowd to a line of busses. I scarcely knew where I was going, or what I was doing; but in order to get home, I was compelled to watch the busses and change at the right places. When I got off at Highbury Barn and walked to my boarding place, I was so lost in thought that I went right past the door without noticing it. I soon found myself going down a hill, away to the other side. I slowly retraced my steps and went to my room. I got the daily paper and tried to read; but although there were many interesting events taking place in the great metropolis at the time, my own trouble was so great that I could not keep my mind on anything. I read a number of news items without knowing what I was reading; but there was one thing I had to do, that was to be perfectly cool and self-possessed till I could think out some plan of action.

My wife and children were away to the Zoo with some friends, and did not return until late in the evening. After she had put the children to bed, she came to my room to see me, for owing to my lameness I had

been given a room downstairs. She at once asked me what the Doctor had said; and although I scarcely knew how to break the news to her, yet I was obliged to tell her. Still we both hoped that matters were not as bad as the Doctor anticipated; and finally I persuaded her to go and take some rest and leave me alone with the Lord. I told her my Saviour had never forsaken me, and I believed He would show me before morning what I ought to do. She, poor woman, almost heartbroken, sobbed out good-night, and left me.

I did not sleep till after two o'clock, but finally committed my way unto the Lord; and in the morning I got up early and had the maid bring me some breakfast before the others were up. Then slipping upstairs, I told my wife my plans, and hobbled out to a busstand and started back to West London to see the Doctor. I found him in his bathrobe, just taking a cup of coffee in his office, and I asked permission to enter the hospital. He said he was very glad I had returned, as he would like to have further time to examine me, and as he was in charge of the hospital, gave me a letter to the house surgeon. I asked him what I should say to the people of the house where I was boarding, and he said to simply tell the maid, before I was leaving, that I had T.B.C., and to have the bedding all washed before letting anybody use it; and this I was particular to do. I then went to East Center, cancelled my ticket, attended to some other items of business and returned home at noon.

Sustaining Wife and Children.

On Wednesday Mrs. Davis completed her shopping. That evening, when the others had retired, she and I went to the storeroom in the basement, where our heavy trunks were, and she packed me up an outfit. While she was putting in the pins, needles, thread and other things that I might want to use, her tears were

falling. I said, "Laura, dear, you have always been brave; be brave still, keep up your courage; there will be some way out of this trouble; God will not forsake us." It was nearly 12 o'clock before we had matters all arranged and retired to rest again. The next morning at eight o'clock we bade our friends good-bye and went to Euston Station, where Mrs. Davis and the children took the train for Liverpool. Up till that time I had said nothing to the children about remaining. Then I told them that I was going to the hospital for a month or so, and asked them to be good and help their mother all they could. The train whistled and I said good-bye to them. We waved handkerchiefs for a moment, and then they were out of sight.

The pain in my feet was so great, while I was standing there on the platform, that I could scarcely keep from crying out; but I walked back to where I had left my trunk, drove a mile and a half to another station and took the train for the Royal Albert Docks, where I arrived about 11 o'clock. I presented my letter to the house surgeon and was admitted into the hospital.

Entering the Hospital.

As usual in all hospitals, I had to undress and go to bed and remain there until the Doctor came on his inspection-visit. It was Thursday, the 18th of August, 1904, and while I live I shall never forget that day. I had been under a great strain since Monday, and the parting with my wife and children and the pain I was suffering made me very nervous. I had never been a patient in a hospital before. I was in a large ward, with about 40 beds, and was curtained off by myself. I took some dinner and tried to sleep, but the groaning of the patients and the pattering of the feet of the nurses, as they hurried to and fro among the sufferers, seemed weird and strange to me. The doctor came in the evening and examined me, but said nothing. The patients

were suffering with all kinds of diseases. All through the night there were groans and cries, and these, with the noise of the street-cars and the trains that were constantly passing, together with the constant movements of the nurses administering medicine, made it almost impossible for me to get any sleep. The next day at 10 a.m. I was put into a small ward upstairs, with a young man from South America. He was gentlemanly and it was a great relief to get out of that general ward.

Further Examinations.

The Superintendent paid a visit to the hospital twice a week, and they were examining my blood for germs, but evidently did not wish to tell me much. I knew the opinion of the chief Doctor, but that was all. Occasionally a visiting Doctor called and examined me; but as a rule they were not certain what was the matter with me.*

I bought the daily paper every morning and read the news, wrote letters to my wife and tried to while away the time. As soon as I got a little better I began to go out for short walks on the road leading past the Docks, and occasionally to Woolwich Gardens; and often I walked up and down the banks of the river in prayer and meditation. What could it all mean? Here I was, 46 years of age, in the prime of life, in the strength of my manhood, the ambitious period of life,

*The bacillus leprae, discovered by Hansen in 1879, closely resembles the bacillus tuberculosis, discovered by Hock in 1880. They are of the vegetable kingdom and the smallest of living things yet known: 125,000 of them could lie side by side on an inch, being about five times as long as they are broad. They multiply by division, and one may increase to 17,000,000 in 24 hours. The Leprosy germ is supposed to enter by abrasion of the skin, and is but feebly contagious.

when I wanted to do some great thing for the Lord; and for years had I not been haunted with the thought that I was going to have some great opportunity, that some unusual thing was going to be thrust upon me? I had anticipated that it was going to be something great and good; but instead of that, I was told that I had a disease that was going to cut me off from my fellow-men, separate me from my family, and blast all my hope in life. Oh God, what can it mean? What have I done to merit it? If I have committed any sin, Lord, show it to me. Make it known to Thy servant and I'll repent in dust and ashes before Thee all my days! And then my past life would come up before me—the struggle I had gone through for the native church; the days and the nights I had spent visiting the sick; the orphans and widows I had clothed and supported in the boarding schools; the beggars I had fed at our gates; the Christians I had helped in times of fire and famine; the lepers whom I had supported in their own homes, and for whom I had helped to build a house of rest; and like Job I could say, "Lord, if I have ever seen the poor hungry and have not shared my bread with them, or the widows and the orphans naked and have not clothed them, then let me suffer." But if I have done well, why hast Thou not remembered me in love and mercy?"

I heard two doctors talking outside of my door one day, and one of them said to the other: "This missionary has given his life for those black devils, and this is what he has got for it. These missionaries always talk about the Lord taking care of them; but He didn't take care of him, did He?" The devil had told me just the same thing; and as I walked beside the Thames day after day, and watched the roaring tide going out, I was tempted to jump in and end it all. The water was yellow with the dust and dirt of the city, and I would soon sink beneath it and be carried away with

the tide. There would be just a little splash and that would end it all. What was I now? Why should I live? I would be a disgrace to my family and a menace to mankind. I couldn't smile; nothing could make me laugh. I felt as though I would never want to wear any good clothes again. If I could only hide away in some shed or some lonely spot in the earth, and die in obscurity! But no; I couldn't. And again the temptation to jump into the river would return, and I would have to pray hard and ask God for strength to keep me, and say, "Get thee behind me, Satan, thou art an offence unto me."

A Great Temptation.

And just here I wish to say that it doesn't take long, when one is in trouble of such an overwhelming nature, to think that the most righteous course to pursue is to put an end to one's own life. Those who have known me will bear testimony that I have been one of the most hopeful characters they have ever met. But here I was alone and misunderstood. There were English officers from tropical climates who were suffering for their sins; and as a number of the doctors thought my malady was Syphilis, I was placed in the same category with sinners. I was conscious of my own innocence and integrity, and often I said: "When He hath tried me I shall come forth as gold." But melancholy spells would sweep over my soul. I had lived for years in the sunshine of God's presence, and there hadn't been a shadow between me and my Lord. When I had prayed I had felt that He was very near to me, that I had access to Him and fellowship with Him, and He answered my prayers; but now I was in trouble and it seemed as if a thick, dark curtain were drawn tight between me and my Maker. I tried to pray, but it seemed of no avail. The curtain would not lift, and I could not see through it. "Call upon Me in the day of trouble, I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify

me" often came to my mind; but where was the God of promise now? It was all night; it was all dark to me. "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him and delivereth them." How often I had repeated this, when about my work in India! But was it true? It was true to the man who had been in trouble and had been delivered; but what about the other who had gone down to death? He hadn't written anything. If he had, what would he have said? And how many others had suffered and not been delivered! Were they not in the great majority? What was the Bible anyway? It was the experience of good men who had been helped; but they were the few, and the many had suffered.

The Problem of the Ages.

I could look out of my back window and see the bodies of the dead carried out to the morgue. It was near the sea, and men who fell from ships or met with various kinds of accidents were carried to the hospital to die in a few hours; while those suffering with all kinds of terrible diseases were dying almost daily. The hearse was constantly going and coming, and the relatives of the dead were weeping. I thought of Von Hartmann and his pessimistic philosophy, of the millions in Europe who had no house to dwell in, who were sleeping on the doorsteps in the great cities and going to bed hungry every night. And then I read a medical book, with a list of diseases which seemed almost innumerable, and so many of them incurable; and the question as to why God made a world with pain in it would continually rise in my mind. Nor was physical pain all of it. How many millions of aching hearts there are! The daily papers recorded suicides almost every day, and generally there was some story of unutterable sadness. My own mental sorrow was a thousandfold harder to bear than my physical pain.

I had no doubt about hell; that the mind could suffer without the body seemed to me evident; but why should there be such a world? Why did a good God create it? And sometimes I thought if I could create a world at all, I would create a better one than this. And often I said, with Job, "Better were it if I had never been born."

Rebellion and Contrition.

Sometimes there was rebellion in my heart, and I would tell the Lord not to tempt me too much, for the worm will turn on the foot that tramples it down. In my remorse and sorrow, and through constantly dwelling upon it, I was carried to the very verge of insanity. And then I would have times of great contrition, and would confess my sins with shame and sorrow before the Lord, and ask Him not to lead me into temptation, but deliver me from the evil one; for it seemed to me that the Lord had let the devil loose upon me; and often I would cry out, "Oh, God, help me! Strengthen me, for my adversary is too great for me. I cannot fight him alone. Blessed Jesus, Thou, too, didst battle with him and conquer; help Thou Thy poor servant, lest he be overcome." And then for a few days I would have rest, would read my Bible and try to lean on the promises of God. I was not afraid of death. I could say, with Job, "I digged for death more than men dig for gold; but alas, it was far from me." And often in a field or lonely road I poured out my heart to God in prayer. I confessed my shortcomings and my sins and humbled myself before Him

A Heart Cry.

I had heard about a heart cry, but I never knew what it was till then; but as I lay upon my face on the ground and cried to my Father in Heaven, "God have mercy upon me! Christ have mercy upon me!" and

my tears fell like rain upon the grass, I told the Lord if He would only hear my cry and deliver me, I would lay my life at His feet for His service. Yea, I would kiss His feet and wash them with my tears. I cried to Him as few men have ever cried; and if the saints and angels can witness our sorrows on the earth, they must have wept as they saw my figure prone upon the ground so often, weeping and crying out in anguish of heart, "God be merciful to me a sinner! Jesus, Thou Son of David, have mercy upon me; for if Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean!"

In Darkness and Forsaken.

A text that I had heard the great Spurgeon speak on the first time I was in London came to my mind. "Who is there among you that feareth the Lord, that obeyeth the voice of His servant, that walketh in darkness and hath no light? Let him trust in the name of the Lord and stay upon His God." Is. 50: 10. He preached with such power and tenderness that he made me weep as I listened to him; and yet I could not understand a Christian walking in darkness and having no light. But there are times when God seems to abandon His own, and this was my hour of darkness and oftentimes I cried out in agony of soul, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" I remembered then that He hid His face from His Beloved Son, in Whom He was well pleased. I had always thought that when I came into great sorrow, God would be very near; that angels would meet me in the way, and that the pathway would be bright; but it was not so. Perhaps I made the cloud myself, because I was determined to be healed, and I couldn't ask anything else.

Rebuked and Reconciled.

While I was in this state of mind, murmuring and repining and beating my wings against the bars of

the cage in which God had locked me up, the same rebuke that came to me in Manitoba, in 1880, when my father and mother and brother died of typhoid fever, came to me again in the hospital: "Be still and know that I am God." Psa. 46: 10. Again I was humbled before Him and hushed to silence. So as I dwelt upon that verse of Scripture I remembered the other portion of it: "I will be exalted among the heathen, I will be exalted in the earth." When first this text came to me, it made a great impression on my mind. "Be still and know that I am God" was the portion for me at that time; but then and for years after during my college course, I often thought, What does the other part of that text mean to me, and why does it haunt my mind? But lo! as I lay upon my bed there in the hospital, I remembered that I had tried in my weak way to exalt the Lord among the heathen; and the question came in my mind, Will the other portion of the verse be fulfilled? Will I be healed and permitted to do something to exalt Him in the earth, or will He be exalted through my sufferings and death? And I cried out, "Lord, Thy will be done. Whether by life or by death, let me glorify Thee, and I will not ask any more." From that time on I became reconciled to my lot and I could say, with the Apostle, "All things work together for good to them that love God; to them who are the called according to His purpose." And what is that purpose? It may be found in the context, "That we may be conformed to the image of His Son."

Ministered to by Friends.

When I had spent a month alone I felt as if I would like to see someone that knew the Lord; and having entertained Mr. John Jackson at our home in Ramachandrapuram, and knowing his address, I wrote him a note and asked him to call on me. The next day I received a visit from him. He was greatly amazed to

see such a change in me, and to learn of my affliction; but he was a wise man, with a kind heart, and did not say any foolish thing to try to comfort me. He sent me a number of good books to read; and among others one on "Faith-cure, or Divine Healing," by Dr. A. B. Simpson of New York. But though I believed all things were possible with God, I couldn't make myself believe that God was willing to heal all people, or that He did not wish us to make use of medical skill. I believed that if I was ever healed, it would be by direct intervention of God Himself; and if my work was not done, that He would heal me; but why should He heal me any more than thousands of others who had lived better lives than I had, and yet were slowly dying of consumption? "If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed ye shall say to this mountain, Be thou removed and cast into the sea, and it would obey you." Yes, it is a question of faith. But faith is the gift of God, and I could only say: "Lord, increase my faith"; and I believe to-day that when God wishes to heal anyone He gives him the faith to believe he will be healed.

On New Year's Day I received a card from my nephew, Ralph Bellamy, who was attending Oxford University as a Rhodes scholar. On it was a verse from Whittier:—

"Who hath not felt, in hours of faith,
That truth to sense and flesh unknown,
That life is ever Lord of death,
And love can never lose its own."

I had been looking on the dark side of life; and yet I realized that life was ever lord of death, for where there is life there is hope. That verse from Whittier lifted me up, and made me think of the brighter side of life; but there would come lonely hours, hours of sadness, and somehow I felt that I had grown old. I

loved to listen to the children playing in the park. I was so surrounded by death and gloom, and they were so joyful and happy and full of life, that their innocence and their mirth were a pleasure to me.

Dr. J. H. Farmer, of Toronto, was in London and paid me a visit. He was so tender and so sympathetic that his prayer and his visit were a blessing to me. He left a pound on the table, as we parted, for me to buy books with. Among others I bought the Autobiographies of George Fox and John Wesley and Cardinal Newman's "Apologia Pro Vita Sua." I read these books with great pleasure.

The Divine Voice.

The reading of these books occupied my mind and kept me from thinking about myself. Notwithstanding the awful darkness through which I passed while I was in the hospital, I yet realized that I was not alone, that I was being kept and upheld by a power greater than my own. I wanted to return to India, but one day when I was praying and asking for guidance as to what course I should pursue, a voice spoke within me and said: "You'll go to Canada and not return to India," and I knew it was the Lord. Then beside the direct leading of the Spirit, my wife would not consent, and the doctors were all opposed to my returning to a hot climate. They strongly urged me to go on a farm and live a quiet life. Accordingly my brother, having sold my land in Manitoba, purchased a small farm for me with the proceeds. I remained in the hospital till towards the end of March and grew stronger and better in every way. Then, having paid extra to secure a cabin to myself, I took passage to Canada.

CHAPTER XIV.

My Struggle for Life and the Defeat.

I arrived on the farm on the 10th of April, 1905. My brother had erected a special room for me. He wished me to build a large hen house and go into the poultry business. But I had no experience in this line and did not care to undertake it. Just before I left the hospital in London an old doctor, who had spent thirty years in Burma, visited me. He said he had seen many cases of Leprosy, and was sure I was not suffering with that disease. He agreed, however, with the other doctors, that I had better go on a farm, have a room to myself, lead an outdoor life and see how I would get on.

My brother and son were putting in the crop when I arrived. I had not seen my three oldest children for over seven years, and did not know them when I met them. My oldest son, Stanley, was a tall, thin boy, but not very strong. He and I undertook the farm work. Besides our own 50 acres, we rented some land from a neighbor and had quite a large hoe crop, including four acres of corn and an acre and a half of roots. This gave us a good deal of work, which was very trying for me; but I got along fairly well until the haying and harvest came on, and then I overdid myself. My old trouble started up afresh, and I was obliged to give up all work during the latter part of August and September. I ate all the food I could, drank a pint of milk after each meal and took Chaulmoogra oil. When I rested, I would get better; but as soon as I tried to do any hard work I got worse again. I remained inactive on my farm and let my wife and the boys manage all the outside business.

Soul Struggle Renewed.

The summer went by quietly, but some of my friends had written home, telling their people what my

illness might prove to be; my brothers had mentioned it to members of the Foreign Mission Board, and along in November the report got noised about the neighborhood. I was very much distressed. It was not my own wish to go on the farm, but the doctors had all urged me to do so; and now I had to abide by the consequences. If I had to meet people, I generally shook hands with them with gloves on. My hands were very tender, and I was compelled to wear gloves about my work. This, too, was the occasion of many unpleasant remarks. I was afraid the children would be shut out of the schools, and often I walked the floor of my room and prayed, "Oh, God, save me from the slander of the tongues of men!" I spent many hours alone in the woods, crying to the Lord in prayer, and often I murmured against my lot and said, "Lord, why hast Thou set me up for a mark and shot all Thine arrows at me? Why dost Thou pursue me, and why hast Thou made me a reproach among men, so that all who pass by wag their heads and hiss at me?" The old question would come up: What have I done to merit the anger of my God? Will He never smile upon me again? Oh that the earth would open and swallow me up; or that I could hide away in the grave and be at rest! But after the Christmas holidays the children went back to school and nothing more was said.

A Trying Situation.

I could not tell my children anything about the nature of my affliction; they were too young. I could not show them my love; I could not take my little girl in my arms and carry her about on my shoulder, as I used to do. The older ones could never know me, for I dared not be intimate with them. They would never know how much I loved them, and why I was there on that farm. I was in a false position. In September of 1906 I had a good offer for the place. I wanted to

sell it and let my wife take the money and buy a house for herself and the children in some town, and let me go to the Hospital where I am now, at Tracadie. At first my wife consented to the arrangement, but when the man came back the second time to close the bargain, she broke down and wept, and said if I left her she would go out of her mind. So, much against my will, I was compelled to remain. My wife had been in a hot climate so long that she was very nervous. She had not been accustomed to doing hard physical work, and the care of the six children and myself was too much for her. Up to the time of my sickness, I had always managed all the outdoor affairs, and she had never had a worry or a care about anything of that kind; but now she had to do the buying for the family, look after the accounts and do all her own housework. The strain was too great for her. That, together with my sickness, cast a gloom over her, and she was often melancholy. I was afraid to leave her; and though I had my hours of doubts and fears, I spent them alone with the Lord, and always kept bright and cheerful when in her presence. She couldn't understand the Lord's dealings with me, and was not so able to bear up as I was; for in the depth of my sorrow I poured out my heart to God in prayer and found relief. One thing became clear to me—that I must remain on the farm until the Lord permitted me to leave it.

The Bible—Miracle or Myth?

From the time I entered the Hospital in England, doubts began to sweep over my soul regarding the sixty-six books handed down to us by the Jewish people. What was the Old Testament at its best, anyway? It was but a history which recorded the experience of good men in past ages. If God appeared to men and talked with them in those days, why did He not do so now? I had lived in the East many years. I had been

surrounded by Eastern people, had read their books, their mythological tales. I had seen their superstitions and knew how they exalted every event into a miracle; how they consulted the priests and the astrologers before they would go on a journey, to see if the time was auspicious and if the stars were favorable; and how, if a priest should chance to forecast the weather and his forecast proved correct, though he had failed a dozen times before, they would call him divine. He was equal with the gods; he could foretell the future; he had the power of life and death; and all who met him on the street would bow down and worship him. And when any great man died they wrote wonderful tales about him, some of which were true, but most of the events recorded were imaginary.

Yes, Eastern people, in their ignorance, believe everything is a god or a demon; and is it not possible that Old Testament writers wrote many things which had, it is true, a measure of truth, but which also contained elements of a purely imaginary character? And might these not have been added to and still more magnified, as they were recorded by the scribes from age to age? And so with the New Testament also—was it not possible that it, too, might to a great extent be the fruit of imagination? Much of it was written by ignorant fishermen; and was it not possible that even the miracles they recorded were like many of those that take place in our days? Many people in India make pilgrimages to sacred shrines, bathe in holy waters and are apparently healed of some kinds of disease. Mrs. Eddy, an unschooled yet extraordinary woman in America, is supposed to have cured thousands of people. She raised up fifty thousand followers in an incredibly short time, and her disciples called her a second Incarnation, another Christ in the flesh. And if, at the close of the 19th century, men and women give their testimony concerning the many miracles which she wrought,

might it not be possible that a superstitious people, in a dark age, were led to idealize the man Christ Jesus, and that some who were cured, but whose malady was more nervous and mental than physical, when writing His history years after He had passed away, merely imagined He wrought many of the miracles attributed to Him?

There was one thing sure. I was suffering from an incurable disease, and there were millions of others in the world suffering in a similar manner, with apparently no human remedy available. Moreover, many of those who were suffering and going down to death were servants of Christ, who loved and trusted Him and cried out to Him in the hour of their distress; but He did not answer. He did not heal people nowadays.

My mind was constantly reverting to this subject. The silence of God was an enigma too great for me. I couldn't understand it; and, try as I might, I couldn't penetrate the mystery.

The Foundation Fact—the Resurrection.

But the more I reflected, and the more I doubted, the less was I able to account for certain events that succeeded the death of Christ. If He had not risen from the dead, would those fishermen have given up their business and suffered hardships and imprisonments, and even death itself, to bear witness concerning His resurrection? If they had been rewarded by some king or emperor, they might have been willing to propagate a story that had been told them; but it is not according to human nature to suffer and die for a cause in which there is no gain or earthly reward, unless the cause is a worthy one; therefore I could not doubt the resurrection of Christ.

The Sinless Life.

And then, the conception of the "Ideal Life" by

poor fishermen would be more difficult to account for than the real life itself. How could these men conceive such a sublime character, if He had never existed? For in all the writings of men, there is no character that even compares with that of Jesus. His humility, His meekness, His overcoming evil with good, His self-sacrifice, His mandate to love our enemies, His holy life—all these were more than human and made Him absolutely unique among men. Yes, He lived; He was a real character. He wrought miracles. He suffered on the Cross and rose again and ascended on high. He transformed the lives of the Apostles, bound them to Him forever and made them His willing slaves; and thousands since then have suffered martyrdom for Him. I had lived in a heathen land and had seen what heathenism could produce; and I had to acknowledge that all that was noble and pure and grand in the civilization of the Occident bore testimony to the miracle-working Jesus.

The Bible, the Record and Revelation.

But what of the Bible? Is it a real revelation from God? It is a record of God's dealings with men in past ages. It has come to us through a human and therefore an imperfect medium. Errors may have crept into it; but still it is a revelation. It is a light to illumine the pathway that leads to Heaven. It gives consolation and comfort in hours of distress and weakness. The law was given by Moses; through him God wrought miracles. He was permitted to build the Tabernacle, to set up the Old Testament church, to install the priests in office, and to leave them a law which they were to administer and teach to the people, and from which they were not to depart day or night. But the priests themselves wrought no miracles. Their work was to administer the law in the old dispensation. The Apostles received the power of the Spirit. They

wrought miracles, spake with tongues, established the Christian Church, installed bishops and deacons in office, and gave them the law of the church in the New Testament, which they were to hold fast and administer, and from which they were not to depart. The New Testament, it is true, was given in divers portions; part of it in the form of Epistles, written to individual churches that were passing through peculiar trials and temptations. Nevertheless, the Apostles were gradually guided into all the truth necessary for the church and for the individual. Their successors did not speak with tongues and work such miracles as they did; but they received the same Holy Spirit to work spiritual miracles, which were greater than the physical. They and their successors have gone on leading a lost world to Christ, and, at the present time, thousands of young men and women are leaving their homes and friends and going into the dark places of the earth, to work these same spiritual wonders in the name of the Lord Jesus.

Other frequently recurring questions were these: Do we really need the Bible? Have we not the Holy Spirit to guide us? Does the Lord not speak to us now, as He did to men in days of old? May we not have visions and dreams and great spiritual upliftings? May we not hear a voice behind us saying, "This is the way, walk ye in it," when we turn to the right hand or to the left? I believe we may, for God has many times spoken to me; but then, there is another voice speaking to us, and it is quite possible that we may hear the voice of the evil one and mistake it for the voice of God. We need to try the spirits to see what manner they are of. We need a common standard, like the Bible, to which we may come and test the voices that are speaking to us. We are so subject to change, to sorrow and sickness and difficulties that overwhelm us, that we are in danger of being swept out of our bearings by the

powers of darkness. If I feel led or drawn to do anything, or to pursue any course that is altogether out of harmony with the teachings of the Apostles and prophets, I am pretty sure that I am under the influence of the evil one; and I need to read over again the sacred pages, to bring me into harmony with all that is pure and holy. No man is sufficient unto himself. We need this common standard that God has given us; and the preacher who grips it with all his might, and is determined to know nothing among men but Jesus and Him crucified, will prove himself to be a man of God and a blessing to his own generation. When the wind of criticism has blown past, I believe the Bible will be left rooted deeper and stronger than ever in the hearts of God's servants. Negative teachers can never save the world. The hour is coming when the minister of God must be able to put his finger on the sacred page and say: "Thus saith the Lord." "The soul that sinneth it shall die." "The axe is laid at the root of the tree, and every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down and cast into the fire." If I were restored to health, I would make my preaching more positive and more dogmatic than ever it was before.

The Starving Cure.

I often heard of people being wrecked and left on islands without food, till, one by one, they starved to death; and I had always imagined that it would be a terrible death to die; but, having had long experience in fasting, I can assure my readers that it is probably one of the easiest forms of death. In April, 1907, I lost the sight of my left eye; my right eye also was badly affected. I had eaten all the food I could, had taken a pint of milk after each meal for two years and had become very fleshy, weighing 205 pounds; but I was no better in health, and whenever I worked hard I got fever, and lumps would form on different parts of my

body. If I totally lost my eyesight, what was I going to do? I certainly would be of no use on the farm. I committed my way to the Lord and waited on Him daily to guide me. About the first of May, Rev. W. T. Bunt sent me a book on how to keep healthy. I read it over, but there was nothing new in it. I had heard our Mission doctor talk of all that was mentioned in it concerning the laws of health. Then I remembered that I had once bought a book called "The New Science of Healing," by Louis Kuhne of Leipsic. My wife, after searching for some time, found it in the back of my library. I could see just enough to read the important parts of it through two or three times; and at last I decided to accept the rules laid down by him, and give the treatment outlined a trial. I had taken ten injections of a kind of serum, when I was in the hospital in England, and had eaten an egg-cupful of clear salt every day for ten weeks. I had taken five pounds of Chaulmoogra oil, and tried one or two other remedies; but all had proved of no avail. On the 15th day of May I changed my diet, gave up all kinds of meat, eggs, butter, milk, pepper, salt and vinegar, and instead ate vegetables, stewed fruit and unleavened graham bread. In the morning I took rolled-wheat porridge, without salt or milk; but generally I had a few baked apples or a little stewed fruit, without sugar, to eat with it. At noon I ate turnips, carrots, or parsnips, and two slices of unleavened bread, without butter; and at night a little fruit and one slice of bread. Along with this dieting, I took two steam baths every week and three sitting hip-baths in cold water daily. While following this course, I worked five or six hours a day on the farm. The first month I lost 24 pounds; the second 18 pounds; the third 13 pounds; the fourth 11 pounds, and the fifth 5 pounds; in all, 71 pounds. During this time, I worked through the haying and harvest; and, although I was not strong, still all the soreness and

swelling went out of my feet and legs, and I felt very much better than I had for three years. That Fall I let my oldest son go away to work for himself, did the Fall ploughing, and cut the corn and drew it in myself. Often I was so weak that, after sitting down to rest, when I arose everything would turn dark and I would become so dizzy that I would fall over against the fence and have to hang on to it for a while, till my strength returned. Then the darkness would pass away and I would go on with my work. Kuhne was very positive in his work that it is possible to starve the germs of any disease, and I determined to give the theory a fair trial I went steadily on with my work, and in the winter time did the chores and cut the wood for the house. My other boys went to school, and did not have much time to help me, except on Saturdays. I improved considerably at first, but, by the Spring of 1908, I did not seem to be any better.

Sickness and Death of Mrs. Davis.

About the first of January, 1909, my dear wife took sick with Neuritis. In May, the doctor found a gathering back of her left lung, tapped it and took away over a quart of pus. She almost collapsed under the operation. Two doctors said she could not live a week. Her eyes and mouth were both open, and she lay in an unconscious state. Her sister was with her and watched over her very tenderly. When a week had passed, she gathered a little strength, and seemed better. She lingered, as it were between life and death, till January the 6th, 1910. She was so weak that she could not wait on herself in any way, and suffered a great deal of pain throughout the year. After the High School examinations were over, in June, Evelyn became sole nurse to her mother, and took care of her, night and day, until she passed away.

It was a very trying year for me; for during the

hours of my sorrow, she had been my close companion; and on Sundays, when the children were away to church and at Sunday School, she used to read to me. She was a beautiful reader, and it was a great pleasure to listen to her. We spent many happy hours together, reading and talking over plans for the future. All through the year, there were strangers in the house. She was ill, and the doctors were coming and going once or twice a week. I had to look after the work outside, and give advice concerning everything that went on. I did my own washing, scrubbed my own floor, washed my own dishes and tried to keep my room tidy; but it was difficult, for I was half-blind. I had done my own washing and scrubbing from the first, but my wife used to come into my room and tidy up and help me to keep things in order. That Fall I was so blind that I could not see to strike out lands when ploughing. My little boy, George, used to walk down the side of the furrow, just ahead of the horses, and I followed him, and struck out two or three lands before he went to school in the morning. I had done that for three years, for I could not see a stake from one side of the field to the other; but when once I had the land struck out, the little boys went on to school, and I would plough away till night. I was very weak; and when I became very hungry, my sight would fail to such an extent that I could not see the plough, and I would have to unhitch and try again after dinner. I also had a sore foot, and could scarcely walk; but I toiled away, as best I could, and completed the work.

Along in December I wrote to my son, John, who was teaching school in Alberta, that if he wished to see his mother again he had better come home for Christmas. He came and stayed with us till the 2nd of January. He spent most of the time with his mother, though she could not talk much. It seemed to comfort her to have him near. On the night before he left, I sent for

Stanley, and we all gathered in the parlor around her bed and sang in low tones:—

“Abide with me; fast falls the eventide:
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide.
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, Oh abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
Oh Thou who changest not, abide with me.”

Evelyn read the 23rd Psalm, and we all knelt in prayer. I lifted my heart and voice to God for her and the children. When we had finished, she thanked us all and kissed all the children good-night, and that was her last service on earth. The next morning John was compelled to start back for the West. When he bade his mother good-bye, they were both cheerful, though they knew they would never meet again on earth. She kept up bravely, kissed him and told him not to miss his train, and I hurried away with him to the station. When I came back, she asked me to write to her sister and tell her she would soon be with Jesus. The next day I spoke to her, but she did not answer. The doctor said she could not live till evening; but she lived till Thursday evening at seven.

When she was gone, Tina, our servant girl, became very nervous and excited, and began to sob. Evelyn, too, who had been up night and day for so long, had reached the breaking-point. Dear little Annie was lying in the parlor bedroom in a critical condition, suffering from a sharp attack of pneumonia, and the least excitement might throw her into convulsions. I took in the situation in a moment, and lifted up my voice and sang, “Praise God, from Whom all blessings

flow." Evelyn and the boys joined with me. Then I sent the boys to call the neighbors, and went in to talk with Annie. I told her stories of the joys of heaven, of its golden streets and jasper walls; and how probably the angels were taking her dear mother about, and showing her the glories of which we read in the Bible. I told her that her mother had no pain now, and that she must not wish her back again to suffer as she had done. She said, No; she would rather not see her come back again to suffer. Poor little darling! How I longed to kiss and caress her! But I dared not. There was a barrier between me and my loved ones; and how keenly I felt it in the hour of sickness and death, God only knows. I was granted special strength for the occasion, and kept up as bravely as a general commanding an army.

When I had got Annie quieted, I wrote out three telegrams and had one of the neighbors drive me to town. I saw the undertaker, chose a casket and returned home. The undertaker followed, and embalmed the body that evening. The next afternoon at four, friends and neighbors gathered in, and Rev. G. C. Lamont conducted a short funeral service. The children and I sang one verse of the beautiful hymn:—

“Sleep on, beloved, sleep and take thy rest;
Lay down thy head upon thy Saviour’s breast;
We loved thee well; but Jesus loves thee best;
Good-night! Good-night! Good-night!”

At six o’clock the undertaker came and took the body away to his rooms. As Annie was in a critical condition, the doctor thought the sooner we could have the remains removed from the house the better. The next morning my son Stanley, and my wife’s brother, Zachariah Lockhart, accompanied the body to Newtonville, Ont. On Monday, January 10th, 1910, Doctors

Brown and Bates conducted a funeral service in the Presbyterian church at the place where my dear wife had spent her childhood days; and she was laid to rest beside her mother, in the Lockhart family plot. Our house seemed very empty when she left us, but none of us wished her back. She had suffered so much that it was a sad, but glad, relief when God took her. I received many letters of sympathy from friends and from the Foreign Mission Board, which has been so true and so kind to me since my affliction. To all those dear friends, and to my fellow-missionaries in India, I owe a debt of gratitude I can never repay.

God's Marvelous Power of Restraint.

It is difficult for man to contemplate the almightiness of God. We witness it in the terrible storms on the ocean; in the roar of the Falls of Niagara; in earthquakes and volcanic eruptions; in the rumbling, roaring thunder that follows the flash of lightning; in the might that upholds the starry heavens above us; but we are finite and limited, and cannot conceive of unlimited power.

If man were possessed of this great power which we ascribe to God, how would he use it? History tells us how kings and feudal lords have exercised their power. Herod, through jealousy, had his wife and two sons and his mother put to death. Nero not only called out in his passion "Christians to the lions," but imprisoned and put to death officers and noblemen who dared to oppose him. Kings were absolute monarchs in those days, and often, in their fits of anger, put to death their best friends. They had power, but lacked restraint. And even among Christians, many have been put to death or imprisoned in the name of Him who said, "Love your enemies, and do good to those who spitefully use you."

Few men can be trusted with great power. A man

who meets with signal success in life often becomes vain and proud, and refuses to recognize the companions with whom he played in boyhood. He lacks the power of restraint, and becomes an offence to his fellow-men. The great defect in human character is this lack of restraint. Even the sons of Zebedee, the loving Apostle, John, and his brother, James, once asked the Lord to call down fire from heaven upon those who opposed them.

God's thoughts are not our thoughts, nor His ways our ways. Men blaspheme His name, break His laws, trample on justice, and still He bears with them and is silent. We fly to the relief of our children, when in distress, indulge them, pamper them and spoil them, simply because we are unable to restrain our feelings; but how differently God acts toward His children! He sees that which will be for their good and His glory, and He lets them endure hardships and suffer what is almost heart-breaking to read about; and yet He is silent. This silence of God has ever been a mystery to men.

As I lay in the hospital in London, and realized that I was thrust out of God's service in India; that all my life plans were broken, and my dreams and aspirations brought to naught, the hardest thing I had to bear was the thought that God had counted me unworthy to serve Him. I had put in two terms in India, and had just begun to understand the people and the work. I had offered myself to the Lord, body and soul, for that work, and then I was taken away from it. What could it all mean? Had I been mistaken? Had I misunderstood my God? Why was the way so dark? And why did He hide His face from me?

So I can imagine the heaviness of heart with which Moses went about his work in the desert. He was a graduate of the Egyptian College. He was a philosopher. He was well versed in all the Egyptian sciences; he was an officer in the King's army; he had

servants to wait on him, and bands of music to play for him. And here he was in the desert, without a book, without a servant, without an educated companion with whom he could converse. The iron went down into his soul; he gave up all hope of delivering his people. The silence of God was too great for him; he could not understand it; he could only serve on and die as a shepherd. But, when least expected, a bush burned one day, and a voice spoke to him. God's time had come, and he is the chosen leader of His people; and for forty years he led them through this very wilderness where he had been a shepherd. He gave them the Law and the Tabernacle, ordained a priesthood for them, and led them to the border of their promised possession. He suffered forty years, but he rendered the greatest service to God and His people of any who bear the name of Jew.

In these examples the reason for God's silence is given. But take the case of John the Baptist, the forerunner of Jesus, who prepared the way of the Lord and made His paths straight; who pointed his own disciples away from himself to the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world. And yet he was thrown into a dark, damp prison, and left there to grow despondent and melancholy. Outside, Jesus is calming the tempest and stilling the wave, healing the sick and raising the dead. John hears of this marvellous power and wonders why it is not exercised in his behalf. He cries to God for deliverance; he doubts; he sends his disciples to Jesus to inquire if He really is the Christ; and although he is assured by the reply of Jesus, yet his prayer is not answered, and he is not delivered from the prison; instead, he is cruelly put to death by a wicked king.

Did not Jesus love him? Had He not power to deliver him? I answer in the affirmative. He both loved him and had the power to deliver him; but John's work

on earth was done. There was higher service for him to perform, and hence God was silent.

This lesson I take to myself. If my work on earth is done, God will not heal me, though I cry ever so much; for He has some other purpose in view, something that I cannot understand now.

“Not now, but in the future years;
It may be in the better land,
We’ll know the meaning of our tears,
And then, ah then, we’ll understand.”

And I am led to believe that one of the chief characteristics of God is His power of restraint. Every man and woman has this power in a small degree. If we cultivate it and learn to restrain ourselves, it makes us more like our Lord and Master. All true nobility of character is built up through this process of restraining our desires, of denying ourselves and taking up our cross cheerfully. We can only attain to knowledge by the path of denial, by our holding on, even through crucifixion. And I must believe that God is working out for me, through my suffering, a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. Therefore, I bow my head and kiss the hand that smites me, and say: “Father, not my will but Thine be done.”

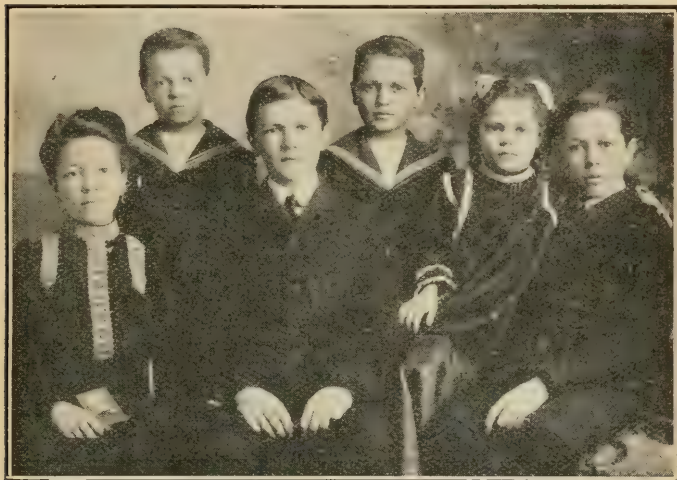
Giving.

The question may arise in the minds of those who peruse these pages: How could I be happy while on the farm with my wife and children, knowing that I had a terrible disease, and might possibly communicate it to some of them? I can only say that I tried to be happy, because I felt compelled to remain on the farm until the Lord showed me definitely what I was to do; and during those five and a half years I hope my children profited by my being with them. The three older

ones were just at the age when the character of young people is being shaped for good or ill; and it was highly important that they should be with their parents at such a time. They belonged to the church; but they knew almost nothing about the duty or responsibility which this involved. I could not attend church anywhere, and my wife refused to leave me; but every Sunday she got our six children ready and sent them to church and Sunday School. She took six little envelopes supplied by the church, put ten cents into each of them, and gave them to the children to take for an offering to the Lord; and when the offerings for the various Missions were taken, we generally gave four or five dollars to each of these special objects. We did our giving through the children, and taught them that God required for His service a portion of all that we received. My wife was very punctual and faithful about giving to all good causes, and we taught the children not to forget the poor. At the end of our first year we received some Xmas presents from friends, and sent \$60.00 to India—ten for the new English chapel at Cocanada, and fifty to build a house for the native pastor at Ramachandrapuram; and we did not forget our own beloved pastor either. God had been good to us, and we tried to be prompt in passing on to others a portion of all that we received.

I conducted worship with the children every day, and did all I could to start them out in life with their faces heavenward. There are so many things that come up and have to be faced and settled by boys who are just passing into manhood that I felt they needed my counsel. As far as I could, I made them my companions. I talked with them about the various walks in life with which I was acquainted. They, in turn, told me their difficulties and troubles. I believe that parents ought always to be frank with their children, to trust them and keep their confidence; and this I tried to do. They

did not understand or appreciate the value of an education; so I had to keep the importance of it before them constantly. They did not realize what were the important things in life. They needed their father and mother to point out to them their mistakes and to emphasize the things that ought to have first place. Anyone who has reared a family will realize what a



CHILDREN OF MR. AND MRS. DAVIS (1905)
Evelyn, Arthur, Stanley, George, Annie, John Wilson.

task it is to get children to discern between the false and the true, between the things that count for much and the things that count for little.

Neighborly Kindness.

Shortly before I came away, one of our neighbors was burned out. They lost their house and all their clothing, except what they had on. My son John heard

of it, and came home and reported the matter to me Monday evening. After we had prayer, I said to the boys: "We have a house and beds to sleep in to-night; but our friends have none, and no clothes to wear to church on Sunday," and I asked Arthur, my youngest son, what he intended to do about it. Then one of the boys remembered that we had a bed we did not need, and suggested that we give them that. We also found two good hats my wife had bought before she was taken sick, and two pillows, and decided that we could give them. The little boys had earned about six dollars apiece working for neighbors, and they volunteered to give a dollar each. Annie also had her own little bank account, and she gave a dollar. John had returned from teaching school in the West, and he gave five dollars. I gave five, and Stanley, who was working away from home, gave two. The next morning I sent John with the bed and the other things to our friends. He also interested the treasurer of the Otterville church in the matter. The latter telephoned the pastor, requesting him to come up that they might consult together. The pastor wrote a brief statement of the case, and signed his own name for five dollars, and the treasurer did the same. They each took a copy of the subscription list, and agreed to see what they could collect. The treasurer collected forty dollars, and John seventy-three. Other subscriptions brought the total up to about two hundred. This was handed to our unfortunate neighbor, together with some bedding.

Good Counsel.

This was one of the last acts I inspired my boys to do. I had tried to keep them out of bad company, to show them the evils of smoking, drinking and idleness, and had kept urging them to aspire to be something and to do something for the Lord Jesus Christ. And, if, in the good providence of God, they shall prove to be

a blessing to their fellow-men, my life with them on the farm will not have been a failure.

Fighting the Disease.

In July of 1910 my strength commenced to fail, and my disease began to reassert itself. I was unable to do the work on the farm any longer. My son John returned home and took my place. In August, I still further restricted my diet, to see if I couldn't exterminate the germs. I continued to take my steam and cold baths, and ate as little as possible. I kept reducing myself, little by little, till I weighed only 118 lbs. I had intended to keep on reducing till I should weigh only 100 lbs., but I got so weak, and my heart beat so violently that I was afraid I was slowly committing suicide. This I did not wish to do; but still I was unwilling to give up the treatment. I used to walk about four miles a day on the railroad track, and lie down on the grass in the woods to rest myself; and every time I got up, I would be so dizzy and blind that I could scarcely stand, and would have to hold on to the fence or a tree for a few seconds, to recover strength enough to walk back to the house. When I started to walk, it seemed as if I were walking on the air. When I breathed, I could feel the air discharging from my ears.

The Final Diagnosis.

I struggled on like this till the end of October. When I saw that I could not conquer the disease, I made up my mind that I was going to eat some real food again. Just at this time Dr. E. G. Smith, our medical missionary, home from India on a furlough, came to see me. When I left India he thought I was suffering merely from a nervous collapse. He was now convinced that I had that fearful disease of the East. So I determined to leave my home and children and get

away to a hospital, where I would not be a source of danger to others, and where I could be properly cared for. I had not eaten milk, eggs or butter for three years and five months; and when I began to take a little stronger food, I found my stomach was so weak that I could not digest it. After each meal my heart would beat violently and I would perspire terribly.

To Tracadie.

I got my brother George to correspond with the superintendent of the Hospital at Tracadie, N.B. When I found I could be received, I urged him to accompany me and assist me on the journey. My eyesight was so bad I could scarcely see where I was going, and could not tell one person from another; so it was not safe for me to travel alone. My brother kindly consented, although he disliked seeing me go so far away from home. We were two days and nights on the train. I could not take a Pullman car, and he refused to leave me. So we sat up in our seats all the way, and finally had a drive of 24 miles through a storm, to reach our destination. My strength was just about exhausted. He must have felt very weary, too, but did not complain. He remained two days at the hotel, and visited me twice each day. Then we said farewell, and he travelled back a thousand miles to his home.

I had committed my way to the Lord. I had burned my ships behind me and could not return; nor had I any desire to do so. All the doctors I consulted had encouraged me to go on the farm. I had done so; and although I never was quite happy about it, yet I had done my best. The Lord had called away my dear wife, and now He had separated me from my dear children; and yet I could say, "It is the Lord. Let Him do what pleaseth Him." For I was satisfied that "all things work together for good to them that love God," and that He was working for my highest good and His

glory. I thought the end might not be far off, and that before the winter was over I might see Him face to face, and "tell the story, saved by grace."

"Not now, but in the coming years,
It may be in the better land,
We'll know the meaning of our tears;
And then, ah then, we'll understand."

CHAPTER XV.

Five Years in the Lazaretto.

Toronto, Nov. 24, 1910.

Dear Bro. Brown:

Am passing through Toronto on my way home. Left John at Tracadie, N.B. Large stone hospital, steam-heated, clean, up-to-date in every way. Twenty-one with this disease there; four blind; three of one family, woman and child. One worse than John. Supported by the Government. One end of the building a convent. Sisters care for the sick. Dr. Langis, Superintendent. Postoffice forty rods away. He is so blind he cannot read. Be careful what you write for others to read to him.

G. B. DAVIS.

Tracadie, N.B., Nov. 28th, 1910.

Dear Bro.. Brown:

We arrived here on Saturday night about dark. We left home on Wednesday at 4 p.m., and made good time until we got to Bathurst, where we arrived too late on Friday to catch the train on the spur line coming here. It runs only twice a week, on Tuesday and Friday. So we had to stay at a hotel a day and night, take a train going on another fork of the line for about 55 miles, and then by livery rig out here.

There will be no charge here, but it would be hard for me to live on their food. The patients are all of the poor working class, Icelanders and French. None of them can read or write.

Be careful what you write, for I cannot read your letters. I am cut off from the world. No one to read to me. No one of like faith in Jesus. All I have is God. But He is able to keep me until He calle me home. The Sisters are kind and will be good to me, I hope. You

can see what drove me here. It was blindness and weakness. I could not think of exposing John and the other boys to such a danger any longer. I could not see to wash my own clothes and keep my room scrubbed clean. I am not long for this world, anyway. I am only fit for the grave.

Remember me still at the throne. I need your prayers and sympathy now more than ever I did. But I am here for a purpose. Do not forget that; I will not forget it either.

The Lord be with you and all the members of the Board, is my prayer. I do not forget their love to me. G. B. will sell the farm next September and let John off to college. He will help John and Evelyn to look after the little ones.

J. E. DAVIS.

Tracadie, N.B., Dec. 15th, 1910.

Dear Bro. Brown:

I was glad to get your letter a few days ago, and to know that you approved of my coming here. I thank you very much for your kind interest in me; your loving kindness to me and mine has been like a benediction since I returned home. You know the good book tells us: "Owe no man anything but love." I confess that I am much in your debt in that direction. I am always glad that I met one in life who has been so true a friend to me. "A friend in need is a friend indeed."

"Two men looked out from their prison bars.
One saw mud, the other saw stars."

If I choose to dwell on the melancholy side, I might see much that appeared to be like mud.

I caught a cold coming down and suffered consider-

able pain since arriving. I am nearly blind, and hence am cut off from the literary world. I am unable to read the papers and cannot keep my hand on the pulse-beat of the nations, as I was wont to do.

I do not take the Canadian Baptist, as I have no one to read it to me; so I do not know what is going on in the demonination.

The patients here are mostly of the poorer classes and do not take much interest in books and papers, and the Doctor and Sisters are too busy to spend much time in that way. But though, in one sense, I am dead to the world without, I see the stars ever shining before me; and as the Star of Bethlehem led the wise men in days of old, so it leads me to-day. I looked out of my window last night and saw the stars shining, and a stanza of Longfellow's poem came to my mind:—

“Silently, one by one,
In the infinite meadows of Heaven,
Blossom the lovely stars,
The forget-me-nots of the Angels.”

I will not take up any more of your time quoting poetry, but if you know of anyone who takes the “Literary Digest,” perhaps you could have it sent to me. I think one of the Sisters will try to find time to read me the important events recorded in it. It is published by Funk and Wagnalls, New York. I will be very glad if you can send it to me.

The Doctor and the Sisters are doing all they can for me; so you may rest assured that I am not neglected. I feel stronger to-day than I have since coming here. Please let me know all the news from the Mission fields in India, and, if you have time, ask Miss McLaurin to keep me in touch with the work going on there.

Now, the God of all blessing be with you and your dear children.

Yours in the best of bonds,

J. E. DAVIS.

Dec. 24th, 1910.

Rev. Edward T. Fox:

My Dear Mr. Fox,—It was not so hard for me to come away from the family as you may think. Since Mrs. Davis passed away, last winter, I have been growing weaker and blinder, and I was afraid of becoming a burden to the children. I therefore begged my brother to come and take me to Tracadie.

For six and a half years I have never been without pain, except when asleep, and during the past two months I have suffered a good deal. My hands and feet are greatly swollen, and my throat is very sore and dry. I have had a good deal of fever, and perspire so at night that my clothes and sheets are wet through in the morning.

I have always hoped that in some way God would raise me up again and give me another opportunity of serving Him. But of late I have begun to feel that my life-work is done; of course, concerning this I cannot say. I am ready to serve in this world, if it please Him, or to go up into higher service. "In His presence there is fulness of joy, and at His right hand there are pleasures forevermore," and that is where I long to be.

J. E. DAVIS.

Tracadie, N.B., Feb. 17, 1911.

Dear Brother Brown:

I received letters from Mrs. McLaurin and Doctors Farmer and Norton, and a number of letters from India, so I am trying to send a return message to all the mis-

sionaries. I hope and pray that this may prove helpful to those who are toiling on the field.

I am getting along as well as can be expected, and have received a great deal of kindness and consideration from both the Doctor and the Sisters, who are so faithfully devoting their lives to such a needy cause. I do not regret coming here, but, on the contrary, I continually give thanks to God for such a home. I am not very strong, but still much better than I expected to be. This is my birthday. I have passed the fifty-third milestone, and I realize, too well, how poorly I have lived. It took me till I was forty-five to learn how to live; and when I said, "Lord, let me live for Thee; let my life henceforth be altogether Thine," then I ceased to live for Him, and have since been learning how to suffer and die for Him.

J. E. DAVIS.

Tracadie, N.B., March 29th, 1911.

Dear Brother Brown:

I am not very strong, but I am just as happy as I was in India. My brother and some of my missionary friends wish me to write a history of my life. Do you think it would be of any value? I would not want it published while I was living; but if it would be of any use after I am gone, I would not mind telling out the whole story.

J. E. DAVIS.

Kincardine, April 1, 1911.

Dear Brother Brown:

Poor John, that trip seemed like a nightmare. I hear from him every second week. He lost his voice about Xmas. He has gained in flesh, but is not so strong for walking about. Three lepers have died since he went there, two of them children. He has a com-

fortable room by himself, and is well cared for. He is blind, and all letters are written for him by Sister Petrie, who is well educated in French and very good in English. To keep John from thinking, with no occupation, I have persuaded him to write his life story.

G. B. DAVIS.

Tracadie, N.B., June 19th, 1911.

Dear Brother Brown:

I am continuing to take the Nastin, one injection each week, and think I am improving. Of course, it will take a long time to cure a case like mine, unless the Lord, in some special way, wills to heal me. I am altogether in His hands, and will not murmur against His leadings.

J. E. DAVIS.

Tracadie, N.B., July 12th, 1911.

Dear Brother Brown:

You will excuse me for having mentioned the word ambition; but I must tell you that I began to be very ambitious myself when I was forty years of age. I somehow woke up and began to realize what great things could be done for God and my fellow-men, if I were only consecrated enough to undertake them; and sometimes I wondered whether the Lord was displeased with me for having taken that M.A. examination, though I am sure I did not neglect my mission work while I was doing it. What ambition I had was a desire to get the most out of the rest of my life, and to die seeking to accomplish some great work for the Lord Jesus Christ. But when I thought I was ready, when I began to reach out after greater things, when my heart began to burn within me and my soul to pant after the Lord, "as the hart panteth after the waterbrooks," then it was that He laid me low and humbled me. At first it seemed too great a cross to bear; but, by His grace and His love, I have either grown stronger, or

the cross has become lighter; for now I can say, with the poet:—

“A tent or a cottage, why should I care?
 They’re building a palace for me over there!
 Though exiled from home, yet still I can sing:
 All glory to God, I’m the child of a King!
 The child of a King! the child of a King!
 With Jesus my Saviour, I’m the child of a King!”

I have taken ten injections of Nastin, and it has driven a good deal of foreign matter out of my system; but there is too much to be done yet for me to prophesy anything concerning the future. I keep in a fair degree of health, go for short walks down to the seaside every day, listen to the reading of the daily paper and the Literary Digest, and keep in touch with all that is going on in the outside world. To say that I am never lonely would scarcely be true; but to say that I try to walk in the sunshine of His presence, in the shadow of the Cross, and that I have much real joy and happiness, is simple fact. And now may an overwhelming sense of God’s presence be your portion and your strength to guide you in all your arduous duties.

Yours in the fellowship of Christ’s sufferings,
 J. E. DAVIS.

Cocanada, India, July 13, 1911.

To Our Brother in the Lord, Rev. J. E. Davis—with
 Affectionate Greetings:

Dear Brother,—Your message was such an out-breathing of your own inmost spirit as made your presence in the midst of us seem very real. It was as if you were here. Its tenderness and brotherliness, the high spiritual plane from which it spoke to us, the timeliness and appropriateness of its import, and its tone of triumphant faith very deeply touched our hearts and awakened in us feelings such as words can feebly express. We thank God that He has made his all-suffi-

cient grace so to abound toward you as to transform the furnace of affliction into a veritable presence-chamber of the Most High, and that it has been our



SIGNALLER JOHN WILSON DAVIS, B.A., B.Th.

privilege to receive from this inner sanctuary a message so fraught with blessing and inspiration. Probably none of us will ever forget what we felt during the

brief space occupied in listening to your letter. The example you have hitherto set us of faith and hope, of willing acquiescence in the Father's will, and of undaunted Christian heroism, has been such as, long ago, to elicit the grateful admiration of your brethren, and has proven to them, as well as to all who have had the pleasure of knowing you, how complete and inexhaustible is the sustaining power of Christ's presence, how all-embracing it is in its sufficiency for every circumstance and need of our lives.

Because of the example you have thus set us, and in view of its rich fruitage of blessing, we most assuredly know that you have not lived your life in vain since you left India. You have thus been fulfilling, probably to a far greater extent than you have ever imagined, a sacred ministry of immeasurable worth. Were we competent to measure the value of sanctified suffering, or to determine the extent of the beneficent influence on human lives that should flow therefrom, we would confidently say that, in your own case, the good accruing to others from your patient walk in the way of the cross has been well worth while; but we know that only the Father can fully determine such values, and that it is for you, our suffering brother, rather than for us, your brethren, who are exempt, to say whether the example you have set in affliction and the great good that others have derived from it, as well as from your chastened ministry therein, has yielded you a compensation so satisfying as to justify the conviction that the good thus derived was worth the pain of the heavy cross. This we know, that you fully trust God to look after the fruitage of such sorrow, and that you feel that all is well, since it is the Father's good and perfect will. For ourselves, we most earnestly assure you that we thank God for sparing your life for the good that has resulted to us thereby. We would have been poorer men and women to-day had we been de-

prived of all your example and ministry have meant to us in recent as well as in past years.

In response to your request, we placed a chair in the place of honor in the Telugu chapel, where our sessions are being held, in recognition of the Holy Spirit's presence, and of His work of presiding over the deliberations of the Conference, and as the Leader and Guide of the people of God. Our sessions have been characterized by a spirit of singular harmony and helpfulness, and we have felt, in a very marked degree, the Divine guidance and blessing. We feel sure that much of this is due to the influence left on our hearts by your letter. If the same spirit of brotherly love and trust, and the same consciousness of the leading of the Holy Spirit will but as fully manifest themselves in all future Conferences, they cannot fail to prove potent factors in the extension of Christ's Kingdom among the Telugus.

And now, dear brother, we commend you to God and to the word of His grace. How reassuring this word is: "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee. For I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour."

Once more we assure you of our tender and unflinching sympathy, of our constant and fervent prayers for you and your dear children, and that you are ever held by us in affectionate regard and appreciation.

"The Lord bless thee and keep thee; the Lord make His face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee; the Lord lift up His countenance upon thee and give thee peace."

Yours on behalf of the United Conference,

JAMES A. K. WALKER,

C. H. ARCHIBALD,

A. E. BASKERVILLE.

Tracadie, N.B., Aug. 29th, 1911.

Dear Bro. Gilmour:

Your visit here was very much appreciated. I heard that some of the women almost cried when you went around and said a word of good cheer to them in their own language. Poor women! Some of them have left behind them children, whom their hearts yearn for, and it does not take much to unlock their pent-up feelings.

You asked me if I were willing to have a statement made in our Convention concerning the nature of my disease, and my whereabouts. I suppose the matter will be known some time; but I have not wished to be paraded before the public as a martyr, while I am living. I went down into the fight and received my wounds, and will try to die like a good soldier, without a murmur or complaint. And I would be willing tomorrow to enter into the same work again, if God restored me to health and strength, and gave me the opportunity. I would count it a great privilege, and not a sacrifice.

Yours in the best of bonds,

J. E. DAVIS.

Tracadie, N.B., Dec. 5th, 1911.

Dear Brother Brown:

The weather is getting pretty cold, and the patients will all be shut in during the long winter. We are trying to collect enough money to buy a Gramophone, to provide a little entertainment for them, and thus divert their minds from themselves. People suffering from this disease have a tendency to become melancholy. Their own sorrows and sufferings, and the thought of what they have lost, occupy their thoughts continually, and a little music occasionally would help brighten their lives. If you will have a dollar to spare, it would be thankfully received.

J. E. DAVIS.

Tracadie, N.B., Dec. 26th, 1911.

Dear Brother Brown:

We had a great day on Christmas. The patients were all entertained and delighted by the music from the Graphonola, so kindly sent by Dr. Gilmour, and on Saturday, the 23rd, I received the boxes of fruit and a box of figs, which I suppose Mr. Shenstone, out of a loving heart, sent me. On Sunday, I had a taste of the peaches, and they were delicious. As I lay on my bed and thought of the goodness of God to me, in raising up such kind friends, I wet my pillow with tears, for these acts of kindness are to me tokens of Gods' loving care, and they assure me of the faithfulness of His promise: "Lo I am with you all the days, even unto the end of the world."

I am continuing to take the Nastin twice a week, and that is as much as I am able to bear. I have considerable pains in my hands and feet, and in my head and back, and, in fact, in all my limbs, and my throat is pretty sore. But suffering cannot dim my hope or lessen my faith. "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."

J. E. DAVIS.

Tracadie, N.B., Jan. 30th, 1912.

Dear Bro. Brown:

I want to tell you that I feel more and more persuaded that the New Testament is God's final revelation to man, and that it was given by the Holy Ghost, through the Apostles, for the guidance of the Church and the individual unto the end of time.

God gave the Jewish Church the law, through Moses and the prophets, and they were asked to continue in that law, and teach it to their children. So I think God did not leave the Church to drift without chart or compass.

I hope, as you grow older, you will become more and more a defender of the revealed word of God.

J. E. DAVIS.

Tracadie, N.B., April 13th, 1912.

Dear Bro. Brown:

We have considerable snow, and the wind is pretty cold down here yet. The winter has passed away more rapidly than usual, because of the musical entertainment we have had from the Graphonola. I am not so strong as I was last Spring. I have had some chills and fever, but still I am able to keep on my feet most of the time. J. E. DAVIS.

Copy of a Letter from Rev. S. C. Freeman, Missionary under our Board in India, to Rev. W. E. McIntyre, D.D., of St. John:

Newcastle, N.B., July 13th, 1912.

"You will be glad to hear of our visit to Tracadie, I am sure. Mr. Fletcher, Miss Clarke, Mrs. Freeman and I went to Chatham by boat. A man with an auto met us there. It was a delightful day, and after the excessive heat, most welcome. The roads were fairly good, and we had a careful driver. But there was a burden upon us. We did not know what awaited us. It took three and a half hours to reach the place. The hotel accommodation was poor. After we had eaten, we went to the Lazaretto. A Catholic nun, in their customary garb, received us, and we were shown into a room. There was lattice-work between the room and another, and we thought we would have to talk to Mr. Davis through the lattice. After a little time, during which, I presume, she told him visitors had come to see him, and perhaps had put on him a collar and necktie, we were led to his room.

On our way we passed through a common sleeping-room, light, airy and clean. Mr. Davis has a room by himself, which has been partitioned off from the larger room. He welcomed us as we came in, saying that he could not see us. I told him who we were. Then, as we put a box of fruit on his table, thinking it was my

hat I was placing there, he told me I had better hold it in my hand. We all sat down together, and he talked. He seemed so glad to have a chance to talk. He told us much about his disease, from the first until the present time. He is never free from discomfort, except in sleep; and then he says he dreams so much of going to meeting, and having all the people stare at him, and, in his shame at being a leper, shrinks from them; so that, even in his sleep, he has his burden with him. He has been in Tracadie about two years. He has been blind about five years. There is one of the nurses who reads English, and she reads the daily paper, the Literary Digest and the Catholic Bible to him; but will not read the Canadian Baptist or the Missionary Review, because of often finding therein things against the Catholics. At his own request, he has had volumes of Catholic works read to him, and has learned many things which he would like to give to the world, if only he had the opportunity. He has written some things which are to be published after his death.

He expects his brother to come and see him, and hopes to dictate to him certain things. His mind seems very clear and active, as in days of yore. He advised me to subscribe for the Catholic Record of London, Ont. He said he knew that China had become a Republic, and that the bill for Welsh Disestablishment was before the House of Commons. His greatest lack in the way of knowledge is concerning his own denomination. He receives letters from his people, and has had letters from India; but he cannot answer a great many, and, I think, makes no attempt to do so, except to his relatives. There is but one Protestant woman in the Hospital, whom Miss Clarke and Mrs. Freeman went to see. She is blind, and as he is blind also, their opportunities of talking together are few, and they cannot talk freely because they are watched, as to what they say. He talked to us in whispers, lest the people

might overhear. The word had gone out that he has become a Catholic; but he wishes us to witness for him, if any such word should be circulated after his death, that he was a Baptist, dyed in the wool. For nine months he could not speak above a whisper, but he can talk all right now, except for a certain huskiness. He says that he has every physical care, and that he is not repining or fretting. "Thy will, O God, be done," is his great desire. He regrets that he did not serve God better.

He endeavored to encourage us to put our whole lives into the service of God. Before we parted, I asked him if he would pray for us; and we knelt down together in his room, and he prayed, not for himself, but for us and for the Kingdom of God. We spent more than an hour in his room, and the last words that I heard, as we left, were: "May the blessing of God abide with you," spoken in the Telugu language. We heard no word of complaint of any kind from him. Sometimes we were all in tears; sometimes we all laughed together—he more heartily than the rest. There is at present nothing unsightly in his appearance, so as to make conversation difficult. His face is swollen, and there are scars from sores on his face and hands. He made us feel that he appreciated our visit.

It was a great experience to see and hear him, and to realize a little of what the grace of God can do for a man under such circumstances. I conveyed, as best I could, the greetings of his brethren.

It is about sixty miles from here, and we arrived home about seven o'clock. I shall try to interest Dr. Cousins, and persuade him to visit him and give him a few hours.

S. C. FREEMAN.

Tracadie, N.B., Sept. 5th, 1912.

Rev. H. F. Laflamme:

Dear Herbert,—I have just had a visit with Mrs.

Elmore Harris. She and her mother were spending the summer months in Nova Scotia, and she came to see me before returning to Toronto. She is a noble woman. She talked with me about many things that she would like to do, and she evidently does not intend to be idle. Before leaving, she knelt and prayed such a simple, childlike prayer; so full of faith and so tender and sympathetic, that I could scarcely keep back the tears. I had never met her before, but she had heard a good deal about me. She had been in India, and had seen the Dr. Kellock Home, which I helped to build, so had many things to tell me, both about India and Toronto.

I am afraid I failed to express my gratitude to you for the trouble and expense you incurred in coming to visit me. When you left that night, I thought how often we had parted in India on some lonely roadside, after kneeling in prayer together. I thanked God for your life and devotion, and for our Christian fellowship, and prayed that you might receive a fresh anointing of the Holy Spirit, and be endued with power from on high, to bear testimony to the power of Jesus to save and to keep.

Yours in Christian love,
J. E. DAVIS.

Tracadie, N.B., Jan. 7th, 1913.

Dear Herbert:

My son John was here and spent Xmas with me, and I was glad to talk with him once more. If he were only strong enough he would go to India with great pleasure. Neither he nor Evelyn have received any help from anyone for their education. Evelyn sold the furniture and the organ and put herself through last year. Then she earned \$135.00 teaching during the summer, and I am letting her have the interest on the money that came from the sale of the farm. John taught school two years in the West, and saved his money, which is

now putting him through. I think they will both become workers somewhere.

Although I am not quite as strong as I was when you were here, still I am able to be up and to walk about a little. I have great reason to thank God for the faithfulness of those who serve me, for surely it is a test of friendship when one passes through a trial like this. I don't think anyone will object to the children going to college, since I have been away so long; still I am not anxious for my name to appear in any papers, though I believe it has appeared in some. But I suppose in time it will be generally known.

J. E. DAVIS.

Tracadie, N.B., Feb. 25th, 1913.

Dear Herbert:

Your good letter came to hand last week. Whenever I hear from you, my heart always beats a little faster. Old sensations begin running over their former tracks, and the association of ideas awakens memories so thick and fast that for a time I am lost in reverie. These memories always bring with them a feeling of regret that I did not get a vision of what a man may do in the Kingdom of God, if he is willing to forget himself and be captivated and held fast by Christ. It was not until my second term that I really began to awake and throw my whole soul into my work. It is true I worked hard enough the first term, for I had three fields thrown on to me at the end of my first year. I was also manager of the Timpany School, and did whatever pastoral work was done among the English-speaking people. Then, while I was in the Seminary, I started the Industrial School, was chairman of the Major Union, looked after the native church at Yetlapalam and Samalkota, conducted a service at the middle lock once a week, preached in the Malapilly two evenings a week, had charge of the native work on the Cocanada field, and

conducted monthly meetings with the workers there. So you may be sure that I was not idle. Subarayudu went back to the Archibalds, and I taught two classes extra. Besides, I gave night lessons to the lower secondary class in Arithmetic; otherwise they would never have passed their examinations. But though I did all this work, and conducted one revival meeting in the Seminary, still I did not feel the same about the work as I did on my second term. It is not the quantity of work we do, so much as the quality that counts; and it is quite possible to do a great deal of work without putting as much heart quality into it as we should.

My heart is just about the same as it was when you visited me. I haven't lost any of my fingers or toes, and don't expect to. I am still able to dress and undress myself, to button and unbutton my own clothes, and, with some difficulty, I can tie my own shoes. My voice is pretty husky; but if I had the opportunity, I might be able to give a foreign mission address yet. You must not think I am downcast. Please tell me what you think of the religious outlook in America at the present time.

J. E. DAVIS.

Newcastle, N.B., May 15th, 1913.

My Dear Bro. Brown:

I spent the most of the day with our dear friend, writing and talking and trying to cheer him up in his terrible condition. He, however, cheered me more than I could cheer him; for a brighter Christian, and one more firmly standing on the Rock of Ages, I have never found. I went to Tracadie at his special request that I should consent, if it could be arranged, to act as Protestant Chaplain, now that he is there alone and outside the pale of the Roman Catholic Church. He has written, through me, asking for my appointment. I am told that the Government ought to do this. I happen to be the nearest Baptist minister to Tracadie, and if I can serve

the Board or any denomination in this way, I shall only be too pleased. I do not think he should be left in such a sad condition to bear his heavy burden without our practical sympathy and help.

HENRY T. COUSINS.

Tracadie, N.B., May 15th, 1913.

Dear Bro. Brown:

I realize that I am slowly passing away; but if I could say anything or do anything to lead our people to inaugurate a Forward Movement, then I could die with pleasure. I am keeping about as well as usual.

J. E. DAVIS.

Newcastle, N.B., June 20th, 1913.

On my visit I found him in splendid spirits, and so delighted that the Government had appointed me to look after his spiritual interests. He wishes to be warmly remembered to the Board members, and to thank them for all their kindness.

HENRY T. COUSINS.

Tracadie, N.B., Aug. 26th, 1913.

Dear Evelyn:

I am glad that you do not attend the dancing parties that take place in the neighborhood. Not that I think there is any harm in the dancing. I will give you a rule which you can apply to all questionable places of entertainment: "Whether ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all for the glory of God." If you can attend dancing parties and theatres for God's glory, then by all means do so. I remember that your birthday is drawing near, and that you will be of age on the 7th of September. You will be your own mistress from this time onward; but I don't think you will feel much freer than you have for the past four years.

Your affectionate father,

J. E. DAVIS.

Tracadie, N.B., Jan. 27th, 1914.

Dear Evelyn:

There is a story told of a lady and a knight. They were walking along the bank of a river and saw some beautiful flowers growing on the other side. The lady expressed a desire to have a bunch of the flowers, and the knight attempted to cross the river to get them; but when he got midway, he slipped into a deep hole, where there was an eddy, which swirled him round and round. Just before he sank, he waved his hand to the lady and said, "Forget-me-not." Hence those flowers, from that time onward, were called Forget-me-nots.

There was another young knight who bought a Motto at a fancy sale. In the Motto were two hands clasped, and above it a lovely bunch of forget-me-nots. He gave the Motto to a young lady of slender form, with large brown eyes, full of meaning, and she worked the words "Forget-me-not" with blue and crimson yarn. That young knight took this Motto with him to Manitoba, had it framed, and hung it up in his shack, and occasionally looked at it while doing his homestead duties. Three years later, he carried it to Winnipeg and hung it up in his room in the College. When he was attracted by other faces, the sight of that Motto kept him steadfast. Seven years from the day he bought it, he returned to Newtonville, Ontario. He went away a poor boy; he came back with a deed for 300 acres of land, and a B.A. diploma in his trunk. He took that young lady to a tea meeting in the Methodist church, just where they had met seven years previous. Suffice it to say that she became his wife, and was his loving companion and faithful helpmeet in all his labors in India for over sixteen years.

The Motto was eaten up by the moths in India; but even now, in his blindness, he can see the hands clasped, and the bunch of flowers, and it wakens many memories of the past. That lady was your dear mother. God

grant that you may be as loving and true and noble as she was, is the prayer of your affectionate father,

J. E. DAVIS.

Tracadie, N.B., Oct. 24th, 1914.

Dear Bro. Brown:

I spend sixteen hours out of the twenty-four in bed, and still I am so weak that I cannot sit up more than two or three hours, without falling asleep in my chair. I took a bath this morning, and when John, the Icelandic, took the bandages off my legs and arms, they were stuck with blood from my knees to my feet, and from above my elbows to my hands. My nose and my eyes break out in sores and bleed; my forehead and the sides of my head also bleed.

I have been in bed for two days. I don't expect to be able to sit up very much from this time onward. The bed is the only place where I can keep warm. I may linger on like this all winter; but it will be amid great weakness and suffering. It has taken more patience and courage to battle against this disease for the last ten years than language can describe.

You need not worry about me. The Sisters and the Doctor are very kind, and when the end comes, I will let you know in time for John to come down to take my body and bury it beside my parents.

I am glad you have succeeded in getting the money through to the missionaries. This war will be a hindrance to Foreign Mission work, and if Germany should win, all English missionaries would be turned out of all foreign countries. The rest of the world has been asleep, while Germany has been preparing to conquer the world. Their rude awakening may be too late to save them from disaster.

J. E. DAVIS.

Tracadie, N.B., Nov. 20th, 1914.

Dear Herbert:

Many rejoice to see the loyalty exhibited in all parts of the British Empire. Thousands are volunteering to give their lives to preserve Britain, and thousands more are giving their money to safeguard and uphold the Empire.

Now, contrast this loyalty to the British Empire with the loyalty manifested towards Christ and His Kingdom. How few there are who are willing to go to foreign lands to uphold or extend Christ's Kingdom, and how few to give their money to support those who go to the front! I am not a pessimist. I believe this war will do a great deal of good. It will, no doubt, turn the hands of the clock backwards for a few years; but after the war is over, there will be a greater forward movement than ever. The longer it lasts, the greater the devastation, the hotter the contest, and the more sorrow and suffering it will bring to the countries engaged in it; but the more permanent will be the peace that will follow. I also believe that the people of Europe will limit the power of their sovereigns, and perhaps some monarchies may be changed into republics. Many social problems will be solved by this war, and I shall be surprised if it does not prove a blessing, from a religious standpoint. German Rationalism will not be worshipped in the future, as it has been in the past. People will begin to see that culture cannot take the place of faith, and that a man's religious nature must be educated in the same proportion as his intellect.

J. E. DAVIS.

February 27th, 1915.

Dear Herbert:

The first winter I was here I suffered a good deal from fever. I had cold sweats at night. My heart was very weak, and I thought I was not going to live long.

Therefore I offered to give a donation to the general hospital carried on on the other side of this building, if one of the Sisters would kindly write for me a brief sketch of my life. Accordingly, I dictated it in ten short chapters. The Sister was in charge of the Pharmacy, and often could not write more than ten minutes at a time. I did not ask her to read it over. I know it is very incomplete and incoherent. My brother rewrote some of the chapters and then gave them to Mr. Brown. I told Mr. Brown that I did not intend it to be an autobiography, but simply wrote in order to supply the data out of which my friends might write a brief story of my life, if they wished to do so. You could do that better than anyone else, as you know me better than any of the other missionaries. If you are coming East in the Summer, and can get those chapters from Mr. Brown, and come and read them over to me and allow me to make some changes in them, you would have the complete data out of which to write my life story.

Since you have mentioned the matter, I am giving you this information. I have not been very strong this Winter, but still I manage to sit up about eight hours out of every twenty-four. I may linger on in the body during the summer. In all my afflictions I have never lost confidence in God. I can assure you that no bride ever looked forward to her wedding day with more joy than I do to my home-going. I know that will be the greatest day in my life, and the anticipation of it fills me with an inexpressible joy.

J. E. DAVIS.

Tracadie, N.B., March 28th, 1915.

Dear Brother:

The terrible war goes on, and the coming Summer will witness the greatest tragedy in Europe that the world has ever seen. France and England will have

to lose about three million men to drive the Germans back into their own country. Somehow, I think the Allies must win in the long run. Probably it is because I think they have the just cause; but I am also aware that the destiny of Britain is trembling in the balance. If she emerges from the crisis victorious, she will be so humbled and chastened that she will do much better work for the civilization of the world than she has done in the past. But if she falls, great will be her fall. I am not praying for peace, because I do not think the time for peace has come; but I am praying that God will overrule this awful carnage of blood for His honor and glory, and for the building up of a better Europe.

J. E. DAVIS.

Tracadie, N.B., April 4th, 1915.

Dear Evelyn:

I have always found in life that, when I was ready for it, some work always came to me, and I am sure you will find the same thing. First, we must prepare ourselves, and then have faith to believe that some definite work will be given us to do.

Your affectionate father,

J. E. DAVIS.

Tracadie, N.B., May 31st, 1915.

Dear Bro. Brown:

I have come to regard my sickness as a sacred trust from God. I believe He knew He could trust me with this disease. He knew that He was able to keep me, and that I would never deny His name. I have long since given up praying that I may be cured, and have prayed that I may use this disease as a sacred trust from God. I am some better than I was last Winter, and will probably live throughout the year.

J. E. DAVIS.

Tracadie, N.B., Sept. 3rd, 1915.

Dear Bro. Brown:

I wish to send a motto to the Convention that will express the law of sacrifice, and for the purpose I have selected the following text: "He saved others, Himself He cannot save." These words were true of our Lord; they are also true of our soldiers and of our home and foreign missionaries.

I lost my life while trying to save others. If you have time, I will be glad if you can have this motto prepared and placed in the audience room where the Convention will meet.

My mouth, throat and stomach are full of ulcers that continue to break and bleed and cause me a great deal of suffering. I don't know how long I shall continue in the body. I derive my peace of mind, not from my physical condition, but from perfect resignation to the will of God. If He wishes me to remain and suffer, I say, "Thy will be done." If He calls me home, I shall rejoice with all my heart.

God bless you, and grant you a time of refreshing coming from His presence, is the prayer of your friend and brother in Christ.

J. E. DAVIS.

Tracadie, N.B., December 15th, 1915.

Dear Bro. Brown:

My mouth and throat are so sore that I have given up eating meat or any solid food, and I am living on soup and milk.

We have had a lot of rainy weather down here, but now we have snow enough for sleighing. I hear the sleigh bells ring, and other sounds reminding me of Christmas Day; but I live not for these things, but for the world beyond. Oh, to be out of pain, and to be with Jesus, is my desire. There have been thirteen deaths since I came here. A few others have come into the

hospital; but we have fourteen patients at present, and two of us will not be here long.

God bless you all and grant you many greetings of the season, is the prayer of your affectionate friend,

J. E. DAVIS.

Tracadie, N.B., Dec. 17th, 1915.

Dear Evelyn:

My mouth is so sore that I cannot eat solid food; I am living on soup, milk, etc. I trust that I shall not remain too long in the body to be a trouble to others and a burden to myself. I appreciate very much the kindness of the Doctor and the Sisters to me, and also that of the other patients at the present time. God grant you all a joyous Christmas is the prayer of your affectionate father,

J. E. DAVIS.

Tracadie, N.B., Dec. 27th, 1915.

Dear Bro. Brown:

I am a great sufferer, but there is nothing you can do for me except to pray for me. The Doctor and the Sisters are very kind to me, and I have everything that I need. I don't think that I will live longer than the Spring. I suppose you know that I wish to be buried beside my father and mother, in the Stanley Cemetery, not far from the old Haldimand church. I was born in the little village of Wicklow. I received my early education there, and a part of my religious training in the Sunday School and the little church.

I thought at that time that those old men and women who used to pray so tenderly in the prayer meetings, were all perfect saints. I know now they were ordinary good people; nevertheless, their memory is very precious to me. The association of the temperance lodge, the church, the Sunday School, all made such an impression on me that I can truly say my character was formed there. Of course, my mother

exercised a great influence over me in the home. The simple people who live in the country are free from all the snares and temptations of city life.

I was a child of the country, and I always remained so. You know how great my love for the poor and for the common people was when I was in India. Well, I want to be buried there. I would like to awake on the resurrection morn surrounded by those pure souls I loved and lost long years ago.

I want to thank Mr. Shenstone for the deep interest he has taken in me. I know more about his kind deeds than he thinks I do, and I am sure he will not lose his reward.

The Lord be with you all and make your last days your best days, is the prayer of your affectionate friend,
J. E. DAVIS.

Tracadie, N.B., Feb. 10th, 1916.

Dear Bro. Brown:

I have great difficulty in breathing. I cough a great deal, and get so tired and weak that I cannot sit up, and sometimes I almost choke to death. One night I coughed and choked for about two hours. I thought the end had come; but I got some medicine that helped me. Still I know I shall suffer from this time on to the end.

You know I wish to be buried by my father and mother. John will have to come down after my body. I will have the doctor telegraph you when death comes.

I wish to thank you personally for all your kindness to me, and to the children. I also wish to thank the other members of the Board.

The Lord be with you, and make you a power and a blessing is the prayer of your affectionate friend,

J. E. DAVIS.

Tracadie, N.B., Feb. 24th, 1916.

Dear Brother Brown:

I have become a great sufferer. I did not get any sleep for two whole nights and for two days. I only slept about two hours last night. The Doctor very kindly came and stayed all night at the Hospital. I got some sleep this morning, but still my throat is in such a decaying condition that I am in danger of choking all the time. The Sisters and patients are very kind to me. I am glad you have arranged about my funeral. I should be glad to have John come and stay with me a few days before I die. The Doctor will send you a telegram when he thinks the end is drawing near.

My faith in God and Christ is just as strong as ever, and after that comes my own church. God has always been greater to me than the church, and so He holds my heart fast.

I have never been fickle, never run after the fads of the day. I have believed God was unchanging, and so I have tried to be like Him, steadfast and unmovable in prosperity and adversity; and such, by God's help, I am at the present.

Please put a note in the Baptist to say I cannot correspond with anyone.

God bless you in this time of stress and strife, and make you more useful than ever, is the prayer of your affectionate friend,
J. E. DAVIS.

Newcastle, N.B., April 7th, 1916.

I have just returned from visiting Brother Davis. His condition is indescribable. I do not think he will last longer than two weeks. He is too weak to leave the bed, and takes no solids. I am glad to provide him with some home-made grape juice, the only drink he now cares for. I will see to it that he gets all he needs. His faith is still strong, but because of his weakened condition I could not stay long in the room.

M. S. RICHARDSON.

CHAPTER XVI.—THE GLORIOUS END.

The Last Days.

When first visiting Bro. Davis, some two years ago, I found him able to sit up for a greater part of the day; and while suffering great inconvenience because of his blindness, swelling and decay of the limbs, and ulcers, yet, he did not experience great pain. Many victims of this dread disease are mentally affected; but Brother Davis had full possession of his mental powers, and dictated many articles for publication.

Though blind and confined to a little room, his mighty soul roamed the universe. He was alive to all that was going on in the world, and meditated deeply upon its social, political and religious problems. One day he exclaimed: "You don't know how I would like to live and give battle to the world! Oh, if the people only knew what they could do, they would try to lead the world into the right way!"

He watched the mighty events of the past two years with breathless interest, wondering how they would hasten the coronation of the "King of Kings," the Christ he loved so much, and for whom he was suffering many things. He said he would like to live long enough to see how the war would end; but, dying before the issue was decided, he had not a doubt that, through this struggle, the cause of Him, "for Whom are all things; and to Whom are all things," would be advanced. John Davis found the world's tasks and interest so great and wonderful that at times they caused him to forget his terrible physical condition. They, as well as Heaven's promised bliss, interested and attracted him.

Later, when the disease, by its deadly and loathsome work, had further weakened his once strong and manly frame, his faith and hope seemed to grow stronger, and in that leprous body he praised God for His great goodness, mercy and love. Still later, he said: "I am now

suffering dreadfully. The internal ulcers rupture, causing intense pain and the poisoning of my system. My throat is horribly affected, and all foods taste bitter. When I lie down at night, I am kept awake, toss with fever, and long for the coming of the morning. Then, through the day, I doze at times, and long for the evening shadows. My only joy now is the joy of meeting my Lord."

A month later, he could not leave his bed, and the only nourishment he could take was milk and water. To relieve his intense sufferings, Dr. Langis of the Lazaretto gave him morphine. The Doctor and the Sisters have been extremely kind, and Brother Davis wishes the denomination to know of their tender care for him. Mrs. (Dr.) Smith of Tracadie has also been most kind and thoughtful in visiting him twice a week and reading to him.

Many beautiful and loving messages found their way to his lonely room. One of these, a poem, especially beautiful and helpful, was sent by Dr. Everett Sawyer, of Okanagan College. Brother Davis listened to the reading of it with rapt attention, and exclaimed: "Beautiful! Beautiful!" Its sentiments found an echo in his heart. Such messages greatly cheered him, and they, together with the presence and promises of Christ, enabled him to live the victorious life, believing that death would be swallowed up in victory.

Tennyson has named death "the terror feared by man." But John Davis did not fear death. For months he stood upon the verge of the grave and flung out the taunt: "Oh, death, where is thy sting? Oh, grave, where is thy victory?" With wonderful calmness and composure, he planned his own funeral. He carefully outlined all the details with his chaplain in regard to the interment and the service to be held. "Have a memorial service," said he, "in the little church at Wicklow, Ont., for there I studied in the Sunday School,

there I gave my heart to God forty-three years ago, and there I was baptized, with fifty-five others. If any should object to having my remains brought into the church, bury them, and hold the service later."

Thus he looked upon his body as a worn-out fetter that the soul had broken and cast away, before going home to God. Continuing, he said, "Tell Dr. Brown to preach my funeral sermon from these words: "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth. Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died; yea rather, that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us. Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? As it is written, For Thy sake we are killed all the day long; we are accounted as sheep for the slaughter. Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us." Rom. 8: 33-37.

The writer's first visit to Brother Davis was made with some dread. The Lazaretto is situated upon one of the bleakest parts of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. As one approaches, it seems at first to be a part of the grey and bleak gulf shore, rising out of the wild and wind-swept waters. Coming nearer, one sees chiselled into the cold, grey stone the one dread word, "Lazaretto." Instantly there comes to one's memory the ancient story of the tombs of Palestine, with the hopeless victims crying "unclean, unclean." The visitor, however, found no hopeless and complaining victim, but a "prisoner of hope," trusting in God's goodness, "believing where he could not prove," believing he was suffering to fulfill the mysterious will of God and exclaiming with Job, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him." This declaration was heard ringing through the Lazaretto: "I know whom I have believed." "I am a son of God, and if a son of God, should I be afraid of my

Father? Should I be afraid to go to His house? Am I lost? No more than I think God can be lost." Hearing such language from this leper sufferer, the writer on his last visit left those bleak shores with a burning heart, thinking not of the dreadful surroundings, but of "a man in Christ," whose spirit no walls could imprison, and whose high converse had transformed the little room into a Bethel.

M. S. RICHARDSON.

Translated.

Brother Davis passed away last night, April 28th. He asked for me on Wednesday. I arrived at his bedside on Thursday evening, April 27th. In the midst of his terrible sufferings, he timed his hours of life, and had me with him so that he could leave to the world his final statement in regard to his faith. Gasping for breath and choking with the poison of the disease, he said: "Thank God you are here.—I believe in God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Spirit. Write that down." Continuing, after regaining strength, he said: "Henceforth, let no man trouble me, for I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus. Write that down."

Gladly did I write down this declaration of the dying hero of faith. So passed the strong, heroic soul away.

M. S. RICHARDSON.

The Last Rites.

Under weeping skies, the broken body of our missionary hero, John Edwin Davis, was laid away on Saturday, May 6th, in the Fairview Cemetery, midway between the villages of Grafton and Wicklow. There lie the ashes of his closest earthly kin. The Government officer in charge of the Lazaretto, Dr. Langis, who had become his warm personal friend, and Rev. M. S. Richardson, his chaplain, were present; having accom-

panied the casket to Colborne, Ont. Of Mr. Davis's six children, four were present, one in the King's uniform, besides many old friends and neighbors, who came to show their respects to the memory of one whom they loved and revered. The bearers were four of his fellow-missionaries: J. G. Brown, Secretary of the Canadian Baptist Foreign Mission Board; Harry E. Stillwell, the General Treasurer; both of Toronto; A. A. McLeod, of Vancouver, B.C.; H. F. Laflamme, of New York; and two of his old boyhood friends from the Haldimand church, E. B. Hinman and another.

The funeral service was held in the old Haldimand church, at Wicklow. This church was established 118 years ago. The hymns, the text and the arrangements for the service were of Mr. Davis's own choosing. The sermon was preached by Dr. Brown. A solid wreath of banked carnations and Easter lilies, in the name of his fellow-missionaries, lay before the pulpit—a perishable symbol of the beautiful tributes that were spoken by his old-time friends and fellow-workers. Rev. A. A. McLeod, who preceded him in charge of the Ramachandrapuram field; Rev. H. F. Laflamme, who went out with him to India in 1887, and who has been his closest friend through all the intervening years; Mr. Wm. Craig, the Vice-Chairman of the Foreign Mission Board, whose father was Chairman at the time of Mr. Davis's appointment twenty-nine years ago, and Rev. M. S. Richardson—these all with deep emotion testified to his heroic life, his splendid courage in suffering and death, his faithfulness to the truths of the Bible and his unflinching loyalty to his Lord and Master. Rev. R. J. Routledge, pastor of the Haldimand church, took part in the service, as also did Mr. Stillwell.

Mr. Laflamme spoke in part as follows: "I went to console Brother Davis, but came away myself greatly comforted and strengthened. Though suffering excruciating pain as the result of the advanced state of the

disease, weakened in body, unable to dress or feed himself, separated from his family, stripped of all men prize most highly and living among people of a strange language and another faith; he yet made to me this remarkable statement, 'Don't pity me; I lack nothing; every bodily want is supplied; no mother could be more devoted and kindly in her ministry than are these good Sisters. The Doctor sees me every day, and has done all that human skill can suggest. I sit here day after day communing with my Lord and Master. Jesus is with me all the time. This little room shines with the presence of the glory of the Lord. I feel like shouting all the time.' I was crying myself out of sheer pity. He was demonstrating to me and to all the world the great truth that a man's happiness depends not on his position or his possessions, not on his friends or achievements—for here was a man separated from them all—but finally and forever upon the surrender of his will to God and his constant communion with Him."

Thus there passed into the presence of the Master one of the greatest saints and missionaries since Pentecost. We shall not soon look upon his like again.

"Nor blame I death because he bear
The use of virtue out of earth;
I know transplanted human worth
Shall bloom to profit elsewhere."

Tribute by Rev. J. R. Stillwell.

"Mr. Davis was a missionary of the first rank. In his all too brief term, he left his impress on the workers, the Christians and the non-Christian community, and will be remembered through long years to come. He had those qualities which endeared him to the Indian people of all classes. He had absolutely no class feeling, being as fully interested in talking to the merest cooly, as he was in breaking a lance with the learned disputant

from the higher classes. He was a conversationalist of very exceptional quality, and was able to converse on any subject, with any person, and at any time. In the beginning of my work (for I succeeded him) I was frequently made to feel that my assistants missed him greatly; for in his long and short tramps to and from the villages, the way was enlivened by a continuous stream of conversation of the most interesting nature.

Mr. Davis was a missionary of large vision, but he also had within himself the strength and the enthusiasm that would have made him the leader in any undertaking. One secret of his strength was his remarkable estimation of his own capabilities, which generated in him a self-confidence of a healthy kind, so that apparently he was largely free from that misgiving and nervousness which beset so many men, and make their work oftentimes a burden. It was an unique thing to fall in with a missionary who faced everything with an unflinching confidence, and who was at the same time equal to his own estimate of himself. No one could pass half an hour with him, without being impressed with the man and with the work as it lay open to his vision.

Mr. Davis was a mighty man in prayer. When things went heavily or not at all, his great resource was prayer; and prayer with him meant the most intense exercise of spirit, and was persevered in until an answer was given. In his meetings, when at times his words seemed to fall against a dead wall of resistance, he shut himself in a room and prayed the resistance away; and then the break followed, Christians confessing wrongdoing, and converts being won.

Mr. Davis's outstanding quality was his preaching. He was mighty in preaching, for into his preaching went every ounce of strength and feeling and conviction that he possessed. There was absolutely no reservation of any kind. He gave his whole self—body, mind and heart—to his message. He preached with an intensity

that carried conviction, and with a vividness that impressed his hearers with the message burning in his soul. No day was too wet or too hot; no road too long or too difficult; no opposition too concentrated. Into it all went the missionary, a regular flaming brand, touring his villages and preaching his gospel, until, utterly exhausted, he had perforce to halt for a breathing spell. I doubt not that, among other things, this singular intensity wrought to undermine his splendid strength, and sent him home to Canada to spend long years in a futile attempt to regain what he had lost. Looking back over his work and his history, would one now wish he had wrought other than he did? The thought will not come, for his influence and work would not have been the same, and he would not have been himself, had he taken counsel of moderation, and wrought so as to save himself. In all his work he was ever conscious of close and intimate fellowship with his God, and this fellowship grew closer, as his hopes of recovery waned.

Resolution of the India Conference.

“Be it therefore resolved, that we hereby place on record this expression of our tenderest love and highest esteem for a fellow-missionary, whose wonderful realization of the loftiest ideals of life and service, both while laboring in India and later while suffering in Canada, has bound him to us in bonds which death can never sever. In his labors among the Telugus, he was a workman that needed not to be ashamed. Himself a burning and a shining light, he held aloft the torch of truth so that the entrance of God’s Word gave light to many a heart; his clarion call of evangelism ringing loud and clear throughout the whole Mission, and ushering many into the kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. His visions of expansion have materialized into substantial and beneficent actualities, while he laid foundations so deep and wide that they can

never be washed away. We can never forget that it was, as is supposed, while he was performing an act of characteristic practical kindness for some of India's sorely stricken people, that he contracted the fell disease that laid him aside. This provided the occasion for the exhibition, during weary years of suffering, of those sterling qualities of Christian character that made him a prince among men, and commanded the admiring wonder of all who knew of him. Such a thrilling exhibition of the supporting, transfiguring and victorious power of divine grace through long years of isolation, pain and anguish gives him, we feel, a place inexpressibly bright in the galaxy of God's shining ones in all ages, and bequeathes to the saints on earth for all time an unspeakably precious and imperishable legacy. We feel that such a triumphant faith, such a regnant spirit and such a beautiful life may well put us to shame, if we are ever tempted to depression or discouragement, and that they will be to us a perennial source of inspiration to do, to dare and to endure; while the bruising which he endured for us the breaking of the alabaster box, filling our hearts with a fragrance that can never pass away.

We rejoice in the grace that made our brother's Gethsemane the place of angels, his couch the gate of heaven, his room a sanctuary where God's glory shone, and whence radiated from his warm and devoted heart those messages of love and power that so strangely moved and impressed all to whom they came. We feel that a life like his is the most convincing reply to the mocking question of the sceptic, 'Who will show us any good?' that it vividly exhibits the supremacy of the things that are unseen and eternal over the things that are seen and temporal, and that it is the unanswerable challenge of faith to the worst that earth can do.

Thus we lay our humble tribute at our brother's feet. It is with such testimonies, when supported by

reality, that we would hail the power of Jesus' name, and such lives are a royal diadem to crown Him Lord of all.

We rejoice with our brother in his precious reunion with the sweet and devoted wife, who entered so heartily into all his labors, shared so much of suffering with him, and who preceded him to the glory land. We rejoice in our brother's coronation, and that he wears for evermore the martyr's crown of life. Farewell, beloved, till the day break and the shadows flee away."

Cocanada, July, 1916.



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